

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

## **#Chapter 181: Moving Forward - Read Fated To Not Just One, But Three Chapter 181: Moving Forward**

*Chapter 181: Moving Forward*

Olivia's POV

The healer finished his mix, a glowing greenish paste that shimmered faintly. He carefully spread it across Levi's chest, just over his heart, then pressed both palms over it.

A faint pulse of magic lit the space beneath his hands.

Levi's body twitched.

"Come on," the healer murmured. "Come back to us, Alpha."

Levi's fingers twitched, then his eyes fluttered open slowly, dazed and glassy.

"Levi?" Louis stepped forward.

Levi blinked a few times, confusion flooding his face. "What...?"

"You fainted, dumbass," Lennox muttered, visibly relieved but trying not to show it. "You scared the hell out of us."

The healer pressed two fingers against Levi's pulse. "You're lucky," he said, quietly. "Again."

Levi's gaze drifted to me next. His eyes locked with mine—and I saw it. The flicker of guilt. Of fear. Of shame.

"Olivia," he whispered. "I—I'm sorry. I didn't mean for you to see that. I didn't want you to—"

"Don't," I said sharply, frowning at him.

He flinched.

I walked toward him.

His throat bobbed as he swallowed.

I frowned as I stood beside him with folded arms. "You knew you were going to pass out... you saw the signs, and yet you decided to go into the woods. What if I hadn't followed you? Then what?" I yelled in anger.

I was furious, and I didn't even know who I was mad at—him, them, or myself.

Was it because all these years, even when we were close, they never told me about this illness? Or was it because he put his life in danger by going into the woods? Or was I just angry at myself? I didn't even know. I had no idea.

Levi opened his mouth to speak, but I didn't give him the chance. Instead, I turned around and walked out of the room.

As I made my way to my room, my hands trembled, my chest too tight to breathe properly. I didn't know what I was feeling. Anger, definitely. But underneath it—pain. Confusion. Guilt. So much guilt, choking me.

When I reached my door, I pushed it open harder than I meant to, the wooden frame groaning under my force. I stepped inside, ready to scream into my pillow or throw something just to let the pressure out—but froze.

Alpha Damien was sitting on my bed.

Back straight. Hands clasped. Eyes already on me as if he'd been waiting for hours.

The moment I saw him, I became anxious. I didn't even try to hide the worry on my face.

"You," I breathed out, my voice trembling.

He raised a brow. "Yes, Me."

"Why are you here?"

He didn't respond. He only slowly stood up from the bed and approached me. My frown deepened as I folded my arms, trying to act tough, but inside, I was nervous. There's this feeling I get whenever I'm this close to him... Alpha Damien has a dominating aura, more like his wolf is a dominant wolf, and I feel it.

He got a few steps away from me and stopped, holding my gaze with that quiet intensity that made my skin tingle. "We have to move fast with our plan."

My brows pulled together. "What do you mean by fast?"

He didn't answer right away. Instead, he looked me over like he was making sure I could handle what he was about to say. Then he said it.

"In four days, you're going to face the Council," he said. "And I believe you already know what to say when the time comes."

My stomach tightened. I swallowed hard, suddenly feeling the weight that day. Four days. Four days until I'd be standing before the Council, declaring I want to break my bond with the triplets.

"But we can't wait that long," he added, his tone turning urgent. "We need to act now. We're speeding things up. It's happening tomorrow night."

My heart skipped. "What's happening tomorrow night?"

Damien straightened. "It's my birthday," he said, like it wasn't a big deal. "I'm celebrating it here—with a formal gathering. Friends. Allies. A few Council members who'll be watching closely."

"And you want me there?" I asked, already dreading where this was going.

He didn't hesitate. "You'll be my date."

The air in my lungs vanished.

"I want you by my side," he continued. "To everyone else, you'll act as my lover. My partner. No more secrecy. No more hiding. We make them believe you belong to me—and the rest of the pack, the Council, everyone else... they'll see it."

I stared at him like he'd gone insane.

"I'm your nephews' wife," I said, my voice sharp with disbelief. "People will talk. They'll question it. You really want that kind of attention?"

Damien didn't blink. "I don't care. And neither should you."

I took a step back, my mind racing.

He followed, his voice softer now. "The moment we do this, Olivia, the news will spread like wildfire. Every pack across the region will know within hours. And if she's listening, she'll hear it too."

"She?" I asked, voice barely above a whisper, though I already knew who he meant.

His eyes darkened, but he didn't respond.

Curious, I pressed on. "Who is she? Sofia? Is she your mate? Your wife?"

Alpha Damien frowned, and I could tell my question was annoying him—but I didn't back down.

"Who is she?" I pressed again, stepping closer, refusing to let this drop. "Sofia? Is she your mate? Your wife?"

Damien's jaw tightened. His nostrils flared.

"You don't get to ask me that," he said coldly.

I scoffed. "Seriously? We're about to walk into a room together tomorrow night pretending we're lovers, and I don't get to ask who she is? That's bullshit, Alpha Damien."

His eyes snapped to mine, hard and fast, his wolf pressing behind them now, suffocating.

"You shouldn't put your feelings in this."

"I'm not talking about feelings," I bit out. "I'm talking about honesty. If I'm going to stand beside you and pretend to be yours in front of the Council—if we're really in this together—then I deserve to know what I'm walking into."

His eyes narrowed. "You want the truth?"

"Yes."

He took a slow step forward, and then another, until I had to tilt my head slightly just to keep meeting his gaze.

"Fine," he growled. "Here's the truth: it's none of your damn business."

My lips parted in disbelief.

"You think just because I'm pulling you into this plan that I owe you every piece of my past?" he snapped. "You're not here to know me, Olivia. You're here to play your part. That's it."

I stiffened. "You're unbelievable."

His voice dropped, lethal and low. "And you're acting like a very bad pup."

I scoffed bitterly. "You are annoying," I said and tried to walk away, but before I could, his hand wrapped around my wrist and pulled me toward him. I gasped, stumbling slightly, but before I could regain my footing, I was flipped over his lap in one fluid motion.

"Alpha Damien—!" I struggled, twisting, my heart thundering in my chest. "What the hell are you doing?"

He held me there with one firm arm across my lower back, the heat of his palm heavy, dominating. "I warned you," he murmured, his voice low and husky. "You acted silly, you get punished."

I gasped, my heart pounding, unsure if it was from fear or something else entirely.

"You're insane—!"

"Ten," he said calmly, like he was discussing strategy. "You will get spanked on your ass ten times."

My breath hitched. My heart pounded like a war drum in my chest.

"Let me go!" I twisted instinctively, my face heating.

But he held me firmly on his laps, enough to remind me how much stronger he was. Not hurting me. Just... holding.

"I said ten," he repeated, voice like velvet and steel. "Unless you want to make it more."

And here's the part I didn't understand:

I froze.

Not out of fear.

But confusion.

Something in the way he touched me—controlled, measured—wasn't threatening. It was possessive. It made my skin tingle, my lungs burn. I should've been furious. I was furious. But I was also—God help me—curious.

And maybe just a little too aware of how warm his hand was against me.

"This is insane," I whispered, struggling to breathe evenly. "You're not serious."

He leaned in close, his breath brushing my ear.

"Try me."

*Chapter 182: On His Lap*

Olivia's POV

My breath caught in my throat as I tried to get off his lap, but Alpha Damien held me down firmly. I struggled, but it was no use. He was too strong.

"Let me go!" I murmured, my cheeks burning with embarrassment. I didn't like how hot my body was getting. It was confusing. Wrong.

I had never been in a position like this. Bent over a man's lap. Especially not a man like Damien.

"You're staying right here," he said in a deep, calm voice. "You acted silly. Now you'll count."

"Count?" I asked, confused.

Then I felt it. He lifted the back of my robe. My heart jumped as cool air hit my thighs. My gown was up, and I knew he could see everything. I was wearing a thin black gestrin, and it didn't cover much.

"Damien!" I gasped, trying to move.

"If you struggle again, I'll make it twenty," he said. "Ten if you behave."

I froze, swallowing hard. My face burned with shame... but also something else. My body felt warm, even needy, and I hated it.

"This is embarrassing," I muttered.

He leaned down, his voice low and close to my ear. "Don't be shy now," Damien murmured, his voice like a slow ripple of thunder. "We've already done more than this, haven't we?"

My body tensed as the memory replayed in my head.

I hid my face in my arms, trying to stay still.

Then came the first smack—sharp and loud. I jumped.

"One..." I said quietly.

His hand rested on my waist again. "Louder, Olivia," Damien repeated, his palm resting heavy and warm on my lower back.

My heart pounded so loud I could barely hear myself think. Everything felt too much—his touch, his voice, the heat spreading across my skin. My cheeks were already on fire, but now that fire was sinking lower, curling deep in my stomach.

"Two," I whispered louder this time, trying to stay still, even as my body betrayed me.

His hand came down again. Another sharp sting. I flinched, a soft gasp slipping from my lips.

"Three..."

The ache wasn't just from the spanking anymore. Something else had awakened inside me—something I didn't understand. I was wet. Soaked. The thin fabric between my legs stuck to me, and I could only hope he didn't notice. But a part of me knew he already had.

Damien said nothing, but I felt his hand slide just a little lower, his thumb brushing the top of my thigh. My breath hitched again.

"Four."

My voice shook. My hips twitched before I could stop myself. I was losing control. Everything in me screamed that this was wrong, but I couldn't pull away. I didn't want to.

"Five."

I felt him shift beneath me, and then I froze—not from fear, but something far more alarming. His cock was hard. I could feel it clearly now beneath me, pressing against my stomach. And for a second, I forgot who he was—forgot that he was Alpha Damien.

All I felt was the heat, the pulse, the way his body responded to mine.

"Six," I breathed, my thighs pressing together on instinct. My face buried deeper into my arm, hoping he couldn't hear the soft whimper that slipped out.

This time, his palm came a little harder, and I could feel my ass cheek bounce.

"Seven." My words came as a moan.

Fuck! Olivia, get a grip of yourself! My wolf groaned inside me, but I totally ignored her.

Alpha Damien didn't speak. He just exhaled through his nose, slow and deep, and the sound of his breathing sent a chill down my spine. His hand was still on me—warmer now, heavier. It slid over my skin, not to spank this time, but to caress. His palm moved in slow, deliberate strokes over the curve of my ass.

I clenched my eyes shut.

"Damien..." I whispered, breath hitching when his fingers brushed beneath the thin strap of my gestrin. I flinched, half from the sensation and half from panic. "Don't!" But I didn't move. I didn't mean it. Not really. And somehow, he knew.

"I haven't even given you ten yet," he murmured, his voice low, husky, impossibly calm. "But look at you. So wet you're sticking to me."

He wasn't wrong. I could feel it—every inch of soaked fabric clinging to me, revealing far too much. And when he tugged my panties down, slowly, purposefully, baring me completely, I whimpered.

"No," I said weakly, lifting my head. "Damien, we can't..."

"You're my nephews' wife," he said, his voice hard and husky. "I know that."

His hand didn't leave me. It cupped my bare ass now, fingers splaying, squeezing lightly. My hips trembled under his touch. The shame burned hotter than before, but it was tangled with something darker, hungrier.

"This is wrong," I said again, trying to wriggle out of his lap.

He held me tighter.

He whispered against my ear. "But don't lie to me, Olivia. Your body's screaming yes."

I shivered. He was right, and it terrified me. I hated how much I wanted this, how every part of me throbbed for more.

"Please don't..." I whispered, even as my thighs parted slightly on their own. "Please don't put your finger in... we can't... I'm not—"

His fingers moved lower, brushing the slick folds of my entrance, and I gasped.

"Damien!"

He groaned, deep and raw, the sound vibrating through his chest. "Fuck, Olivia. You're soaked."

I twisted on his lap and slapped his arm, hard. "Don't touch me, I don't belong to you!" I snapped.

But my voice cracked at the end, betraying me. I wasn't pulling away anymore. I was pressing back into him, my skin flushed, my core throbbing for his touch.

His mouth was at my ear again, his breath hot. "No, you're not mine... but you should have been."

Then, with maddening slowness, his fingertips traced my entrance—just barely—teasing me with the promise of more. My entire body jerked, hips twitching involuntarily.

A broken sound left my throat. "Damien... please..."

He brushed the tip of his finger over my slick folds again, not entering—just enough to make me arch and tremble.

*Chapter 183: What Is Wrong With Me*

Olivia's POV

His touch was almost unbearable—teasing, slow, driving me Mad. My whole body ached with confusion. Shame. Desire. Regret.

But then—

A flash.

Levi's face. Lifeless. Pale. The way he'd looked just hours ago, lying there unconscious.

"You're still their wife." A voice which wasn't that of my wolf echoed in my head.

My breath caught sharply in my throat.

No.

I couldn't do this.

In that split second, while Damien's guard was down, drunk on the moment—my body jolted with speed. I twisted, yanked myself upright with everything I had left, and stood.

His eyes widened in surprise, hand still reaching for where I had just been.

I grabbed my gown, yanked it down, my fingers trembling as I fixed my underwear. My breath was ragged, my heart pounding like a drum.

"No," I said, barely able to get the word out.

"Olivia—" he started, his voice low, strained.

But I shook my head, taking a shaky step backward. "Don't. Just... don't."

I didn't wait for his response. I turned and rushed out of my room, my feet flying over the tiled floors.

A few staff furrowed their brows as they glanced at me, but I didn't care. I ran like I was trying to escape a storm.

Because maybe I was.

I didn't stop until I reached the garden. Only then did I collapse onto the grass, burying my face in my hands. My whole body still burned from where he had touched me.

"Damn it! What is wrong with me!" I groaned, angry at myself.

I pulled my hand from my face and stared up at the night sky. The stars blurred as unshed tears clung stubbornly to my lashes.

"What is wrong with me..." I whispered again—this time softer. Less angry. More confused.

My hands curled into the grass.

I closed my eyes, trying to calm the storm inside me.

"I'm just confused..." I said aloud, needing to hear the words. Maybe if I said it enough times, it would feel true.

"I'm confused," I repeated. "That's all. That's why my body reacted. It didn't mean anything."

But even as I said it, I didn't believe it.

Because it had meant something. Not love, no—at least, I hoped not. But it wasn't nothing either. It was the ache of loneliness. The pain of betrayal. The hunger of someone who hadn't been touched gently.

That was the worst part. It wasn't Damien I had wanted—it was the comfort. The illusion of being loved. Of being seen.

I pressed my fists to my eyes and let out a long, trembling breath.

I thought of them.

"I'm still their wife," I reminded myself, my voice barely a whisper now. "Still their mate." I wished that truth didn't hurt.

And until the Council settles all of this mess, I won't let anybody touch me. Not because I care for them, but because of my own sanity. My own conscience.

I stayed in the garden a little longer, gathering what little strength I had.

Eventually, I rose and returned to my room. Alpha Damien was gone, but his scent still lingered in the air.

I locked the door and crawled straight into bed.

Lying beneath the blankets, I stared up at the ceiling.

The truth was, I didn't know who I was anymore. Not since all of this began.

The triplets.

My mates.

Men I had grown to love... so deeply it scared me.

Lennox—fierce, impulsive, reckless. He made my blood boil and my heart race all in one breath.

Levi—gentle but sharp. Observant. Calculated. The one who always saw right through me. Who made me feel safe even when I didn't want to be.

And Louis... gods. Sweet, tortured Louis. The quiet one.

They were mine. My mates. And they broke me.

They loved me. Hurt me. Gave me everything. Took everything away.

And I still cared for them.

No matter how much I wished I didn't.

Then there was Gabriel.

The man I barely knew—but who made my heart flutter every time he looked at me. Like I mattered.

He stared at me with the eyes of a man in love. When he smiled, my stomach twisted. When he spoke, I listened too closely. And when he offered to meet me at the border... I'd said yes far too quickly. Just to see him.

I didn't know what we were. Not yet. But something was starting. A tiny spark of desire... maybe even love.

And then...

Damien.

Alpha Damien.

The triplets' uncle.

A man I should have never allowed that close.

Cold. Dangerous. Infuriating.

But gods—mysterious.

He didn't say much. He didn't have to. His presence was enough to stir something in me I didn't want to name. Something dark. Forbidden. Exciting.

The way he touched me... the way he looked at me. Not like the others. Not even like a woman he desired. Like a challenge. Like I was something wild he wanted to tame.

And I hated how much that thrilled me.

Maybe it was wrong. Maybe it was all just loneliness and confusion and a desperate need to feel like someone's—anyone's—choice.

But that didn't make it any less real.

I sighed and closed my eyes.

Five men.

Five different kinds of danger.

I forced myself to sleep, leaving everything in the hands of the moon goddess.

Morning came. I hadn't slept much. I spent the whole night tossing and turning.

Now, Nora and Lolita were in my room, helping me get ready for a pack meeting with the she-wolves. They moved around quietly, laying out clothes, brushing my hair, and setting out shoes—never asking too many questions. Maybe they understood I wasn't in the mood to chit-chat.

I sat in front of the mirror, my eyes tired, my heart still heavy from the night before.

Then—a sharp knock at the door made all three of us turn.

Lolita moved to open it, and there he was.

Lennox.

Standing tall, dressed in black, his expression unreadable. He held a box in his hands. His eyes landed on me and softened—just a little.

"There's a function tonight," he said, walking in like he still owned the place. "Alpha Damien's birthday. I assume you are attending."

He set the box down on the table beside me. "I and my brothers got this dress for you. Please, will you accept it."

I looked at the box... then up at him.

I frowned.

"Oh, so now you remember to bring me a dress?" I said, standing. "Where was this energy when I needed one before? Rather, you showered it on Anita!"

He opened his mouth, but before he could speak—

The door opened again.

Alpha Damien stepped in.

He didn't look at Lennox.

Not even once.

His eyes went straight to me.

"I brought you a dress," he said simply, his voice deep and authoritative. "I hope you'll wear it tonight. For me."

My heart dropped. Two dresses. Two men. Both claiming me in their own ways. And I just stood there, caught between old vows and new sins.

Lennox's jaw clenched. "She's still my wife," he snapped, stepping forward. "And my brothers'. You should be ashamed, Uncle Damien. What is this?" He looked at the box Damien held. "You're really planning to steal her from us?"

Damien's face didn't change.

Lennox kept going.

"Is that your plan?" he growled. "To snatch her away—just like Sofia was taken from you?"

## *Chapter 184: Stepping Up*

### Lennox's POV

The color of Damien's eyes darkened and in the blink of an eye, he made his way toward me. But shockingly, Olivia moved past him and stood between us—stopping Damien from attacking me.

Of all the things I expected... that wasn't one of them. She stood between us, her arms outstretched, facing a furious Alpha. My heart skipped. She still cared, even if she didn't want to admit it. For a fleeting second, pride flared in my chest.

"Step away!" Damien growled, already losing his temper.

I wasn't surprised. What I said was more than enough to make him furious. There are only two things that can really set Uncle Damien off. One is someone hurting Sofia—he'd tear them apart without a second thought. And the second is exactly what I just did: reminding him that someone took her from him.

Olivia shook her head, not moving.

"No," she said firmly, staring up at him. "I won't step away, Alpha Damien."

His jaw clenched harder. His fists curled at his sides.

"This is between me and him," Damien said through gritted teeth.

"No," Olivia said again. "You two are family. Whether you like it or not, you are both tied to each other now. And you're standing in my room—fighting. Like enemies."

Damien's nostrils flared. He glanced around, as if only now realizing where we were.

"I won't let you tear each other up in my presence," Olivia said firmly. "And definitely not in my room."

For a long moment, no one spoke. The tension was thick, so heavy.

Then Damien turned his eyes on me.

His voice was low and filled with rage. "You do not want to keep testing me, Lennox."

I didn't answer.

"I swear on the full moon," Damien continued, "if you strike my nerve again, the Full Moon Pack will be left with only two Alphas. Because you... will be dead."

My wolf growled at the threat, loud and deep, rising from inside me. I didn't care if he was my uncle. He crossed the line.

But before I could say anything, Damien turned around and stormed out of the room, slamming the door behind him.

Silence fell again.

Olivia slowly lowered her arms, her shoulders tense.

I stared at her—at the woman who just stopped Alpha Damien from tearing into me.

My mate.

Still fierce.

Still mine... even if I didn't deserve her.

She turned to me and frowned, but I smiled instead—and I think it annoyed her.

"And what are you smiling about?" she snapped.

I shrugged. "You."

She raised a brow. "Me?"

I nodded. "Yes, you... you don't cease to amaze me every time."

She didn't smile. Her arms crossed tightly over her chest.

"You think this is funny?" she asked, clearly still tense.

"No," I said, my voice softening. "But... you just stood in front of Damien for me. You didn't even think—you just acted. That means something."

Her jaw clenched. "It doesn't mean what you think."

I stepped closer, but slowly. Careful not to annoy her. "Olivia—"

"No." She backed up a step. "Don't start. Don't twist this into some mate moment. I stopped him because I didn't want blood on my floor. Not because I care. And you being hurt? It would affect me. Because of the bond. That's all."

I nodded, swallowing the lump in my throat. "Still. Thank you."

She looked away, her eyes fixed on the door Damien had slammed. Her voice was low now, filled with curiosity. "Who is this Sofia? And where is she?"

I sighed. I wished I could tell her what she wanted to hear, but it wasn't my place to. That was Damien's.

"I can't say much, but all I'll say is... Sofia is everything to Damien. He would die for her without hesitation."

Olivia's brow furrowed. "His mate?"

I shrugged. "More than that."

She didn't seem happy with my response, and I could tell she wanted to know more. But I can't...

She lifted her gaze and frowned at me. "You knew your words would enrage him. And you still said them."

I sighed, running a hand through my hair. "I'm just... jealous, okay? I see the way he looks at you. And I know you feel something for him. I can smell it on you."

Her cheeks flushed. Just a little. But enough for me to realize my fear was true.

Her lips parted, but she didn't say anything.

I continued. "I just miss being the one you looked at that way."

She looked at me for a long moment. Her eyes weren't angry anymore—just tired. And sad.

"Unfortunately for you, I will never look at you that way again."

Then she turned away, walking to her closet.

"Please leave. And along with the dress... give it to Anita. She will be happy to receive it. After all, she is the mother of your unborn children."

Her words hit me like a punch to the chest.

I stood frozen. Her back was to me now, but I could feel the weight of what she'd said.

"Olivia..." I started, but my voice cracked. I swallowed and tried again. "I didn't plan any of this. You know that."

She didn't turn around.

"I made mistakes," I said quietly, stepping closer. "Terrible ones. But I never stopped loving you."

That was true. My actions might have said otherwise, but this was the truth. I never stopped loving her. And maybe that was what drove me more angry and insane.

She let out a bitter laugh. "Love? Don't talk to me about love, Lennox. If you want to talk about love, then talk about your uncle Alpha Damien. You yourself confessed that he would kill anyone who hurt Sofia. Why? Because he loves her! But you three did the opposite—you three hurt me! You protect, cherish the ones you love, not hurt them!"

My wolf whimpered in pain and tears gathered in my eyes.

I watched as she reached into her closet, her hands trembling slightly as she shifted hangers. But I knew she wasn't really looking for anything. She just didn't want to face me.

"Will you ever forgive us?"

"Just leave." She demanded, her voice shaking.

I stepped forward again, gently placing the box on her bed. The dress I had picked out for her.

"Can you please wear this... for old times' sake?"

Olivia turned slowly, a big frown etched across her face.

"You thought a dress would fix everything?" she asked, her voice calm but laced with pain. "You think I care about these material things?"

"No," I admitted. "I just wanted you to be the most beautiful woman tonight, and this dress will complement you."

She looked away again, her jaw tightening. Her silence said more than words ever could.

"I miss you, Olivia," I said. "I miss the sound of your laugh. The way your nose scrunches when you're annoyed. I miss your scent on my clothes."

God, I missed those old days—when she would fall asleep in my arms like I was the safest place in the world.

She closed her eyes slowly, then opened them with a tired sigh.

Then she looked down at the box, her lips pressing into a hard line. With a soft exhale, she picked it up and placed it back in my arms.

"Give it to Anita," she said again, her voice flat. "Let her wear it for your uncle's party. I'm sure she'll love pretending to be your Luna."

I opened my lips to speak, but she interrupted me. "Please leave."

I wanted to say more... I wanted to plead more... but I didn't want to overwhelm her further. So I decided to respect her wish and leave.

As I turned to leave Olivia's room, my chest felt like it had been cracked open. Her words echoed in my head, louder than any scream.

Give it to Anita.

That hit harder than I thought it would.

I stepped out into the hallway, shutting the door gently behind me. I didn't want her to hear it slam.

My fingers tightened around the box in my hand. The damn dress. I should've known it wouldn't fix anything—but still, I'd hoped. I was desperate to feel even an inch closer to her again.

I barely made it two steps down the hallway before a maid came rushing toward me.

"Alpha Lennox!" she cried, panting hard. "It's Lady Anita—something's wrong!"

I frowned.

Every instinct in me wanted to keep walking. I didn't want to deal with her. I didn't want to see her. I didn't even want to hear her name.

She was a mistake—a bitter one. And the damage she'd caused... the chaos still haunts me.

But those pups...

I clenched my jaw, swallowing down the resentment twisting inside me. As much as I hated her, I couldn't ignore the fact that those children might be ours. And no matter what, I can't let anything happen to them.

I may have been a terrible mate, but I refuse to be a terrible father.

With a low curse under my breath, I did the one thing I didn't want to do.

I turned and headed toward her room.

### *Chapter 185: Complications*

#### Lennox's POV

I headed into the servant quarters, and a maid quickly led me to one of the rooms. As soon as I stepped inside, I saw Anita—curled up, clutching her stomach, and crying out in pain.

A healer, a middle-aged woman, was already with her, but it didn't look like anything was getting better.

"What's happening?" I asked, my voice sharp as I stepped forward.

The healer bowed her head respectfully before answering. "I think she's having a complication, Alpha. This is medical... it's beyond me," she said, her voice laced with deep concern.

I frowned, turning my eyes back to Anita. She was clearly in agony, her body twisting, her face soaked in tears.

Louis entered behind me, his gaze scanning the room. "What's going on?"

"I don't know," I muttered. "Get the car ready. We're taking her to the pack hospital."

Without waiting for a reply, I strode to the bed and carefully lifted Anita into my arms. I didn't want to carry her—but letting her walk on her own would waste too much time.

She whimpered, her fingers clinging tightly to my shirt.

In the hallway, we ran into Levi, who looked alarmed. "What is happening?" he asked, clearly confused.

"I have no idea. We're going to the pack hospital," I said.

"I'm coming," he said as he tagged along.

Outside, the car was already waiting. Louis was in the driver's seat. I helped a sobbing Anita into the back seat, then got in beside her. Levi slipped into the front seat next to

Louis started the car and took off.

The drive was anything but quiet. Anita sobbed uncontrollably, curled into a corner, clutching her stomach.

I glanced at her, trying not to let my face show what I felt.

No matter how much we hated her...

No matter what she had done...

Those babies—if they were ours—we couldn't ignore that.

Yes, we hated her. Yes, we might not want those babies. But they existed, and we couldn't change that.

And deep down, I knew my brothers were just as worried as me. Levi kept clenching and unclenching his fists in the front seat. Louis had his jaw locked tight, eyes focused on the road like he was racing against death.

We didn't speak, but we didn't need to.

We were all thinking the same thing: What if something happens to those babies?

What if they really are ours?

What if—

"We're here," Louis said tightly as we pulled up to the pack hospital gates.

Two nurses waiting outside rushed toward us the moment they saw us arrive.

I opened the door and stepped out quickly, lifting Anita into my arms again. She was still crying, but her voice was hoarse now, like she was losing strength.

"Attend to her... she is pregnant!" I barked, pushing past the doors as the nurses guided us inside.

The smell of antiseptic hit me immediately and I grimaced. I've always hated the smell of hospitals.

A doctor ran over. "Bring her in here!"

They led us into a small emergency room, and I gently laid her down on the hospital bed. Levi and Louis stood close beside me. We watched as the staff worked fast. Among the staff were two gynecologists and two healers.

As the doctor checked her vitals, hooking her up to machines, the healers performed incantations.

For several tense minutes, we stood there watching them tend to a pain-ridden Anita. Her dress was lifted, and I found myself staring at her belly. Looking closely, I could just make out the faint rise of a baby bump. It was small due to her Flat stomach, but it could be seen now without a dress covering it.

I exchanged worried glances with my brothers. But we said nothing.

We stood silently as the doctors and healers worked around her. Machines beeped, soft voices murmured, and the air was so heavy it felt suffocating.

"She's losing strength," one of the doctors said.

One of the nurses quickly wiped Anita's forehead. She was barely conscious now, mumbling in pain. Her fingers kept twitching, like she was trying to hold on to something, anything.

One of the doctors stepped forward. "She's having complications tied to a previous miscarriage," he explained. "There's internal stress on her womb. One of the babies might not survive."

My heart sank.

Louis's jaw clenched again. Levi said nothing, but I saw the way he leaned forward slightly, like he wanted to do something—but didn't know what.

"We've stabilized her for now," the doctor added, "but we'll need to monitor her closely. Her hormone levels are all over the place. It's an imbalance we don't normally see this far along."

One of the healers approached us.

"Alphas, are you the fathers of these pups?" she asked, sounding curious.

None of us answered.

We didn't move. We didn't even blink.

But our silence gave her all the answer she needed.

"You are not mates," she said gently. "This woman... she's not your fated one."

I swallowed hard and exchanged glances with my brothers.

"She bears no true mating mark," the other healer added. "Only a concubine mark. Chosen. Not destined."

"Her body is struggling," the healer in front of us added. "Her womb is trying to carry life that wasn't created through a bond. That's why it's failing."

Levi frowned. "What does that mean for the babies?"

The healer sighed. "It means the pregnancy will always be risky. Her body wasn't made to carry your kind of children—not without a mate bond to strengthen the connection."

Louis looked away, jaw tight again.

"She can survive this," the healer continued, "but there's no guarantee the babies will. Not unless something changes. The womb is weak, the energy of the unborn is unstable and too strong for her."

I rubbed my jaw, feeling something heavy sit in my chest. I didn't want this. I didn't want any of it.

But here it was.

"She is still in danger?" I asked.

"Yes," the healer replied. "And so are the babies. All we can do is try to hold the pregnancy together as long as we can."

She bowed and went back to attend to Anita.

I looked down at Anita again. Her face was pale, lips dry, and her hair stuck to her forehead with sweat. She looked so different from the proud, demanding woman I knew. She looked like a shadow of herself... like she was at the brink of death.

And even though I hated her... I couldn't bring myself to feel nothing.

"We will do an ultrasound," the doctor said, "to check the health of the pups. If they're stable, we continue. But if we find severe complications..." He paused, inhaling deeply. "We will have to terminate the pregnancy to save her life."

*Chapter 186: The Decision*

Levi's POV

The moment the doctor mentioned termination, something in my chest twisted.

None of us said a word. We just stood there, silent, emotionless. My eyes stayed fixed on Anita. She looked so weak on that bed, like she was barely holding on.

I didn't want to be here.

But I couldn't leave either.

Two nurses returned with equipment while a doctor wheeled over a small machine. One of the nurses gently pulled up Anita's dress and applied a clear gel over her stomach. It made a soft squelching sound as she rubbed it in with a gloved hand. Anita didn't move. She wasn't unconscious, but she looked too tired to even react.

"She's stable enough for the ultrasound now," the doctor said quietly. "We'll check the babies."

Babies.

The word made my chest tighten again.

These might be our babies.

Louis and Lennox stood silently beside me. We were all watching, but none of us said a word.

The nurse pressed the probe against her belly, and after a few seconds, black-and-white images flickered on the monitor.

"Come closer," the doctor said softly. "You'll want to see this."

At first, we hesitated as we exchanged glances with each other, none of us moving forward.

"Alphas? You don't want to come check?" the doctor asked again.

We looked at each other again before we stepped forward, slowly.

And then we saw them.

Two small shapes. Curled up. Still developing—but clearly there. Two tiny, flickering heartbeats on the screen, their lives pulsing with every second.

"Three," the doctor confirmed. "They're about three months along."

I felt my throat go dry. My hands clenched into fists at my sides.

"They don't look healthy, but they can survive," the doctor continued, eyes focused on the screen. "But one of them... this one here..." He pointed to the smaller figure. "This one's a little weaker. The heartbeat is slower. That's the one we're most concerned about."

"What are the chances?" Lennox asked, his voice low, tinged with worry.

The doctor didn't answer.

Instead, the healers stepped forward, placing their hands gently over Anita's stomach. They began murmuring softly, their voices rising and falling in a rhythmic chant.

The room went still again, heavy with tension.

Then one of the healers, the older woman, looked up and spoke.

"Alphas, if you want these pups to survive... you have to mark her."

My brows furrowed. "She already has our mark," I said—though deep down, I knew that wasn't what she meant.

The healer shook her head. "No. That mark is shallow. You marked her as a concubine... not a mate."

Lennox cursed under his breath. Louis looked away.

"And that mark," she continued, "was meant to keep your Luna from feeling pain when you laid with this woman. You know that."

We knew.

"She carries your children," the healer said. "But her body is not connected to yours through a mate bond. There is no strength flowing between you. Her womb is trying to carry your strong pups."

My stomach turned.

"So what are you saying?" Louis asked tightly, sounding like he already knew where this conversation was heading to.

The healer looked between us. "If you want to save these pups... if you want them to live... all of you must mark her again. As a mate, this time. A true bond. The mate bond will give her strength to carry your pups."

There was a long pause.

Then, in perfect unison, the three of us spoke.

"No."

It was loud. And it was firm.

The healer didn't argue. She looked as if she had expected us to give such a response. She only nodded, slowly.

"Then prepare yourselves," she said calmly. "Because without that bond... the babies may not make it."

Silence swallowed the room again.

I looked at the screen.

Two tiny shapes.

One flickering more faintly than the other.

And I felt it—that cruel, quiet fear crawling in again. Not for Anita. But for what we had helped create.

We didn't want this. We never planned for it.

But they were now here.

And fate was asking us to choose. Either we mark Anita as our mate, or they die!

"Then we are prepared to let them die," Lennox spat, his voice cold, sharp, emotionless.

I swallowed hard and turned to look at him.

He wasn't wrong.

It was the right decision.

No matter what the healer said, we couldn't bond with Anita—not like that. Not for a pregnancy we couldn't even be sure was ours. And even if they were our children, even if they carried our blood...

We would never lose Olivia over this.

But still...

I looked back at the screen. At the tiny flickering heartbeats. My jaw clenched, my throat tightening with something I didn't want to name.

Was this what it felt like—father instincts? That dull ache in your chest when you see something small and fragile that might belong to you?

I didn't want it. I didn't ask for it.

But it was there.

"Please..." a soft, hoarse voice broke the silence. "Please... they're yours..."

We turned to see Anita, barely conscious, but her eyes glistened with tears as she struggled to speak. Her lips trembled, and her fingers reached toward us weakly.

"They're yours," she said again, her voice cracking. "You know they are..."

Louis shifted beside me, his jaw tight.

"I can feel them," she whispered. "They react to your voices... to your energy. In another month, you'll feel it too. You'll know it. Please... don't let them die... don't be heartless..."

She began to cry, her face twisting in pain and desperation. "I didn't plan this either. I didn't mean for it to happen. But it did. And now they're here... and they deserve a chance to live..."

Her words made something twist in my gut again.

But I looked at Lennox, then Louis. And I knew—we all knew.

That no matter what she said, no matter how bad it felt, we couldn't do what the healer asked.

"We're not marking you," Louis said flatly, his tone leaving no room for argument. "That's final."

Anita sobbed harder, her body trembling.

Lennox turned to the doctor. "Are you going to terminate the pregnancy now?"

The doctor glanced at the healers, then stepped forward. "No. Not yet. There's still a chance—however small—that the babies might survive without the bond. Her body is weak, but not beyond saving."

He looked at us seriously. "We'll monitor her. Around the clock. If things worsen again, we'll step in. But for now, we hold on and hope."

I nodded slowly, even though my heart still felt like it was sinking in my chest.

"Do what you can," I said quietly.

Without another word, we turned and left the room.

We didn't look back.

But as the door shut behind us, I couldn't shake the image of those two little flickering heartbeats.

And no matter how hard I tried...

I couldn't stop wondering if one day we'd regret

If one day, we'd remember this moment—and realize we had let our own blood die.

### *Chapter 187: Bad Father*

Louis' POV

We left Anita at the hospital. The doctor said she'd be discharged later in the day, so there was no point sticking around.

The drive back home was tense. Heavy. Silent.

I was in the driver's seat. Levi sat beside me, and Lennox was in the back. I glanced at Levi briefly. He looked completely lost in thought, staring out the window like the road wasn't even there.

I wondered what was running through his mind.

Was he having second thoughts about saving the pups?

I gritted my

Hell no—not me.

I didn't care how loud their tiny heartbeats sounded on that screen or how weak one of them looked. There was no way I'd make Anita my mate. Not for them. Not for anyone.

Because doing that... would mean losing Olivia.

And I'd rather lose everything—my rank, my power, my pride—than lose her.

That woman... Olivia. I'd rip my own heart out before I let us hurt her again.

She already hates us for everything we did to her—for all the ways we broke her. For the pain we caused her just because of a stupid payback. And now, what? We're to mate Anita? Officially tie ourselves to the one woman who caused her pain, too?

No. Absolutely not.

I didn't care if the pups were mine.

I didn't care if they were all of ours.

There was no going back.

Suddenly, from the back seat, Lennox groaned.

"Ugh. This is a damn mess," he muttered, dragging a hand down his face. "I can't get the image out of my head."

"You mean the ultrasound?" Levi asked, finally speaking up, his voice flat.

"Yeah. That," Lennox answered grimly.

"They might not be ours," I snapped, gripping the steering wheel tighter. "We don't even know for sure. Until we do, we're not doing anything."

An awkward silence filled the air again.

Levi leaned back, rubbing his temples. "And if they are? What then?"

"We deal with it then," I replied coldly. "But we are not making her a mate. That's not even an option."

"I agree," Lennox said. "Olivia is the only one I'd ever mark as a mate. Ever. I don't care what the healer says. If those pups die because of that... then so be it."

I exhaled deeply, jaw still clenched.

"I hate that it's come to this," Levi muttered. "It didn't have to be this way."

"Well, it is," I said. "And we're going to live with it. We already made our choice."

No one responded.

The car felt heavier with every mile we passed.

But no matter what guilt tried to crawl its way into my chest...

Nothing—nothing—was worth losing Olivia.

And I think we all knew that.

Even if we didn't say it out loud.

We pulled into the mansion just as the afternoon sun was dipping behind the trees, casting long shadows across the yard.

As we stepped out of the car, I spotted our mother—waiting by the entrance, with a tight expression and arms folded across her chest.

Her eyes swept over us sharply, narrowing with worry. "I heard from the staff," she said, her voice tight. "They said Anita was rushed to the hospital. What happened? Are the babies okay?"

"They're fine... for now," I muttered, not meeting her gaze.

"But," Levi added, "the doctor said there's a chance... the pregnancy might not survive."

Her eyes widened. "What? Why? What are you talking about?"

We stepped closer. I took a breath and laid it out.

We told her everything.

The bleeding, the fainting, the ultrasound... the healer's verdict. That the only way to truly give the pups a fighting chance was for the three of us to mark Anita again—this time as our mate, not just a concubine.

When I finished, her eyes were wide with disbelief.

"You mean to tell me," she said slowly, her voice rising, "you would let your children die just because you refuse to mark their mother?"

"They might not even be ours," Lennox snapped, stepping forward. "We're not making permanent decisions over a maybe."

She stared at us like we were insane.

"Rubbish," she snapped. "Absolute nonsense! Anita may have her flaws—yes, she's loud, manipulative, and entitled at times—but she's not a whore. She's not the kind of woman who sleeps around. You three know that damn well."

Levi clenched his jaw but didn't speak.

"And even if you're scared," she continued, her voice rising, "even if you're unsure—those pups exist. They are already growing inside her! And what do you do? Stand there acting like it's nothing? You're all cowards. Terrible fathers."

Her words affected me more than I expected.

I felt Levi grunt beside me. Even Lennox didn't have a snarky comeback.

"You think Olivia will be proud of you for this?" she added sharply. "For letting innocent children die just so you can prove your loyalty to her? This isn't love. It's fear. Selfish, stubborn fear."

She looked at each of us with disappointment in her eyes.

"They will live," she said firmly. "With or without your mark. But when they grow up, they'll know exactly what kind of fathers they had."

And with that, she turned on her heel and walked away, leaving us standing on the steps like scolded boys.

For a long time, none of us moved.

I stared at the floor, my chest tightening.

Terrible fathers.

That part stuck.

I didn't even know if they were mine... and yet her words still felt like a slap.

But even then—even then—I knew one thing:

I would not lose Olivia.

No matter what it costs.

A maid appeared at the doorway, bowing her head slightly. "Alphas... lunch is served."

Lunch?

I blinked, suddenly aware of the tight, hollow feeling in my stomach.

We hadn't even had breakfast.

We'd spent half the day at the hospital.

"I'm not even hungry," Lennox muttered.

"Neither am I," Levi added, but his body was already moving toward the dining hall.

"Doesn't matter," I said quietly, following them. "We'll sit. Even if we don't eat."

As we walked down the hall toward the dining room, the sound of laughter stopped us.

Soft. Familiar.

Olivia.

It was her.

Her laugh floated through the corridor like a ghost we didn't deserve. We rounded the corner and saw her—seated at the long dining table, her fingers brushing a glass of juice, smiling brightly at something Uncle Damien had just said. He was beside her, chuckling.

The room seemed to orbit around her. She didn't just glow—she eclipsed everything.

Beautiful. Effortless.

My wolf growled low in my chest. A surge of protectiveness and possessiveness twisted in my gut. She was laughing. Without us. With someone else. And it wasn't just anyone—it was him.

Lennox stiffened behind me.

Levi stopped breathing for a second.

But before any of us could react, the doors banged open behind us and Father's voice thundered through the hall.

"Lennox. Levi. Louis—what is it I just heard?!"

He stormed into the room, with Mother right behind him.

*Chapter 188: Lose Two Things*

Olivia POV

With furrowed brows, I watched the scene unfolding before me.

Sir Damon marched up to his sons, his face thunderous.

"And what is this I'm hearing? That you'd rather lose your children than mark Anita?" he spat, glaring at his son.

My confusion deepened as I tried to make sense of what was happening. Through the gossip Nora and Lolita shared with me, they told me Anita had been crying in pain, and the Alphas had rushed her to the hospital.

But now this? The realization that they were being told to mark her—to save the pups?

"Father, we've made our decision—" Lennox began, but Sir Damon cut him off sharply.

"What fucking decision, Lennox? A decision to abandon your own blood? To let innocent pups die instead of marking their mother?"

A long, heavy silence followed. I remained frozen, my eyes bouncing between them, trying to understand what I was hearing.

Then Louis stepped forward, his voice authoritative.

"Because marking Anita... means losing Olivia."

They all turned to look at me.

Levi's jaw clenched. "And we won't let that happen."

Lennox nodded. "Not now. Not ever."

My heart slammed against my ribs. I didn't know how to feel. Part of me felt a pang of empathy at the thought of the children, but another part—one I didn't want to admit—ached at the sincerity in their voices.

Lady Fiona opened her mouth to speak again, but this time, Lennox cut her off.

"That's enough."

His voice was calm but final. It made even Sir Damon pause.

"This situation with Anita and the babies... it's our responsibility. Not yours. You raised us, yes. You care, we know. But don't forget something important..."

He looked his parents in the eyes.

"We are Alphas now. Not boys. You may be our parents—but these decisions, this life... is our business... only us."

There was another long silence before Lady Fiona stepped forward, her expression fixed with worry. Her voice was calm, but every word trembled with restrained anger.

"You think this is just about duty? About the title? About being Alphas?"

She paused, looking at each of them.

"I had complications when I was pregnant with you. All three of you. My body was weak, and the healer told me I should terminate. That none of you would make it. That if I continued, I might die."

Her voice cracked, just for a moment. But she buckled up.

"But I refused. I chose you. All of you. And do you know who stood beside me?"

She turned toward her mate.

"Your father. He didn't hesitate. He stayed up every night. He argued with the healers, begged the Moon Goddess, fought to keep me and all of you alive."

Her eyes welled with tears, but her voice sharpened.

"That's what it means to be a father. You don't walk away because it's hard. You don't look at your unborn children and say, 'Not worth it.' You fight for them. You give them a chance—even when it's not convenient, even when it wasn't planned."

A tense silence hung in the air until Levi took a step forward, anger etched in his face.

"That's different," he said quietly.

Lady Fiona blinked. "How?"

"Because you were his mate. He loved you," Levi said, his voice tightening. "He wanted those children with you. But Anita..."

He shook his head.

"We don't love her. We never did. We didn't plan for this. We never wanted children with her. And she knew that."

Lennox's jaw tensed beside him. Louis folded his arms tightly, saying nothing—but agreeing with every word.

Levi looked directly at his mother. "You were his mate. You carried the children of love. Anita's not our mate. She never will be. This isn't the same."

Lady Fiona's frown deepened. Clearly, this wasn't what she had expected to hear.

Then Louis spoke up, his voice low but firm.

"We get it, Mother. You want grandchildren."

He paused, his gaze drifting, until his eyes landed on me.

I held my breath.

He looked at me for a long second, until I had to awkwardly look away.

I had waited so long to feel seen. And now that they finally saw me... it was already too late."

He continued, "But you'll get them. Just not this way. Not with someone we don't love."

His voice hardened just slightly.

"You'll have your grandchildren. But only with the woman we choose. The one we love."

I swallowed hard, my gaze focused on the plate of food in front of me.

Sir Damon groaned, clearly furious at their decision.

"You'll regret this foolishness," he spat before storming out of the dining room, and Lady Fiona followed him out.

A tense silence hung in the air.

I kept my eyes on the plate in front of me, pretending to be focused on my food, even though my hands trembled slightly. I could feel their stares. All three of them. But I didn't look up.

Then Alpha Damien, who had been sitting beside me this whole time, calmly set down his fork.

"If the pups are really yours," he said, his tone calm, nonchalant, "then my advice is simple: mark Anita."

I froze.

The air shifted. The tension in the room thickened instantly.

Alpha Damien looked at the three of them, his expression blank. "Because as far as I see it, you've already lost Olivia."

I looked up, sharply. He didn't stop.

"When she testifies against you at the council," he went on, "they'll accept her rejection. You won't be her mates anymore. Not by law, not by bond, not by anything."

His voice got colder.

"And when that day comes... you'll lose two things at once. Your mate bond with Olivia, and your innocent pups."

Damien didn't flinch when a loud crash echoed through the room. Lennox had slammed his hand against the table and shot to his feet.

"Shut up!" he yelled, his voice shaking with rage. "Just fucking shut up!"

Alpha Damien didn't even flinch. He simply looked up at Lennox, his expression calm as ever.

"This is just the truth," he replied. "Because unlike your father, I'm not trying to control you. I'm just telling you the truth."

I held my breath again. Everything around me felt like it was about to explode.

Lennox's chest rose and fell heavily. Louis was glaring down at his plate, fists clenched. Levi said nothing—but his eyes were locked on me.

And I—

I didn't know what to feel anymore.

Because what Alpha Damien said...

It wasn't a threat.

It was just the truth.

When the time for the council meeting comes...

I am going to reject them.

*Chapter 189: She Wolf Meeting*

Olivia's POV

With my appetite already gone, I rose from the table in silence and headed toward the pack hall.

There was a she-wolf meeting happening today. And no matter how badly I didn't want to go, I had to. It was expected of me... as the supposed Luna.

Outside the dining room, I met Nora and Lolita waiting for me.

"The women are already gathered in the hall," Nora said softly. "They're waiting for you."

I nodded without a word and started walking. Both of them followed closely behind.

As we walked, we passed by the sitting area, where workers were busy decorating for Alpha Damien's birthday celebration tonight. Ribbons, flowers, silver and navy drapes—they were working quickly to make everything look perfect.

But my mind wasn't on any of it.

My mind kept replaying the triplets' words at the table.

"Because marking Anita... means losing Olivia."

"We won't let that happen."

"You'll have your grandchildren, but only with the woman we love."

Their words had hit something deep inside me. I didn't want them to. I didn't want to care.

But I did.

"Don't let their words get to you, Olivia... remember what they did to you," I whispered to myself, forcing those old, painful memories to the front of my mind—just enough to push away any soft feelings starting to grow inside me.

It was the only way to keep my walls up.

We finally reached the pack hall.

The moment I stepped inside, the soft hum of chatter stopped. Dozens of she-wolves stood up from their seats in quiet respect. All eyes were on me.

I gave them a small nod and walked to the front of the room, where a throne-like seat was placed—one meant for the Luna.

I sat down slowly, keeping my posture straight, my face calm. But inside, I felt anything but calm.

That's when I saw her.

Seated in the front row, right beside the Beta's wife, was Lady Fiona.

My eyes lingered on her for a second too long. Something about her presence didn't sit right with me.

Her being here wasn't just about the meeting.

It was something else.

Something I wasn't ready for.

Moving my gaze away from her, I turned slightly to the register on my left. "Please read out the agenda for today," I said.

But before the register could even open her mouth, Lady Fiona stood up.

"I have something to say," she announced loudly.

She didn't wait for my permission. She didn't even look my way.

"I believe all the women here should hear it."

The room tensed. I stayed quiet at first—curious. Then cautious.

She folded her hands in front of her and said loudly, "Anita is pregnant... with the Alpha triplets' children."

A wave of murmurs rippled through the room.

I felt dozens of eyes dart toward me. Judging... Their looks weren't loud, but they spoke volumes:

So the Luna hasn't been able to conceive yet?

She let a concubine get pregnant first?

I kept my expression still. Calm. But inside, something heavy twisted in my chest.

Lady Fiona wasn't done.

"There is a complication," she continued. "The pups are not doing well. The healers say the only way to save them... is for the fathers to mark Anita as their mate."

She paused, letting that sink in.

"But they've refused."

Now there was confusion. More whispers. More stares.

I slowly leaned forward in my chair, my eyes narrowing.

"And why," I said calmly, "are you bringing this to a women's meeting?"

Lady Fiona turned toward me, her frown deepening. "Because of two things, Olivia."

She raised her chin slightly, her voice firm and loud enough for every woman in the room to hear.

"First, because these women are not just she-wolves. They are mothers. They understand what it means to carry life. They understand the fear of losing a child."

She looked around the hall as murmurs of agreement quietly spread.

"And second," she continued, "because everything is in your hands."

My fingers curled slightly over the armrest of the throne, but I didn't move. I didn't speak. I let her keep going.

"I brought this here," she said, "so the women could ask—beg—you to talk to the Alphas. To convince them to mark Anita. To save those babies."

Her eyes locked with mine.

"I know Anita hurt you. I know it's hard. But try to think about those innocent lives."

The room was completely silent now.

Every woman stared at me.

Some with sympathy... others with quiet expectation. And a few with doubt in their eyes.

Then, suddenly, a voice rose from the back.

"With due respect, Lady Fiona," one of the elder she-wolves said, standing up, "what you're saying is... rubbish."

The room went completely still again.

I blinked, surprised.

The woman stepped forward. Her eyes were sharp, her voice filled with anger.

"You're asking the Luna to convince her mates to mark another woman? A woman who caused her pain? A woman who slept with her mates?" She shook her head. "How

would you feel if the roles were reversed, Lady Fiona? If you stood where Olivia stands now, and your mate was the one being asked to mark someone else?"

The murmurs started again, louder this time.

But then another she-wolf stood up, younger, her face etched with a frown.

"I understand how Luna Olivia feels," she said carefully. "Truly, I do. But those babies are innocent. They didn't ask for this. If the Luna can stop something terrible from happening, shouldn't she try? Just this once?"

Another voice jumped in—then another. Soon, the room was filled with rising voices. Some defending me, others siding with Lady Fiona. It was like a wave of noise crashing from wall to wall.

"She's not responsible for Anita's pups!" A voice shouted from the left.

"But the Alphas won't listen to anyone but her!"

"If the Alphas mark Anita, the mate bond with her will be broken!" one of the young warriors yelled.

"What if the pups die because of this?" Another voice countered.

I clenched the arms of the throne tightly, trying to block out the storm. The noise got louder, more heated, she-wolves standing, pointing, shouting over each other. A few at the edge of attacking each other in a fight.

It was chaos.

And I'd had enough.

"Enough!"

My voice echoed through the hall, sharp and loud.

Silence fell instantly.

*Chapter 190: A taste of her own Cruelty*

Olivia's POV

The hall fell deathly silent as every pair of eyes turned to me.

My frown deepened as I slowly scanned the room.

I made sure the message in my eyes was clear: I am angry.

Furious, actually.

And then, my gaze settled on Lady Fiona.

She stood so calmly... too calmly.

A bitter thought crept in:

She's stepping on me because I allowed it.

But not anymore.

I stood straighter. My voice rang out sharp and clear.

"Everyone sit."

It wasn't a request. It was a command.

The women obeyed instantly, lowering themselves to their seats—even Lady Fiona.

"Except you, Lady Fiona."

My command echoed in the hall.

Her head jerked up. Confusion flashed in her eyes.

"Keep standing," I said, eyes locked with hers.

Her brows furrowed. "Olivia—"

I cut her off. "No. You wanted everyone to hear you earlier, didn't you? Then let them hear me too."

She looked more confused now. Good.

I took one slow step forward.

"Where was this same energy," I asked coldly, "when your sons were treating me like trash?"

The room tensed at my words.

"Where was this empathy," I continued, "when they insulted me, cheated on me, humiliated me in front of the entire pack?"

She opened her mouth, but again, I didn't let her speak.

"You say you care about life, about protecting the innocent—but what about me, Fiona?"

The room was silent.

Dozens of women stared between us.

"You never once stood up for me. Not when they hurt me. Not when I cried myself to sleep in a corner of this house. Not when I begged for someone—anyone—to just ask if I was okay."

My fists clenched.

"But now, look at you. Screaming for justice. Raising your voice for Anita. Look at you—standing like a lioness ready to go to war... for Anita. The same woman who, let me remind you all, had me kidnapped and sold to human traffickers."

Gasps echoed around the room.

Some covered their mouths. Some eyes went wide.

I didn't stop.

"Yes," I said. "You all heard that right. Anita, your precious victim, sold me like property to traffickers. If Alpha Damien hadn't bought and recognized me, I wouldn't even be standing here today."

Murmurs erupted in the crowd. Some were loud. Some angry.

One of the elders stood up, her face flushed with rage.

"Such a crime... deserves beheading."

I nodded. "Yes. It does."

More nods. Anger flared through the room like wildfire.

"But guess who refused?" I said, turning back to Fiona.

"Your beloved Lady Fiona. Because Anita claimed she's pregnant."

I scoffed. A bitter laugh escaped me.

"I don't care if she's carrying the Luciano bloodline. I will make her pay for what she did to me when the time is right."

I took another step forward.

"And you, Fiona? You made a terrible Luna during your reign. You're a terrible mother. And I'm sure you'll make a terrible grandmother too."

Gasps again. I was sure no one expected the kind, quiet Olivia to say this. But today, I was giving her a taste of her own cruelty.

I turned to face the other women now. My voice was louder.

"I was mistreated in this pack. We all know it. Especially by the Alphas. And what did Lady Fiona do? Nothing."

"She watched me suffer in silence. She let it happen. And now she stands up... for Anita?"

Someone whispered, "She's a hypocrite."

"Exactly," I said, my eyes still locked with hers.

The room buzzed with rage.

I saw several women shake their heads in disbelief.

Some muttered under their breath.

Some stared at Lady Fiona with open disgust.

But I wasn't finished.

"And don't worry," I said, my voice loud enough for everyone to hear.

"You won't have to fight this battle much longer."

She blinked, confused again.

"I want nothing to do with your sons," I continued.

"Nothing to do with the triplets. So save yourself the trouble."

A murmur rippled across the room, as the women didn't like what I was saying, but I didn't stop.

"In less than four days," I said, my angry voice vibrating through the walls of the room, "I'll be standing before the council."

Her face paled.

She knew exactly what that meant.

"And when that day comes, I will break the bond with all three of them."

My voice didn't shake. My hands didn't tremble.

I meant every single word.

"I will reject them in front of the Moonstone Council—publicly, officially, and permanently."

Gasps again.

"And then," I added, glaring into her stunned expression, "they'll be free to mark your precious Anita."

The silence that followed was louder than any scream.

I turned.

I didn't wait for a response.

Didn't wait for another excuse or apology.

I walked out of that hall with my head held high.

I didn't look back.

Didn't care to see Lady Fiona's reaction.

I just went straight to my room.

Nora and Lolita followed quietly behind me, their footsteps soft but quick.

No one said a word.

Once inside, I closed the door behind us and leaned against it for a moment.

The air felt heavy. My chest burned with everything I had just said—but it also felt good.

Like I had finally exhaled after drowning for too long.

I sucked in a deep breath and moved over to the window.

From the way everything was playing out... it was starting to look like the pups really were the triplets'.

Not that I ever truly doubted it.

I leaned against the windowsill, arms crossed. My thoughts spinning.

Then slowly, I reached for the mind link.

"Mom?" I whispered softly into the link.

For a moment, there was only silence.

And then—

"Olivia?"

Her voice came through, A bit rushed.

"Is everything alright?"

"I just... I wanted to check on you," I said. "How are you? When are you coming back?"

There was a pause.

A longer one than usual.

Something felt off in the way she hesitated.

"Mom?"

"I'm okay, sweetheart," she finally said. "But... not now. Please."

Her voice wasn't cold... but it wasn't warm either. Something felt off.

I frowned, confused.

Was she angry? Or was I just imagining it?

"I miss you," I told her, my voice softer now. "I wish you were here. I really do."

There was another pause before she answered.

"I miss you too, Olive. So much. But I can't come back right now."

"Why not?" I asked, biting the inside of my cheek.

Her reply came quickly.

"Because that pack holds too many painful memories for me. Things I thought I could move past... but I can't. Not yet."

I stood there quietly, unsure what to say next.

Part of me wanted to tell her about the picture Gabriel gave me—the one of Sir Damon and my father.

I opened my mouth.

"Mom, I—"

A sudden knock on the door cut me off.

Nora and Lolita turned toward it at the same time.

Another knock.

Then the scent hit me.

I froze.

And the door opened slowly.

Lennox stepped in first.

Louis and Levi followed right behind him.

All three of them.

Standing in my room.

My frown deepened.

"I'll talk to you later, Mom," I said before cutting the mind link.