

# **Fated To Not Just One, But Three**

## **#Chapter 171: The Photo - Read Fated To Not Just One, But Three Chapter 171: The Photo**

*Chapter 171: The Photo*

Olivia's POV

"What's in here?" I asked curiously, breaking the seal on the envelope.

Gabriel gave a small nod. "See for yourself."

His face remained unreadable, completely blank—giving nothing away.

I furrowed my brows and slowly pulled out the contents. It was a photo.

One glance, and I froze.

It was a picture of my father... with Sir Damon.

They were standing close, heads slightly bowed in conversation. It looked like the photo had been taken without their knowledge.

My heart raced.

This couldn't be right.

"When... when was this taken?" I asked, my voice trembling. "Was it before my father was arrested? That was four years ago, but..."

My voice faded as I stared at the photo, my heart racing.

My father looked older in this photo. He had a well-groomed, full beard. His black hair was longer now, and there were a few grey strands that hadn't been there before.

And Sir Damon—he looked exactly as he did now. Not four years younger.

"This... this doesn't make sense," I whispered.

My hands shook as I looked up at Gabriel. "What is this? Where did it come from?"

Gabriel stepped closer, his confusion mirroring mine. "I had my spies search Anita's father's room. They found it hidden in one of his drawers."

My mouth opened, but no words came out at first.

This photo—it felt recent. Too recent.

But it couldn't be.

My father was dead. Buried. Gone.

And yet, in this picture... he looked alive. Dressed neatly in a dark coat, posture strong, eyes alert. Not like someone who had been rotting in a grave.

My heart pounded against my ribs.

"What am I seeing?" I whispered, more to myself than to him.

Gabriel stepped closer, sharing my confusion. "I was also confused when I saw this photo."

I blinked slowly, trying to piece it all together. My throat tightened.

"But my father is dead," I said again, more firmly this time, as if saying it with enough certainty would make everything make sense.

Gabriel looked at me carefully, the tension in his jaw tightening. "Was he buried?" he asked gently. "Do you know where his grave is?"

I shook my head slowly. "No... I know nothing." My voice cracked. "We weren't allowed to see him. Not after the arrest. Not even after his death."

Tears stung the corners of my eyes.

It had been four long years since I last saw him. And now—this. This photo that didn't look old.

"My men are still digging," Gabriel said softly. "We need to find out where he was buried—or if he was ever buried at all."

My lips parted, and before I could stop myself, the question spilled out.

"What if he's still alive?"

It sounded stupid. Ridiculous. Naive. But the second I saw that photo, it was the first thing I felt. Deep in my chest, beneath the pain and disbelief.

Gabriel didn't laugh. He didn't even look surprised.

Instead, he stared at me as if trying to feel what I was feeling.

"I'll look deeper into it," he said. "I swear I will."

The tears broke free, slipping down my cheeks. "But if he's alive... why wouldn't he come back to me?" My voice cracked again. "Why wouldn't he say something? Anything?"

I clutched the photo to my chest like it could hold me together, but I was already falling apart. The tears came harder now, and I turned my face away in shame.

I hated crying.

But Gabriel stepped closer—close enough that I could feel his warmth again. We were still naked, our skin kissed by the fading sunlight and the cold breeze from the leaves.

"I hate seeing you cry," he said gently. "You don't deserve this kind of pain, Olivia."

His voice was low, almost a whisper—but it reached deep inside me.

I looked up at him through blurred vision, and he was just there, looking at me like I mattered.

And before I knew what I was doing, I moved into him—my arms wrapping around his waist. I buried my face into his chest. His scent surrounded me, calming and strong.

He held me. Carefully. Tenderly.

And for a moment, I didn't feel so alone.

Then he pulled back just enough to look into my eyes. His hand lifted to cup my cheek, brushing away a tear with his thumb.

His gaze dropped to my lips.

And then—he kissed me.

My heart skipped a beat.

And I didn't pull away.

I froze. My mind went blank, my body stiffening as his lips pressed gently against mine.

This wasn't like I imagined it.

It wasn't rushed. It wasn't desperate.

It was soft. Careful. Like he was giving me a chance to pull away.

But I didn't.

I couldn't.

Because the moment I processed what was happening, every ounce of logic vanished.

Gabriel was kissing me—a man who wasn't one of my mates...

And it felt so damn good.

And it felt so good.

Slowly, my body responded. My lips moved hesitantly against his, my hands gripping his hair.

Gabriel's kiss deepened, and I let it.

His mouth was warm against mine, his hands firm on my waist, and the world melted away in the heat of the moment.

His scent, his breath, the gentle pressure of his lips—it was all too much and not enough.

Then, suddenly, a thought slipped into my mind like a crack in glass.

The triplets.

They would feel this.

The bond between us would carry it straight to them—my breathlessness, the racing of my heart, the electric heat spreading through my body.

And for a second, I hesitated. I should've pulled away. I should've stopped.

But I didn't.

Because the very thought of them feeling this—feeling what I felt when they fucked Anita on our wedding night—lit something wild inside me.

I wanted them to feel it. Let them ache. Let them taste even a piece of the pain they gave me.

A soft moan slipped from my lips as I pressed into Gabriel, kissing him deeper—with need, not regret.

His hands gripped my waist, responding to the sudden change, and I gasped against his lips.

I wanted them to feel it.

I needed them to feel it.

Gabriel groaned low in his throat as he pressed me backward until my back met the rough bark of a tree. My breath hitched, but I didn't stop him. I wrapped my arms tighter around his shoulders, grounding myself in him.

He lifted one of my legs, hooking it around his waist without breaking the kiss. His palm slid up my thigh, anchoring me there as he kissed me like I was the only thing he saw—like I was his.

The forest around us was still, but inside me, everything was burning.

I didn't care if someone saw us.

I didn't care about rules or shame or bonds.

All I cared about was this—how he made me feel seen, wanted, alive.

But then—suddenly—a sharp, searing pain shot through my chest.

I gasped.

Voices echoed in my mind.

"Olivia!"

"Where are you?"

"What are you doing—what is this pain?"

The triplets.

I stilled against Gabriel's body, breathing heavily, the mind link buzzing in my head like static. Their emotions poured in—confusion, hurt, anger. Pain.

But I didn't answer.

I smirked instead, slowly pulling my mind away from theirs until the link closed with a snap, cutting them off.

I blocked them from communicating with me.

I turned my gaze back to Gabriel, my voice barely a whisper. "I want more."

His eyes darkened.

A slow, knowing smirk curled on his lips.

"Then I'll give you more," he whispered back.

The second kiss was slow, but the heat between us intensified. Gabriel groaned between kisses, pulling me closer as his hands gripped my waist. I moaned into his mouth, the sound spilling from me without thought as I felt his hardness pressing against my stomach.

Driven by instinct, my hand slid down between us. The moment my fingers wrapped around his hardness, Gabriel broke the kiss with a guttural grunt, his eyes blazing with desire as they locked onto mine.

"You're driving me insane," he growled, his voice rough and full of need.

I smirked, leaning closer until my lips brushed his ear. "Then show me."

#### *Chapter 172: Gabriel's Touch*

##### Olivia's POV

I didn't know if this was really about making the triplets feel what I felt, but what I did know was that Gabriel's touch was driving me insane—and I didn't want it to stop.

Gabriel's hands gripped my hips firmly as he pushed me back against the tree, his powerful body pinning me there. The rough bark scraped against my skin, grounding me at the moment, while the heat radiating off him sent shivers cascading down my spine. His dark eyes locked onto mine, burning with raw intensity. His chest heaved, his breaths coming ragged, as though he were holding himself together with everything in him.

"Olivia..." He whispered my name like it was both a plea and a curse, his forehead pressing against mine. His voice was low and guttural, full of need. "You have no idea what you're doing to me."

"Then show me," I said, my voice trembling but steady enough to carry the weight of my challenge. My hands slid up his chest, feeling the tension in his muscles, the rapid thud of his heartbeat beneath my palm. "We don't have to label it."

For a brief moment, regret flickered in his eyes. I mentally cursed myself. Goddess, I sound like a desperate slut.

He groaned, the sound coming from deep within his chest, his jaw tightening as he wrestled with his control. "Fuck," he growled, his voice sharp, tinged with frustration. "You have no idea how much I want you, Olivia. How much I've always wanted you."

His words sent a rush of warmth through me, but before I could respond, he leaned in closer, his lips brushing against my ear. "But I can't," he said, his voice breaking. "Not like this."

His words hit me like a bucket of ice water. I blinked up at him, my throat tightening. "Why?" I managed to whisper. "Why are you holding back?"

He pulled back just enough to meet my gaze, his eyes stormy with conflicting emotions. "Because," he said through gritted teeth, "I want to make love to you. I want a label attached to us. I want it to be two people in love making love, Olivia, and this situation is not it."

Tears stung the back of my eyes at his words, but I couldn't deny I understood what he meant. It was obvious he knew I was doing this as payback to the triplets, but that was not the entire truth... I also wanted him, aside from my payback.

And his words—those beautiful, selfless words—made me fall even harder for him.

"Gabriel..." My voice broke as I spoke his name, but I couldn't say anything more. The ache in my chest was too much.

Before I could dwell on the rejection, his hand slid up my thigh, his touch rough but electrifying. "But that doesn't mean I can't make you feel good today," he murmured, his voice low, dark, and dripping with desire.

I gasped as his lips descended on my neck, kissing, nipping, and sucking at my skin in a way that made my knees weaken and my wolf surprisingly purr. His hands gripped my hips tighter, holding me steady as his mouth moved lower, tracing the curve of my collarbone with his tongue. My head fell back against the tree as he explored my body with a possessiveness that left no room for doubt.

"Gabriel," I breathed, my fingers tangling in his hair as he dropped to his knees before me. My heart raced as I looked down at him, the sight of this powerful Alpha kneeling before me sending a jolt of electricity through my veins.

"You're beautiful," he said, his voice husky as his eyes roamed over me. His hands slid up my thighs, parting them with a firm but gentle insistence. "You drive me insane, Olivia. You make me forget every rule I've ever set for myself."

I barely had time to process his words before his lips pressed against the sensitive skin of my inner thigh. His tongue darted out to taste me, sending a shudder rippling through my body.

"You taste divine," he murmured before his mouth located its target—my opening.

The first stroke of his tongue was slow, deliberate, and devastating. My body jerked in response, my hands tightening in his hair as a cry escaped my lips.

"Gabriel," I gasped, my voice trembling as the pleasure built inside me. "I—oh, Goddess..."

He growled again, the vibration sending shocks of pleasure through me as his tongue worked me with a precision that left me breathless. His lips and tongue teased and tormented, alternating between slow, languid strokes and quick, firm movements that had me writhing against the tree.

My legs trembled, and he held me steady, his hands gripping my thighs as he devoured me like a man starved. The heat between us was unbearable, every sensation amplified by the tension that had been building for so long.

"Don't stop," I moaned, my voice broken as I felt myself teetering on the edge of release. My entire body was on fire, every nerve alive with the pleasure he gave me.

He growled into me, his tongue moving faster, more demanding, until the tension inside me snapped. My climax hit me like a tidal wave, my body convulsing as I cried out his name. He didn't stop, his tongue coaxing me through every wave of pleasure until I was trembling and came.

When he finally pulled back, his lips glistened, and his eyes were wild with satisfaction. He rose to his feet, his hands framing my face as he kissed me deeply, letting me taste myself on his lips. The kiss was slow, unhurried, but it carried a weight that left me breathless.

"You'll never know how hard it is to stop here," he said, his voice rough and full of regret. "But I meant what I said. I can't take more than this, Olivia. Not yet. Not like this."

His words were both a promise and a torment, leaving me aching for more even as he stepped back, putting distance between us. I stood there, my body still trembling from his touch, my heart heavy with frustration and desire.

Gabriel turned away as if he needed the distance to regain control, but I wasn't ready to let him go. The sight of him—his chest rising and falling, his jaw clenched in restraint—only fueled the fire burning inside me. He was holding back for me, but I didn't want him to. I didn't want him to walk away without knowing how good I could make him feel.

And the more we did this... the more pain the triplets would feel.



"Gabriel," I said softly, stepping toward him. My voice shook with both nerves and desire. He stilled but didn't turn around. I reached for his arm, gently tugging until he faced me. His desired filled eyes searched mine, his desire at war with his control.

"Olivia," he began, but I pressed a finger to his lips, silencing him.

"You made me feel incredible," I said softly, my voice laced with vulnerability. "Let me do the same for you. Please."

His eyes widened slightly, the storm in them intensifying. "You don't have to—"

"I want to," I interrupted, my hands sliding up his chest. "I need to."

Gabriel's restraint wavered. He exhaled sharply, his hands coming up to cradle my face as he stared at me with an intensity that made my knees weak. "You'll be the death of me, Olivia," he murmured, his voice laced with both exasperation and adoration.

I smiled faintly, pulling him closer until our bodies brushed. My fingers trailed down his chest, over the taut muscles of his abdomen, and then lower. When I reached his groin, I hesitated, looking up at him.

His breath hitched as he nodded once, giving me the permission I silently sought.

Slowly, I sank to my knees, keeping my eyes locked on his. He groaned softly, his head tipping back.

### *Chapter 173: Pleasuring Him*

#### Olivia's POV

The sight of him, hard and ready, sent a thrill through me. I leaned in, pressing a soft kiss to the sensitive skin just above his length. Gabriel's hands tightened at his sides, his muscles flexing as he fought for control.

"You're perfect," I whispered, wrapping my fingers around him. He was warm, velvety smooth over unyielding steel, and the weight of his cock in my hand sent a rush of heat through me.

"Olivia," he growled, his voice thick with need. "You don't have to be gentle."

His words emboldened me. I licked a slow stripe along the underside of him, savoring the way he shuddered under my touch. His taste was intoxicating, and when I took him into my mouth, his sharp inhale sent a thrill through me.

I started slowly, letting my tongue tease and explore him as I worked him with my hand. His fingers tangled in my hair, guiding me but never forcing, his restraint making my

desire to please him burn hotter. I hollowed my cheeks, taking him deeper, and his low, guttural groan was like music to my ears.

"Goddess," he rasped, his voice strained. "You're going to drive me insane."

I smiled around him, letting the vibrations of my pleasure flow through him. I quickened my pace, my hand moving in time with my mouth as I worked to unravel him. His breathing grew ragged, his muscles taut as a bowstring as he hovered on the edge.

"I—" His words broke off into a growl as his control snapped. His hips bucked slightly, and I took him deeper, my name falling from his lips like a prayer as he shattered. His release was hot and powerful, and I swallowed it all, savoring the taste of him.

When he finally stilled, his breathing heavy and uneven, I pulled back, wiping my lips with the back of my hand as I looked up at him. His eyes were half-lidded, his expression one of pure satisfaction and awe. He reached down, pulling me to my feet and into his arms.

"You're incredible," he murmured, his lips brushing against my temple. "I don't deserve you."

I smiled against his chest, my heart swelling at his words. "Maybe not," I teased lightly, "but I'm the one who decides that." I said and stepped away.

"I have to return," I added. By now, I knew they must be looking for me, and I didn't want them to see us together—not that I cared, just that I didn't want any fights.

Gabriel nodded, desire for me still in his eyes. "I will escort you!"

I smirked. "First to reach," I said, and didn't give him a chance before I swiftly shifted into my brown-furred wolf and began sprinting back toward my clothes.

I could hear the playful, annoyed grunt of Gabriel behind me as he shifted to chase after me. I giggled, wagged my tail, and increased my pace.

Gabriel's dark-furred wolf was fast, his powerful strides closing the gap between us as I pushed myself harder, weaving through the trees. The cool afternoon air rushed past me, carrying the scent of pine and earth. My wolf, emboldened by the thrill of the chase, let out an excited yip as we dodged an outstretched branch.

But Gabriel was relentless. His deep growl echoed through the forest, a playful warning that he was catching up. I pushed myself faster, my paws pounding against the soft ground, my heart racing with exhilaration. The thought of him overtaking me sent a shiver of excitement through me, though I wasn't going to make it easy for him.

My wolf darted left, trying to outmaneuver him, but Gabriel anticipated my move, cutting me off with a burst of speed. He lunged, his massive form colliding with mine in a gentle but firm tackle that sent us rolling across the forest floor.

When we finally came to a stop, he pinned me beneath him, his sharp brown eyes gleaming with triumph. His wolf was breathtaking up close—his dark fur sleek and powerful, his presence commanding yet playful. He leaned down, his muzzle brushing against mine in a gesture both possessive and tender.

"Got you," he growled, the words laced with satisfaction.

I nipped at his ear in defiance, my wolf's pride refusing to admit defeat so easily. But the closeness of him, the way his body pressed against mine, made it difficult to hold onto my stubbornness. Slowly, I shifted back into my human form, the cool air caressing my bare skin as I gazed up at him.

Gabriel shifted as well, his strong arms caging me in as he leaned down, his face inches from mine. His expression was softer now, his eyes filled with something deeper than just desire—something that made my breath catch.

"I win," he murmured, his voice low and teasing, but there was a tenderness in his gaze that made my heart ache.

I rolled my eyes, a smile tugging at my lips. "Fine, you win. But don't get used to it."

He laughed, the sound rich and warm, as he helped me to my feet. We both began making our way back to where I left my clothes, the playful tension between us shifting into something more comfortable.

As I dressed, Gabriel's eyes lingered on me, his gaze softening as he reached out to brush a strand of hair from my face.

I blushed but looked away.

His presence was commanding, yet oddly comforting. For a moment, I thought he might say something—anything. But he didn't.

Instead, he simply leaned against a tree, his lips quirking into a soft smile. "See you tomorrow?" he asked, his voice low, sending a shiver through me.

I hesitated. I really wanted to see him again... to be with him. But was this even right?

"Gabriel..." I began, my voice trailing off. My throat felt dry, the words I wanted to say tangled up inside me.

"Yes?" he asked softly, tilting his head as he waited for me to finish.

I stared at him, not knowing if I should agree or refuse.

"I will check my schedule and let you know." My voice faltered again, and I let out a shaky breath, trying to mask the ache building in my chest.

His eyes lingered on me for a moment longer, as though he could sense there was more I wanted to say. But he didn't press. He just smiled, that same soft, maddening smile, and stepped back. "Goodbye," he said, his tone gentle.

I nodded, turned around, and began walking away. I wanted to look back, to see if he was still standing there, but I held myself back and continued walking.

I was almost at the edge of the forest, close to the border of the pack, when I saw two pack warriors waiting for me.

Their faces looked worried, and I knew right away—the triplets must have sent them to find me.

I didn't stop or say anything. I just kept walking past them, pretending not to care. But my wolf inside me started to feel uneasy. Something wasn't right.

As I got closer to the pack house, I noticed the way people were looking at me. Some staff glanced at me, then quickly looked away. A maid even paused mid-step, staring at me like she'd seen something strange.

That's when I realized it.

It was Gabriel's scent on me.

It was still fresh on my skin and everyone could smell it. My face grew hot. I tried to stay calm and keep walking like nothing was wrong, but deep down, my stomach twisted.

And then... I felt it.

A strange energy in the air. Heavy... Wrong.

I turned the corner and saw Nora and Lolita hurrying through the hallway. Their faces were pale and serious.

"Nora!" I called out. "Lolita—what's going on?"

They both stopped fast, then looked at each other before looking at me. That look made my chest tighten.

"Luna," Lolita said, out of breath. "Where have you been?"

I frowned. "In the woods."

"You didn't hear?"

"Hear what?" I asked quickly, already scared of the answer.

Nora stepped forward. "The alphas... something happened."

My heart dropped. "What do you mean something happened?"

"They were at the combat grounds," she explained. "Training like normal. Then, all of a sudden, they started screaming in pain. Grabbing their chests like they couldn't breathe."

I froze. A cold chill ran through me.

"They screamed... then all three of them collapsed to the ground and went unconscious," Lolita added. "The warriors rushed them out. They're in their room now. The healers are with them."

My throat felt tight. My mouth opened, but no sound came out.

What I did with Gabriel... it hurt them more than I'd thought it would.

"What room are they in?" I finally asked.

"Alpha Lennox's," Nora answered.

I didn't wait. I turned and ran.

My footsteps echoed through the halls, but I barely heard them. My heart was pounding too hard. For a ridiculous reason, I was worried, scared.

*Chapter 174: It Should Have Been Me*

Olivia's POV

I burst into the room—and froze.

Lying unconscious on Lennox's bed were the triplets. Three of them. Lifeless. Pale. Surrounded by healers working frantically, their brows furrowed in concentration.

My heart stopped.

The moment my presence was noticed, everyone turned to look at me except the healers, who were focused on the triplets.

Lady Fiona was the first to move. Her eyes were already wet with tears. She looked at me like I had stabbed her in the heart.

"What have you done?" she whispered, her voice shaking with grief and disbelief. She didn't need to ask. Her tone said she already knew.

I opened my mouth to speak, to defend myself—but nothing came out. So I shut it again, swallowing the lump in my throat.

Sir Damon said nothing. He just stared at me blankly, then turned his eyes back to his sons, his face etched with worry.

And then there was Alpha Damien.

His eyes were wild. Furious. Like a storm trapped behind them. He marched toward me, and before I could even react, he grabbed my wrist.

"Wait—Alpha Damien—" I started, but he wasn't listening.

He dragged me out of the room with so much force I nearly stumbled. I wanted to resist, to pull away—but something told me not to. Something told me this wasn't the time to fight him.

His rage was suffocating, burning off him in waves. He didn't speak until we reached his room. He shoved the door open, yanked me inside, and slammed it shut behind us.

Then he turned—and suddenly pushed me against the wall.

My back hit the cold surface with a thud, and I gasped. I tried to sidestep him, but he caged me in—his arms braced on either side of my head, his body too close.

Our eyes locked, and I could see the rage in his eyes.

He leaned in suddenly, his nose brushing against my neck as he sniffed me.

His whole body stiffened.

The anger in his gaze darkened.

"Who was he?" he asked, his voice low but filled with rage.

I frowned, lifting my chin, refusing to flinch under his gaze. "None of your concern."

He slammed his hand into the wall beside my head, making me jump. "Of course it's my fucking concern!" he growled.

"We're in a game, Olivia! We have a plan—a strategy! You and I—how the hell do you expect the others to believe in us if you go around fucking someone else!"

"I didn't fuck anyone," I snapped, my voice sharper than I meant.

He laughed bitterly. "No? You didn't fuck him?" His lips curled, his eyes narrowing. "But you made out with him, didn't you? I can smell him on you. His wolf is still clinging to your skin."

"That's none of your business!" I shot back, shoving against his chest. He didn't budge.

"You think I don't know what this is about?" he snarled. "You want your payback—for what the triplets did. For all the pain. I get it, Olivia. I do. But if you're going to get even, it has to be with me."

I stared at him, stunned.

His voice dropped, raw and ragged. "If anyone was supposed to touch you, then it has to be me!"

My frown deepened. "What are you saying..."

"I said what I said!" He cut me off.

There was something else in his voice now. Jealousy, maybe. Or maybe I was just imagining it.

"Only I get to touch you!" he spat.

I scoffed, trying to ignore the heat rising under my skin. "That's insane. I'm your nephews' wife."

"I know that," he growled, his voice strained.

His chest was rising and falling fast, his breath heavy, his fists clenched at his sides. For a moment, he looked like he was struggling, fighting something inside himself.

"That's the only thing stopping me," he said, hoarsely. "That's the only thing keeping me from turning you around right now and fucking you against this wall."

I froze.

My lips parted, but no sound came out.

His jaw clenched, and he stepped in closer.

"You don't get it, do you?" His voice trembled slightly, not with weakness, but restraint. "The moment I saw you standing at that auction, I thought you were the most beautiful, most goddamn sexy woman I'd ever laid eyes on."

He let out a bitter laugh.

"I would've sold my entire fortune, my title, everything I own, if that was what it took to have you."

I stared at him, stunned. My throat was dry, my heart pounding like a drum.

"Don't push me, Olivia," he growled. "You think you're playing some smart little game? You have no idea what you're doing to me."

I opened my mouth to speak, but he cut me off.

"Do you even know what you look like? How you walk? How you smell?" His gaze swept over me like a wildfire. "You drive me insane. And today—coming back smelling like him?"

I tried to look away, but he caught my chin gently, forcing me to meet his eyes.

"Stay away from that man. Do you understand me?" His voice was low but sharp, no room for argument. "Until this is over—until we are done playing this game—you stay the hell away from every man."

I swallowed hard, my body tense, my chest tight with a mess of thoughts.

"Now get out," he said, turning away from me.

I didn't move.

"I said get out, Olivia."

I hesitated only for a second, then turned, walked to the door, and opened it. My hand trembled on the handle as I pushed it open and walked out, shutting the door behind me.

As I made my way back to the triplets, my mind was a tangled storm of emotions. Rage, confusion, guilt... and something I didn't even want to name. My heart was still racing from everything Alpha Damien said. From the way he touched me. From the way he looked at me.

I hated it.

I hated that part of me didn't hate it at all.



I pressed a hand to my chest as I turned down the corridor, trying to calm my breathing, trying to make sense of everything. The triplets were unconscious, and somehow—somehow—it was my fault.

All I'd done was make out with Gabriel.

I didn't mean to hurt them. I wanted them to feel just a glimpse. I didn't know it would make them go unconscious since we didn't have sex.

But Damien—he made it sound like it was betrayal. Like I'd gone and broken some sacred vow I never agreed to in the first place. And then the things he said...

If anyone was supposed to touch you, it had to be me.

I would've sold everything just to have you.

My steps slowed.

Did he mean it? Or was it just the heat of the moment? Some twisted mix of possessiveness and jealousy tangled up in the plan we were supposed to be playing?

Or... was it something more?

No. No, it couldn't be. It shouldn't be. I was the triplets' wife. Damien was their uncle.

And yet... when he touched me, when he pressed me against the wall, when he looked at me like I was the only woman in the world—it didn't feel wrong.

That was the worst part.

It didn't feel wrong.

I reached the door and paused. I could hear soft voices inside. Lady Fiona's hushed murmurs, one of the healers responding quietly. I pressed a hand against the door but didn't push it open right away.

Instead, I leaned my forehead against the wood.

What was happening to me?

Gabriel. Damien. The triplets. This game we were playing—it was starting to feel less like a strategy and more like a trap. One I'd set for myself.

I closed my eyes, taking a slow, shaky breath. Then I pushed the door open—and stepped inside.

## *Chapter 175: What I Felt*

Olivia's POV

"Why are they not up yet?" Sir Damon asked, his worry so obvious in his voice.

The healers didn't respond as they kept doing their incantations.

Where I stood beside the door, I felt guilty and worried. You can't blame me... I once loved them. Loved? No... that word felt too weak. I adored them. Cherished them. I worshipped the ground they walked on.

And now they were lying there in such a state because of my action.

My wolf whimpered deep inside me. She was scared, just like me. I swallowed hard, trying to push the fear away, but it was growing stronger by the second.

"What the fuck is the problem!" Sir Damon suddenly shouted, stepping closer. "Why is none of them responding yet?!"

His voice cracked with panic. I understood why. These were his only sons. And now all three were in danger.

One of the healers finally spoke, her voice filled with worry.

"It's the bond," she said. "The emotional connection between them and Luna Olivia. It's strong... and what she did—making out with another wolf—caused them a deep pain. A pain their wolves didn't know how to handle."

I felt my heart drop.

Lady Fiona looked at me, really looked. Her eyes were full of sadness, maybe disappointment, but she didn't say anything. She turned her gaze back to the triplets.

Sir Damon didn't speak either. He clenched his jaw, staring at his sons like he was begging them to wake up.

Another healer spoke, worry all over her face.

"If they don't wake up soon... we'll have to move them to the Sanctuary."

My brows pulled together. "The Sanctuary?"

"It's a sacred place," she explained softly. "For wolves with deep or dangerous conditions. Illnesses that normal healing can't fix. There... some rituals are performed. But not everyone comes back the same."

A chill ran through me.

"No," I whispered, barely able to breathe. Not the Sanctuary. Anything but that.

I looked at the triplets again—my heart aching. This wasn't what I wanted. Not like this. I never wanted to hurt them this far.

My wolf stirred inside me, her voice soft and unsure. "Try... try to use your healing ability... maybe we can help."

My hands trembled a little as I looked down at them. I hadn't used that side of me since two days ago. I didn't even know if it would work... but I had to try. Because if anything happens to them, I won't be able to live with the guilt.

I looked around the room. Everyone was so tense, so focused on the triplets.

They couldn't know. No one could know about this ability—not yet. I didn't even fully understand it myself. It was something I kept hidden... something I wasn't sure was real.

So, from where I stood near the wall, I slowly closed my eyes. I took a deep breath and focused.

I reached for them—not with my hands, but with the mate bond.

"Connect," my wolf whispered. "Find them."

I let my mind stretch, searching for the bond, the invisible thread that still tied me to them. I didn't know what I was doing exactly. I didn't have a guide or a spell. Just feeling. Just instinct.

At first, there was nothing.

Just darkness.

Confusion.

Doubt crept in.

What if this doesn't work? What if I make it worse?

But I pushed past it. I focused on them—their faces, their smiles, their laughter, the memories we once shared. I focused on how much I cared, even after everything. I poured that feeling out through the bond.

And then...

A shift.

It was small at first. Like a flicker of light in the dark.

Then stronger.

A spark.

I felt something click into place—and just then, I heard a sharp gasp.

It was from Lady Fiona.

My eyes flew open, my breath caught in my throat.

All three triplets were staring up at the ceiling, eyes wide, blinking slowly like they were waking from a deep sleep.

A soft cry escaped Lady Fiona's lips, her hands covering her mouth.

Sir Damon rushed forward, his eyes full of shock and relief. "They're awake..."

The healers quickly moved closer, checking their vitals, whispering quietly.

But I just stood there, frozen in place.

It worked.

Somehow... it worked.

As if something pulled them toward me, all three of the triplets slowly turned their heads... and looked right at me.

Our eyes locked.

I froze.

I expected to see anger. Hatred. Disgust.

But I was wrong.

There was none of that.

Just... pain.

"Everyone out," Lennox said, his voice hoarse but authoritative.

The room went still.

Sir Damon hesitated, but Lennox repeated, "Please leave. All of you. Except Olivia."

Lady Fiona glanced at me, then at her sons, before giving a silent nod to the healers. One by one, everyone filed out of the room, leaving just me... and them.

The door clicked shut behind the last person.

The silence that followed felt heavy.

Lennox sat up slightly, wincing. "Is this what you felt that night?" he asked, his eyes fixed on me, pain evident in them.

I couldn't speak.

So I didn't.

I just stood there.

Levi rubbed a hand over his face. "I've heard that when a wolf's mate is with someone else... they feel it. The pain. But I never thought it was this bad."

He looked up at me, his voice full of regret now.

"That night... when we were with Anita... we didn't know. We didn't know it would hurt this much."

A sharp laugh slipped from my lips—but it wasn't from happiness.

"Really?" I snapped. "You didn't think it would hurt? I passed out from the pain."

They all looked at me, their eyes full of regret.

"And what did you do?" I went on, my voice shaking. "You threw me outside like I was nothing."

Louis's brows furrowed in confusion. "Threw you out? What are you talking about?"

I stared at him, cold and bitter. "Don't act clueless."

"No," he said, shaking his head. "When we noticed you weren't responding, we panicked. We called a guard. Told him to take you back to your room."

I let out a short breath and crossed my arms.

"Liar."

His head jerked back like I slapped him.

"When I woke up," I paused and took a deep breath, stopping myself from crying, "my mother told me the guards said they found me lying outside the door. Alone."

All three men blinked, clearly confused. "What?"

"I was unconscious in the hallway," I said. "Like trash someone just dumped outside."

The room fell silent again before Lennox spoke. "Olivia, that's not true... we didn't throw you out..."

I frowned and cut him off. "I don't care... it doesn't matter whether you threw me out or not, but the fact remains that you three did what you did. And what you felt now? That was just a glimpse of what I went through. Just making out with another man knocked you unconscious. So imagine if I had fucked him! Just imagine the pain, that was what I felt, and even worse."

*Chapter 176: What If*

Lennox's POV

I managed to force myself out of bed. My whole body ached and throbbed, but I pushed through the pain and approached Olivia.

My heart was breaking—not just because she made out with someone else, but because of what my brothers and I made her go through. Right now, I would do anything... anything to turn back the hands of time and make things right. But that was just a wish.

Getting closer to Olivia, I perceived the smell of the wolf on her, and immediately I knew it was Gabriel. My weakened wolf howled possessively inside me, but I shoved the feelings down.

"Olivia..." I reached for her hand, but she yanked it away and frowned even deeper.

"Don't touch me!" she spat.

I nodded and let my hand drop to my side.

"We're sorry, Olivia... we're so sorry," I said, apologizing from the depths of my heart. I wished she could see it—my heart, the hearts of my brothers. We were truly sorry. Sorry for all the miserable things we did. But deep down, I knew that being sorry would never be enough.

Olivia's frown deepened, clearly not moved by my apology.

"I don't fucking need your apology. It's too late for that. All that's left is the meeting. Once we get there, I'll tell the council I no longer want the bond. I'll tell them what the three of you did to me. And once I'm set free, I will leave you three and this godforsaken pack," she spat, so much hate and anger for us in her eyes.

My heart ached at her words, and my wolf whimpered inside me. I couldn't speak. So Levi stepped forward.

"Liv... you once loved us, didn't you?" he asked, struggling to leave the bed as he approached us.

Olivia's gaze snapped to him, her jaw clenched tight. "Don't," she warned coldly.

"You don't get to bring that up," she hissed, her voice trembling—not with fear, but anger. "You three killed that love. You destroyed it with your own hands."

Then her shoulders slumped slightly. "You think saying sorry will fix this?" she asked, her voice softer but filled with pain. "You think one apology erases what you did?"

"No," I said quietly. "We know it doesn't. But we'll keep saying it anyway."

Levi stepped closer, ignoring the ache in his limbs. "We don't want to lose you, Liv. Not like this. Not because we were fools."

She stared at him for a long, heavy moment, then shook her head.

"You already lost me," she whispered.

And with that, she turned and walked away, leaving the three of us in silence, surrounded by our shame, our regret, and the heavy truth we could no longer escape.

An awkward silence hung in the air as neither I nor my brothers said a word to each other.

My legs couldn't hold me for long—I was far from fully healed. I sank onto the couch nearby and buried my face in my hands.

What the hell were we thinking?

What were we thinking when we did all those horrible things to Olivia?

I once cherished that girl. No... I worshipped her. And now I could barely face the reflection of the man I had become. The pain in her eyes—how could I have caused that?

I lifted my gaze and looked at my brothers. They sat in silence too, each lost in his thoughts. Levi looked particularly troubled, while Louis stared blankly at the wall like he was trying to disappear into it.

I cleared my throat, trying to find my voice. "Are we sure..." I paused, unsure how to phrase it. "Are we sure we weren't under some kind of spell?"

Louis blinked and turned to me slowly. "What?"

I rubbed my face, frustration and confusion knotting my gut. "I'm serious. Think about it. The letters. The way we started acting. The coldness. The decisions we made... It wasn't normal. That wasn't us."

Levi straightened slightly, frowning. "You think someone used magic on us?"

I nodded. "Maybe not directly. But something's off. What if the letters had a spell or enchantment? What if we were manipulated somehow?"

Louis's eyes narrowed as he thought it through. "That... would make sense. There were moments I'd act and then wonder why I even said or did something. Like I was detached, watching myself screw everything up."

"I felt it too," Levi muttered, jaw tight. "I kept blaming it on anger or hate, but now... now it feels like something else was controlling our emotions."

There was a moment of shared realization between us.

Levi closed his eyes briefly. "I'm making a mind-link to the Seer."

We all sat in tense silence as his eyes glazed over, clearly tapping into the pack link. A few seconds passed before he nodded slowly, his voice firm.

"She's on her way."

A strange mixture of hope and dread settled over us. If we had been under a spell... maybe there was still a way to make things right. Maybe we weren't just monsters.

But if we weren't under a spell?

Then we were exactly what Olivia believed us to be.

And that truth might be even harder to live with.

A few moments later, a knock came at the door.

I didn't need to ask who it was. The familiar scent told us it was our mother.



She didn't wait to be invited in. The door creaked open, and she stepped inside, balancing a tray of herbal tea. Her expression was calm, but I could see the worry in her eyes.

"The healer said this will help you regain your strength," she said gently, making her way toward us.

She handed each of us a cup. When she got to me, I took it with a quiet "thank you" and gave her a brief nod.

The moment the cup touched my lips, the sharp scent of mint and bitter roots hit my nose. The taste followed just as quickly—earthy, with a burning tingle at the back of my throat. It wasn't pleasant, but I didn't complain. I knew it was meant to heal.

She sat down across from us, her hands folding in her lap.

"How are you feeling?" she asked softly, her voice warm but cautious.

"We're fine," I replied flatly. Levi and Louis nodded in agreement, though none of us really were.

She hesitated. I knew she wanted to say more—her eyes gave her away. I beat her to it.

"Mom... please. Not now," I muttered. "We're not in the mood."

But she didn't stop.

"It just seems..." she started slowly, her gaze falling toward the door Olivia had left through, "it seems Olivia was touched by someone else."

The room tensed instantly.

I swallowed hard, forcing my face to remain blank. "Don't bother yourself with our affairs, Mother."

She gave a slow, resigned nod. "I only say it because... she doesn't seem to like you anymore. Any of you."

Louis scoffed. "What do you expect? That she'll accept us back with open arms?" His voice trembled with frustration, but it wasn't directed at our mother. "We hurt her... we caused her pain. We tortured her. What woman in her right mind would want us back?"

Mother swallowed hard. For a moment, she didn't say anything. The silence pressed in around us until she finally spoke.

"I called Doctor Martha," she said suddenly. "She checked on Anita... and confirmed she's pregnant."

A sharp frown creased my face, but I didn't flinch. I wasn't surprised. The signs were already there—her sudden mood swings, the frequent nausea and illness.

But hearing it confirmed still stirred something ugly in my chest.

Mother looked at us with concerned eyes. "What if... what if the babies are really yours?"

I met her gaze, frowning deeply. "That's not our main concern, Mother."

Her expression fell slightly, but I wasn't done.

"You're so desperate for grandchildren that you're not even bothered by the kind of person the mother is," I said coldly. "Anita will never make a good mother. You know it."

Louis nodded in agreement, his jaw clenched. Levi didn't say anything, but the way his fists tightened on his knees said enough.

Mother looked away, guilt flickering across her face.

"We'll handle Anita on our own," I added firmly. "You don't need to get involved."

A sudden knock came at the door.

One of the guards stepped inside and bowed slightly.

"The Seer has arrived."

I stood, setting aside the unfinished cup of tea.

"Please excuse us, Mother," I said—not rudely, but with finality.

She looked as if she wanted to argue, but instead, she nodded slowly, stood, and quietly left the room.

As she walked out, the Seer stepped in.

*Chapter 177: Spell*

Lennox's POV

Our pack's Seer walked in. Even though she was nearly twenty years older than us, she respectfully bowed her head.

"Welcome," I said, motioning to the couch. "Please, have a seat."

She shook her head gently and sat on the floor instead. I didn't question it—she always did her spells and readings on the ground. It was her way.

I glanced at Levi and Louis, then stood up and went to the drawer where we had kept the letters. My hand shook a little as I pulled them out. Just holding them made my stomach turn. These letters had started everything.

I walked over and handed them to her. "These letters... we think they were charmed or spelled. They messed with our minds."

She took them carefully with furrowed brows. Without a word, she reached into her small bag and pulled out a bowl and some herbs tied together with black string.

She crushed the herbs into the bowl, then pricked her finger and let a drop of blood fall in. Whispering something under her breath, she lit the mix. Pale smoke began to rise, curling in the air. As it did, her eyes turned a faint silver.

She spoke, her voice low and serious, like it was coming from somewhere deeper than her own throat. "Spirits of truth, lift the veil... show us what hides in this ink..."

The letters gave off a faint glow, like they didn't want to be exposed. The fire in her bowl crackled louder.

Then she blinked and looked at us. Her voice returned to normal.

"You were right," she said. "Your guess was correct."

We all sat up straighter, listening closely.

"The ink used in these letters—was laced with spellcraft," she explained. "Subtle, dark magic. Not a curse, but an enchantment. Enough to nudge thoughts. Twist perceptions. Push emotions in certain directions."

Levi's jaw clenched. "To what end?"

She looked at him solemnly. "To deepen your doubts. Amplify your anger. Mute your empathy. The more you read the letters, the more they pulled you into choices you wouldn't normally make. The spell fed off your existing weaknesses—your jealousy, fear, even guilt—and then redirected them."

Louis's face darkened. "So... we were manipulated."

She nodded slowly. "Not controlled. But influenced. Enough to make your worst choices feel justified. Enough to blind you to her pain."

I swallowed, my throat dry.

I couldn't breathe for a moment.

So we weren't just cruel.

We were weaponized.

Levi looked pale. Louis didn't say a word. But I could see the fire building in all of us.

Someone had done this on purpose.

The Seer lowered her gaze to the letters and continued.

"This spell wasn't meant to just cloud your minds," she said. "It was designed to turn you fully against Olivia. To isolate her... and ultimately drive you to destroy her."

My blood ran cold.

"You mean—" Levi started, but she cut in.

"Yes," she confirmed. "It was meant to push you toward killing her."

A heavy silence fell. I could hear my heartbeat pounding in my ears. Louis's hands curled into fists, his knuckles white.

"But it didn't work," the Seer added quickly, her voice softening. "Because your bond with her—it was too strong. Your love, buried as it was under confusion and rage, still resisted the final command."

She looked at us one by one. "Even with all that darkness clouding you... a part of you still remembered who she was to you. That part saved her."

I sat back, stunned.

"Then why is the spell gone now?" Levi asked.

The Seer gave a small nod. "She saw the letters... she wasn't meant to see the letters."

The truth hit hard. Olivia had unknowingly broken the spell... just by reading the letters.

I clenched my jaw. "Who did this?" I demanded. "Who wrote these letters? Who would do something this twisted?"

"We thought it was Anita," Louis added grimly. "But there's no way. She's just a kid—fourteen at that time. There's no way she pulled this off. Not alone."

The Seer gave a faint smirk, but her eyes remained serious. "You're right. This kind of magic takes skill. Focus. Intent. Someone powerful wanted Olivia out of the way—and wanted to use you to do it."

She picked up the bowl again, this time adding something silvery to the ashes. She began another incantation, voice flowing quickly in an old tongue.

The smoke rose again, but this time, it coiled strangely, dancing in odd patterns. Her eyes turned silver once more... but after a few seconds, she gasped softly.

"What is it?" Levi asked.

She let the spell fizzle and looked up at us, a strange smile tugging at the corner of her lips. "Someone doesn't want me to see them. I've been blocked."

"Blocked?" Louis asked, his voice low.

She nodded. "There's a magical shield around the sender. Powerful. Old. It's hiding their identity from me. That alone tells us something."

"That they're dangerous," I muttered.

She nodded. "And smart. But not perfect."

She stood slowly, gathering the letters into a cloth wrap.

"Leave these with me," she said. "I need time—days, maybe more. I'll run deeper incantations, older ones. If there's a crack in their spell, I'll find it."

I nodded without hesitation. "Thank you."

The Seer turned to leave, the letters bundled tightly in her arms. But just as her hand touched the door, she froze. Her head tilted slightly, like she was listening to something the rest of us couldn't hear.

Then she turned back to us slowly, her expression worried.

"I just got a vision."

My heart stopped. "A vision?"

She nodded, her eyes darker than before. "It came fast and sharp. A warning."

"What did you see?" Louis asked, his voice low and tense.

The Seer looked at each of us, her voice barely above a whisper. "I saw Luna Olivia... lying in a pool of her own blood."

Everything in me went still.

"No," Levi breathed. "No, that's not—"

"She wasn't dead," the Seer cut in quickly. "But she was close. Hurt badly. And alone."

Panic flared inside me, my wolf pushing against my skin, restless and angry. "When? Where?"

"I couldn't tell," she said. "The vision was clouded... but the danger is real. Someone still wants her dead."

A heavy silence fell over the room. I couldn't sit still anymore—I stood, pacing back and forth, trying to think, trying not to panic.

"She's already been through enough," Louis said, his voice sharp with guilt. "Why the hell won't they leave her alone?"

The Seer walked back into the room. "Whoever did this... they aren't finished. And if Olivia breaks the bond with you three and leaves the pack, she'll be in danger."

Levi looked at me, his eyes blazing. "We have to protect her."

I nodded. "We will. No matter what it takes."

The Seer gave us a warning look. "Keep her close. Keep your eyes open. And whatever you do, don't let her leave."

With that, she turned and left through the door.

As it closed behind her, the silence that followed was heavy with fear, anger... and worry.

We had failed Olivia once.

We would not fail her again.

*Chapter 178: On Phone*

Olivia's POV

"What are you doing now?" Gabriel's low, husky voice came through the phone, deep and rough like he'd just crawled into bed.

I blushed instantly. "Nothing really... just about to go to bed before your call came," I murmured, my voice soft and warm with sleep.

There was a pause, and then I heard him breathe. "I'm in bed too. I have to sleep early—I've got a meeting at eight."

I smiled to myself. "Alright."

A quiet silence fell between us. Not awkward, but tense in a way that made my heart race. Neither of us said anything for a while, and all I could hear was the sound of his breathing—deep, slow, steady. It sent a shiver down my spine.

"I wish you were here in my arms right now," he finally said, voice gravelly, full of yearning. "I'd do anything to have you beside me."

A small shiver ran through me at the sound of his voice, deep and low in my ear. Gabriel's words lingered in the air between us, heavy and raw, stirring something deep in my belly.

"I wish you were right here in my arms... I would do anything to have you here with me," he said again, his voice thick with emotion and obvious desire.

My fingers gripped the edge of my sheets.

"What would you do if I was there?" I asked, my voice barely above a whisper. I sounded breathless—even to myself. My heart pounded in my chest like it was trying to escape, and my skin tingled with anticipation.

Gabriel groaned softly through the phone, the sound rough and hungry. "Don't tempt me, Olivia..."

I licked my lips, my skin already tingling. "I want to know," I said, voice barely above a whisper. "Tell me."

There was silence for a beat, then a sharp inhale from him.

"We'd continue from where I stopped... back in the woods," he said, voice rough now, laced with hunger. "I still remember how your body felt under mine, how you gasped when I touched you right..." his breath hitched, "...right between your thighs."

I clenched my legs together, heat flooding through me. My cheeks burned.

"I didn't want to stop, Olivia," he continued, voice dark and sensual now. "Do you know how close I was to taking you right there, against that tree?"

A soft sound escaped me—half gasp, half moan.

"I wanted to hear you say my name over and over, feel you shake beneath me as I drove you over the edge. I wanted to mark you... claim you in every possible way."

My body responded to every word. I arched slightly into the mattress, needing relief from the ache building deep inside me.

"Are you touching yourself?" he asked suddenly, his voice rough with desire.

I swallowed hard. "No... not yet."

"Do it for me," he said. "Let me guide you. Let me be the one to make you fall apart... even if it's through this phone."

My breath caught at his words. The low, commanding tone of his voice sent another shiver coursing through me. Slowly, almost shyly, my hand slipped beneath the sheets, grazing over the waistband of my shorts.

"Are you doing it?" he asked, his voice lower now, more strained. I could practically feel the heat radiating through the phone.

"Yes..." I whispered, closing my eyes.

"Good girl," he murmured, and the praise made me ache even more. "Close your eyes. Pretend I'm there... that I'm the one touching you."

I did exactly that—my lashes fluttering shut, my free hand gripping the sheets as my fingers moved lower. I could still feel his hands from the woods—how he had held me against the tree, his mouth teasing mine until I'd been breathless, desperate.

"I'd start with your neck," Gabriel continued, voice a sinful rasp. "Kiss you slowly... then trail my mouth down your collarbone, across your chest. I'd take my time—make you beg for more."

A soft moan escaped my lips.

He groaned quietly from the other end. "That sound... damn, Olivia. You have no idea what you do to me."

I let my fingers slip lower, guided by the image of him above me—his eyes dark and full of hunger, his body hot and pressed against mine. "Gabriel..."

"Say it again," he ordered softly.

"Gabriel," I whispered again, more breathless this time. "I need you."



"I'd have you under me. Flat on your back, legs spread, my mouth everywhere you're sensitive. I wouldn't stop until you were soaked and begging for me to take you." His voice dropped, gravelly and strained with control. "And I'd fucking take you, Olivia. Just like I meant to in the woods."

I moaned and used my other hand to play with my nipple, and a louder moan left my lips.

"Good girl," he rasped. "Do it slow. Let me hear you."

The way he said it—like a command—made me tremble. I brushed my fingers over my slick heat and gasped, imagining it was him touching me, whispering filth into my ear as his mouth dragged down my neck.

"F\*ck, Olivia," he groaned. "I can hear your breathing. I can hear how close you are."

"What about you?" I panted. "Are you touching yourself too?"

There was a grunt on the other end of the line, and then the sound of rustling sheets—flesh on flesh. "Yeah," he admitted, breathless. "Thinking about how tight you'd feel. How sweet you'd sound when I finally sink into you."

I moaned softly, hips arching off the bed. "I want you inside me."

"You'd ride me, wouldn't you?" he asked, his voice breaking slightly. "Nice and slow. Just like that. F\*ck, Olivia... I can't hold back."

His voice grew rougher, more desperate. "I'd take you deep. Hard. Over and over until you screamed my name."

"Gabriel," I gasped, my release rushing through me like fire.

He groaned loudly. "F\*ck—Olivia—" And then I heard him come too, the sound of his breathing ragged and unfiltered as he spilled over the edge with me.

Silence followed, but it wasn't empty. It was warm, buzzing, intimate.

I pressed the phone closer to my ear, my body still trembling in the aftermath.

"I want the real thing next time," he murmured. "That was intense."

My lips curled into a lazy smile. "You are good," I whispered, covering myself in a blanket.

"I'll do better. And when I get my hands on you again..." he trailed off, voice dark and promising. "You won't be able to walk straight the next morning."

A blush crept up my neck, but I didn't look away from the ceiling. "I'm counting on it."

We both laughed together on the phone, and then we went quiet, only our breath was heard.

Suddenly, Gabriel spoke. "I believe the triplets felt it when we made out. What did they do?" he asked, curious.

I sighed, remembering what happened a few hours ago. "They went unconscious for a while, but when they woke, they did nothing," I said.

Gabriel was quiet for a moment after I told him what happened to the triplets.

"That must have hurt them," he finally said, voice lower now, tinged with something between guilt and worry.

I scoffed lightly, pulling the blanket tighter around me. "Don't feel sorry for them. They've caused me enough pain to last a lifetime."

"I don't," he replied calmly. "But I still think you deserve the truth about some things. Even if they couldn't say it themselves."

I frowned. "What do you mean?"

There was a pause before Gabriel spoke again, more carefully this time.

"Do you remember, years ago—when the triplets turned eighteen and came to my pack with their father for that summit?"

I nodded, though he couldn't see me. "I think so. I was thirteen then. They were there for two days."

That was the longest days of my life. I literally missed them so much that when they returned I didn't leave their side for a second.

"Yeah," Gabriel murmured. "That night after the summit, there was an Alpha-only after-party. The kind with too much alcohol and too many girls trying to score a future Luna title."

His tone shifted—slightly amused, slightly bitter. "Every girl in the club wanted them. And to be honest, I expected the triplets to go wild. But they didn't. They didn't even entertain a single one."

I blinked. "Seriously?"

"Dead serious," he said. "I teased Lennox about it later, told him he was crazy for turning down the easiest night of his life. But he just shook his head and said, 'I don't know... I think I like someone else.'"

My breath caught in my throat.

"And it wasn't just Lennox," Gabriel continued. "Levi and Louis said the same thing, separately. They didn't know what it was—just that there was this feeling. Like their interest was already hooked on someone they hadn't even figured out yet."

I swallowed hard. "You think... it was me?"

Gabriel exhaled slowly, like he'd been waiting for me to say that. "I didn't get it then. You were a teenager, still growing into yourself. But looking back now? The timing lines up. The way they acted, the weird tension they carried... it all makes sense."

My heart pounded against my ribcage.

"They didn't say it was a mate thing," Gabriel added softly. "They didn't even talk about bonds or fate. Just this strange pull. A feeling they couldn't explain. Like they were already waiting for someone without knowing who."

I closed my eyes. I didn't know how to take this information, but I wasn't taking it well.

"Good night, Alpha Gabriel. I need to sleep," I whispered. My mood was suddenly sour.

Gabriel was silent over the phone and then hummed. "Goodnight, Olivia... talk to you in the morning."

I nodded even though he couldn't see me and ended the call.

I curled in my bed, Gabriel's words ringing in my head. A thought buzzed in my mind as I wondered what our life would have been if those letters weren't sent to them. Perhaps I could have been living my dream life... my fantasy.

Sighing heavily, I closed my eyes to get some sleep, but sleep wasn't coming.

I sighed and took off the blanket. "A walk will help," my wolf whispered to me.

Agreeing with her, I put on a robe and left my room. I didn't have any particular location in my head—I just kept walking around the pack house.

I didn't know where I was going. I just needed to get away, to think. Gabriel's words were still stuck in my head, and they wouldn't stop playing over and over.

Somehow, my feet led me to the garden.

It was peaceful out there, with the night air cool against my skin. But when I stepped into the open space, I stopped suddenly.

There, lying on the grass, was Levi.

He was shirtless, using one arm as a pillow, his eyes closed like he was asleep. The moonlight made his skin glow, and for a second, I couldn't breathe. He looked calm, like he belonged to the stars. A part of me wanted to leave, but I couldn't move.

Then his voice broke the silence.

"I know you're there."

*Chapter 179: In The Garden*

Olivia's POV

I frowned and stepped closer to where he lay. "I was just taking a walk," I murmured, lowering myself onto the grass. I didn't know why I sat—when I should've kept walking.

His gaze lingered on me. "You always come here when you're overthinking."

I frowned. He still knew me—too well. Even after everything.

"I could say the same about you," I replied softly, folding my arms. "Why are you out here? What's got you tossing and turning?"

Levi looked back up at the stars, sighing through his nose. "Just... stuff. Couldn't stay in that room. Too many memories."

The silence stretched between us, not uncomfortable, just... heavy.

Not able to endure it anymore, I stood up to leave, but Levi spoke. "Please stay," he pleaded.

I looked at Levi for a long moment.

His eyes were still closed, facing the sky, but his voice... it shook something deep inside me.

"I'm running mad... please just stay."

My chest tightened. I felt it—the bond pulling at me, gently but strong. My wolf whined inside me, begging me not to walk away. And then I felt it.

His pain.

It was quiet, buried deep, but real. Like a slow, heavy weight pressing down on him. His energy felt dim, like a candle struggling to stay lit.

I didn't understand how, but I knew it—he was draining. Like he had nothing left in him.

Without thinking, I walked back and sat beside him again, closer this time. I didn't speak. I didn't need to.

He didn't look at me. Just whispered, "Thank you."

We sat there in silence, the grass cool beneath us, the moonlight soft and silver. The air smelled like flowers and earth, and for a moment, I let myself breathe him in.

Then Levi spoke again, his voice low, almost like he was talking to himself.

"Do you remember your twelfth birthday?"

I turned my head slightly, frowning. "Of course I do. I wished for something impossible that day."

He chuckled softly, but there was no real joy in it. It was a bitter sound. "You looked up at the sky with those big, dreamy eyes and said, 'I wish the triplets would give me one of the stars.'"

I blinked, surprised he remembered that.

"You were serious about it too," he went on, still staring at the stars. "You didn't want gifts or parties. You just wanted us to give you a real star."

I let out a soft breath. "I was a kid. I didn't mean it literally."

Levi finally turned to look at me, and there was something wild and haunted in his eyes. "We did."

My frown deepened. "What do you mean?"

"We tried to find a way to give it to you," he said, his voice quieter now. "We were seventeen, and so damn stupid and in love with you. We actually visited a seer—one of those ancient ones."

My breath caught. "You're lying."

"I'm not." He gave another bitter laugh and dragged a hand through his messy hair. "She looked at us like we were mad. Told us to go home."

I didn't know what to say. My heart was pounding now, and part of me didn't want to believe him. But the look in his eyes said it was true.

"Why would you do something like that?" I asked, barely above a whisper.

He shrugged, staring back up at the stars. "Because it was you. You asked for a real star, and we would've burned the world trying to give it to you."

I looked away, my throat tight, emotions bubbling too close to the surface. No! Don't feel like this... don't.

I didn't want to feel this. Not now. Not after everything.

Not after what they did.

But his words had already pierced through the walls I spent years building. And that was dangerous.

"No," I whispered to myself, shaking my head. "Don't feel like this... don't."

But my heart didn't listen.

Neither did the bond.

Levi let out a quiet breath beside me, like he could feel my inner fight. Maybe he could. That was the curse of the bond—feeling too much, too deeply, even when we didn't want to.

"You and Gabriel seeing each other now?" he asked, too casually.

So casually, I wondered what kind of wolf asks his mate—his wife—if she's seeing someone else.

I studied his face, but he didn't look at me. He just kept his eyes on the sky like it would save him from hearing the answer.

I frowned before responding. "Do you have a problem with that?"

He was quiet for a second too long.

Then finally, with a dry laugh, he said, "No. Do I even have a say?"

His words hit harder than I expected. Not because they were sharp, but because they were so... hollow. Like he had already let go.

He stood slowly, brushing grass from his pants, not once looking at me.

"Well then," he muttered, voice distant. "Goodnight, Olivia."

I didn't reply. I just watched him turn and walk away. Slow steps, shoulders low, like the night itself was too heavy on his back.

I expected him to head toward the pack house.

But he didn't.

He passed the path that led to the house and kept going—toward the main gate.

I blinked, sitting up straighter, unsure at first if I was imagining it.

But no.

He wasn't heading back into the pack house.

I told myself not to care. Let him go. Let him do whatever he wants. It's not your business anymore.

But I didn't move.

Until the gate creaked open.

That sound alone was enough to shove panic into my chest. A dozen questions rushed through my head.

Where was he going? Why now? Why alone?

Before I could talk myself out of it, I stood and followed.

His scent was easy to track in the night air. I saw him just ahead, walking into the woods, his steps slow.

"Levi," I called out.

He turned, caught off guard. His face was pale in the moonlight, and the bags under his eyes looked darker than ever.

"You look like hell," I murmured, taking a step closer. "Not even your wolf could fake fine right now. Go back to the house."

"I'm fine," he said too fast—like he was trying to convince himself.

But I could see the tremble in his hand as he shoved it into his pocket. I could see it in the way he swayed just slightly on his feet. The way his wolf energy felt... hollow.

And for a stupid reason—I cared. I hated myself for it, but I did.

"No, you're not."

He tried to smile, but it didn't reach his eyes. "Just needed some air. I wasn't going far."

I crossed my arms. "Into the woods in the middle of the night? Come on, Levi."

There was a pause.

He finally sighed, nodding once. "Okay. I'll go back."

We turned together, walking in silence down the dirt path toward the gate. His steps dragged now, slower than before, like every one took something out of him.

I glanced at him—his shoulders hunched, his breaths shallow. His hand trembled slightly before he shoved it back into his pocket.

"Levi," I said cautiously, "you're swaying."

"I'm fine," he mumbled, not even looking at me. But he didn't sound fine at all.

Something in the air felt off. Even his scent was different—faint and strange, like something was wrong deep inside him.

I stayed close, watching him carefully. The woods were quiet, but my heart wasn't.

Then, just as we passed through the gate—his body crumpled.

"Levi!"

I barely caught him before he hit the ground, his weight slumping into my arms. His skin was cold, too cold, and his breathing was shallow.

Something shot through the bond, cold and sharp like something breaking inside me.

Panic exploded in my chest.

"Levi!"

I shook him. "Levi, wake up—come on!"

But he didn't move.

He Just lay there. Heavy. Still.



*Chapter 180: His Illness*

Olivia's POV

"Levi!" I called out in panic, dropping to my knees as his body slumped into me. "Levi, wake up!"

But he didn't move. He felt ice-cold and terrifyingly still. Something in me cracked. I pressed my hand against his chest, trying to feel his heartbeat—faint, but there.

I placed my palm firmly, trying to do something, anything—maybe unleash my ability—but nothing was working.

Footsteps pounded behind me.

"Alpha!" a guard shouted. "Is everything alright?"

"No, get help!" I snapped. "He needs a healer—now!"

But before the guard could even react, two familiar scents hit me. Lennox and Louis appeared from the darkness, worry carved into their faces.

"What the hell happened?" Louis asked, eyes narrowing as he dropped beside me.

"I—I don't know," I stammered. "He just collapsed. I tried to stop him—he said he was fine—he lied."

Lennox's jaw tightened, and for a split second, his expression wasn't surprised. It was... grim. Like he had expected this.

"Get the healer," Lennox barked at the guards, his voice sharp with Alpha command. "Now."

Two of them shifted into their wolves and bolted off without hesitation.

Lennox knelt and effortlessly lifted Levi into his arms like he weighed nothing. "Come," he said, already moving. "We need to get him back to his room."

I scrambled to my feet and followed them closely, my heart racing with every step. The walk back felt endless, but finally, we reached Levi's room.

Lennox laid him down carefully on the bed, adjusting his head on the pillow. I hovered at the edge of the mattress, unsure, afraid, watching Levi's pale face like it might disappear.

Louis moved to the drawer, rifled through it, and pulled out a small glass vial. He uncorked it and held it to Levi's nose.

A sharp, herbal smell hit the air.

Levi didn't move.

"What is that?" I asked quickly.

"Stimroot extract," Louis replied, still watching Levi. "Supposed to wake him. It usually works."

Usually? That single word made the panic inside me swell.

My frown deepened. "What's happening to him?"

They hesitated. The air in the room felt too still—like everything was holding its breath.

Then Lennox sighed and leaned back against the wall. "He has a condition. It started when we turned twelve."

I blinked. "What kind of condition?"

Louis answered, quieter. "It's called Lunar Respiris. A rare magical illness. It runs in our lineage. Our grandfather had it. Our father didn't. Neither did we. But Levi... he inherited it."

"What does it do?" I whispered.

Lennox looked at me, his voice tight. "Sometimes, his lungs just stop responding. Like they forget how to breathe. It comes with warnings and signs. Sometimes once a year. Sometimes it doesn't come."

I stared at Levi's chest. His breath was slowing down.

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. "He just... stops breathing? Just like that?"

"Yes," Louis said. "And when that happens, it's like his body shuts down."

My breath caught.

"You're lying."

"We're not," Lennox said evenly. "He didn't want you to find out. He thought you'd feel pitiful for him."

I blinked, shaking my head. "But... he was fine. He looked fine."

Louis glanced at Levi, voice softer now. "He's been hiding it for years. No one knows except family."

I couldn't breathe.

All these years... and I never knew.

"But why?" I whispered again, almost to myself. "Why not tell me all these years?"

Lennox met my gaze. There was sadness in his eyes now.

"Because, Olivia..." he said slowly, "he didn't want you to see him differently. He didn't want you to pity him. He wanted to stay Levi—the strong one. The one you admired."

Louis nodded. "He's been hiding it since we turned twelve. It doesn't happen often. But when it does... we're always ready."

I frowned, eyes flicking between them. "What do you mean, ready?"

Louis rubbed the back of his neck. "He figured out the early signs—tightness in his chest, dizziness, this subtle shake in his hands. You probably never noticed, but he did. Whenever that happened, he'd glance at us. That was our silent signal."

"And then what?" I asked, worried but curious.

Lennox answered. "Then he'd excuse himself from the crowd. Say he needed to get water. Or ease himself. Or just—walk. We'd follow quietly. Make sure he took the cork leaf blend to open his lungs. It worked... most times."

I stared at Levi, a memory flashing through my mind.

Those afternoons when he'd disappear during bonfires. Or vanish after laughing too hard. I always thought he just needed the bathroom. I never noticed. I never knew.

"And when it didn't work?" I asked slowly, a knot tightening in my throat.

Louis let out a breath. "If he fainted before he could take it... we'd catch him. Revive him fast."

"And I was never told?" My voice cracked.

Lennox looked away, his jaw tight. "You weren't supposed to know. He made us swear. He'd wake up, catch his breath, and be back beside you like nothing happened. Sometimes you didn't even notice he was gone."

The knot in my throat burned. I sank down beside the bed, my fingers curling into the sheets near Levi's hand.

I wished I could stop this feeling of worry and pain in my heart, but I couldn't.

I looked down at Levi's face again. His breathing was slow... but it was there. His chest rising ever so gently.

"What if I hadn't followed him?" I whispered. "What if I had let him go?"

"Thank you," Lennox said firmly. "Thank you for following him."

Just then the door opened, and hurried footsteps rushed in.

"The healer's here," one of the guards said.

I looked up and immediately recognized the man being escorted in. The same healer who had helped me when I lied about my amnesia. He paused for a heartbeat, eyes scanning the room, then focused on Levi. His gaze sharpened, his brow furrowed.

I moved away, and he moved swiftly to Levi's side, his hands already busy checking his pulse, lifting his eyelids, listening to his chest.

"I assume this is Lunar Respiris again?" he asked without looking up.

"Yes," Lennox replied. "He fainted just now. We gave him Stimroot. It didn't work."

The healer frowned slightly. "Has he passed out already this year?"

Lennox nodded. "Yes. A few months ago."

The healer stilled, eyes flickering briefly to Levi's face. "Then he shouldn't be having another episode so soon."

"What does that mean?" I asked, stepping closer.

The healer began pulling out tiny pouches of herbs, grinding and mixing them with practiced ease. "Lunar Respiris is unpredictable, but most who suffer from it only experience one serious attack per year. Two in such close time usually suggests something else... an external trigger."

Louis shifted uneasily beside me. Lennox didn't speak.

"What kind of trigger?" I asked quietly, though something in my chest already felt cold.

The healer didn't look at me when he answered. "Emotional strain. Sudden shock. Magical imbalance. Something that disturbs the body's rhythm—especially something tied to the heart or bond."

My heart stuttered.

Bond.

Emotional strain.

My lips parted slightly. My mind flashed to the moment in the woods—Gabriel's hands on my waist, his mouth on mine. The overwhelming heat of the kiss. The guilt that followed.

I swallowed thickly.

"You're saying... someone could've triggered this?" I asked, trying to keep my voice steady.

"Not necessarily intentionally," the healer said gently. "But yes. If he was already weakened... anything deeply emotional could've tipped him over."

My stomach twisted. I glanced at Levi's still face, his lashes resting dark against his cheeks.

The way he had looked at me afterward... the way his voice trembled when he asked if Gabriel and I were seeing each other. I thought he was just hurt. I didn't realize...

It seems my kiss with Gabriel has done far more damage than I ever imagined.