

Fated To Not Just One, But Three

#Chapter 191: The Prophecy - Read Fated To Not Just One, But Three Chapter 191: The Prophecy

Chapter 191: The Prophecy

Olivia's POV

Nora and Lolita exchanged glances with me before they quietly left the room, leaving me alone with the triplets.

I folded my arms tightly across my chest, scowling at them.

"To what do I owe this visit?" I asked, narrowing my eyes. My tone was harsh and impatient. "If this is another apology tour, you can save it."

They hesitated.

Just like always, it looked like they were silently debating who would speak first. But I was already losing patience.

"If you have nothing to say," I said, turning toward the window again, "then leave my room."

But before I could take another step, Lennox's voice stopped me.

"A seer had a revelation about you."

I froze.

Slowly, I turned back to face them.

"A revelation?" I echoed, my brow furrowed.

"Yes," Levi said this time, stepping forward.

I studied all three of them, my arms still crossed.

Their eyes... there was something in them. Worry. Fear. And it made my stomach twist.

"What did she say?"

There was a pause. A silent exchange between them. The kind that told me I wouldn't like the answer.

Then, Lennox finally spoke.

"She said..."

He paused—just briefly—before the words fell from his lips.

"She saw you. In a pool of your own blood."

My breath hitched.

I swallowed hard as the words rang again in my mind.

A pool of blood.

The same thing the seer at the market had warned me about.

A wave of unease hit me. My arms dropped to my sides.

The triplets must have noticed because Levi stepped closer, his voice suddenly softer.

"You don't have to be scared, Olivia... Nothing will happen to you," he said. "We will protect you with our lives."

I frowned. Deeply.

"I'm not scared," I snapped, even though I was lying. "And if this is a way to get me scared, it won't work."

"We're not trying to get you scared," Lennox said quickly.

I believed him—but I didn't want them to know that.

There was a strange silence before Louis finally spoke for the first time.

"There's more," he said, sounding more worried.

I turned to him slowly.

He inhaled deeply before continuing, "The Seer... she also said you must not leave this pack."

I blinked.

"What?" I asked flatly.

"She said you must stay here," Louis went on. "That something terrible will happen if you leave."

I stared at him in disbelief, then shook my head.

"Now that," I said coldly, "I don't believe."

Their brows furrowed.

"I met a stranger, a seer. She had no reason to lie. And she said the exact same thing about the blood... so I believe her," I continued, my voice rising slightly. "But this? This 'don't leave the pack' nonsense? That sounds like a convenient excuse to trap me here."

Lennox frowned. "Olivia—"

"No," I snapped. "You three think I'm that naive? You think throwing a scary vision at me will stop me from breaking the bond?"

"It's not a scheme," Levi said, his voice serious now. "We wouldn't lie about something like this."

"Then why do I feel like this is exactly what you're doing?" I shot back.

The room was silent again.

"You want me to stay," I said, my frown deepening. "And you are using a prophecy for it."

"That's not true," Louis said tightly. "This isn't about what we want—"

"Then what is it?" I cut in. "Because from where I'm standing, it sounds like you're using a prophecy as a leash."

The air was tense. None of them answered right away...

Until Levi finally stepped forward.

"Yes," he said. "We don't want to lose you."

I blinked, but he wasn't finished.

"Yes, we still want you, Olivia."

His jaw clenched.

"We never stopped wanting you. Even when we were angry. Even when we acted like we hated you. We never truly did."

My lips parted, but nothing came out.

I wasn't ready for that.

"But this prophecy?" Levi continued. "It's not a trick. Not some story we made up to keep you here. I swear on my life... it's real."

He looked me straight in the eyes.

And for a second—just a second—I saw the truth in his gaze.

But I couldn't afford to feel it. I didn't want to believe it.

I straightened my shoulders, forcing my expression cold.

"I don't care," I said flatly.

He sighed.

"I don't care about your prophecy. Or your feelings. Or your regrets."

That was a lie.

A big one.

But I told it like I meant it.

"Nothing you say or do is going to stop me. My mind's made up. And if I were you..." I paused, letting the silence sting.

"I would mark Anita. Save the babies. Make peace with your little family."

Their frown deepened.

"Because whether you like it or not..." I looked each of them dead in the eyes.

"I'm still going to reject you."

My words hurt them so much that I felt the pain in their hearts through the bond, and I had to look away, turning my back to them.

"Please leave," I whispered, but loud enough for them to hear.

For a moment, I thought they might protest. Beg. Try one last time to change my mind.

But they didn't.

Instead, I began hearing retreating footsteps as they walked toward the door. I heard the door open, and then it closed. And then the familiar warmth and intoxicating scent of them faded from the room.

I let out a shaky breath and closed my eyes.

My chest felt tight. My heart... heavier than before.

Why did it always hurt more after they left?

I walked slowly to the edge of my bed and sat down. My thoughts were a jumbled mess.

Then a soft knock pulled me from my thoughts.

I froze.

For a second, I thought maybe the triplets had come back.

But the knock was gentle. Too gentle to be one of them.

"Luna Olivia?" Lolita called softly.

"Come in," I said quietly, still staring out the window.

The door opened, and she walked in.

"I didn't mean to interrupt," she said. "But... this came for you."

I turned around.

She handed me a sealed envelope. My name was written on it in careful handwriting.

Chapter 192: Change Of Plan

Olivia's POV

"Who sent it?" I asked, staring at the white envelope in Lolita's hand.

My name—Olivia Parker—was written in bold, dark letters on the front.

"I have no idea," she replied. "The guards at the gate said a courier brought it. Didn't say who sent it."

I frowned, turning the envelope over in my hands.

Who would send me something like this? And why now?

But I didn't waste time guessing. My fingers moved quickly, tearing it open.

Inside was a single piece of paper.

No design. No signature. No return address.

Just one sentence written in red ink across the center:

"Meet me tonight at 10 p.m. on the mansion rooftop."

My frown deepened.

Lolita caught the change in my expression. "What is it?" she asked, stepping closer.

I slowly turned the paper around and showed her.

Her brow furrowed. "What the hell...?"

I stared at the note again, unease crawling under my skin.

No name. No hint. No explanation.

Just that strange, silent summons.

Meet me on the rooftop?

Who? Why?

"Ignore it," my wolf muttered.

I wanted to agree with her.

But the more I looked at that letter... the more curious I became.

"Are you planning to go?" Lolita asked.

I didn't answer. Not because I didn't want to—but because I truly didn't know.

Instead, I folded the paper neatly and slid it back into the envelope.

"I want to take a nap," I said softly.

Lolita nodded, sensing I needed space. "Call me if you need anything."

She stepped out, gently closing the door behind her.

I sighed deeply.

After kicking off my shoes, I climbed into bed and pulled the blanket up to my chest.

But instead of sleep, I found myself staring at the envelope resting on my nightstand.

Time went by. My eyelids got heavy. My mind calmed down. The room became quiet. I fell asleep.

I wasn't sure how long I'd been asleep.

But something pulled me from the darkness. A sound. A presence.

My eyes fluttered open, adjusting to the dim lighting in the room. It was already evening.

But then I felt someone was here.

I sat up slowly, my senses heightening.

Then I turned toward the far corner of the room.

Alpha Damien stood by the window, his arms crossed, his eyes already on me.

My heart jumped.

Not out of fear—but because I hadn't expected anyone. Especially not him.

"How long have you been standing there?" I asked, my voice still groggy with sleep.

He didn't answer right away.

"Long enough," he said finally, his voice calm.

I ran a quick glance at him. He was dressed in a gray suit that hugged his broad shoulders and tapered perfectly at the waist.

God.

How could someone look that good doing absolutely nothing?

His tie was undone just enough to reveal a hint of collarbone beneath the crisp white shirt, and his sleeves were rolled slightly, like he was just starting to get dressed.

He wasn't just handsome.

He was ridiculously hot—especially for a man in his mid-thirties.

"You done gawking?" he asked, his lips twitching slightly.

I blinked, realizing I'd been staring and probably with my mouth a little open.

"I wasn't gawking," I muttered, even though I definitely was.

A low chuckle left his lips. He stepped forward and set a sleek black box on the foot of my bed.

"What's that?" I asked, glancing at it.

"Your dress," he said simply. "My birthday party started twenty minutes ago."

I blinked again.

"My guests are already here, all eager to see the woman I am dating," he announced, and my eyes widened.

My eyes widened. "You told them we're dating? I thought I was just your date for the night!" I said with a disapproving frown, but Alpha Damien didn't seem bothered.

"Well... I thought we'd speed things up a little," he said with a smirk that made my blood boil.

"You should've told me," I growled, climbing off the bed and storming toward him. "I needed to be mentally ready for this... you should have fucking told me!" I spat, staring at him face to face.

Damien didn't move.

He just looked at me with that same calm expression—even as I stood in front of him, clearly upset.

"You should have told me the change of plan," I repeated, my voice sharper now. "You don't just spring something like that on me. Not with everything going on."

"I didn't think it would bother you this much," he said, his tone sounding nonchalant.

"That's exactly the problem," I shot back. "You didn't think—you just decided for the both of us like my opinion didn't matter."

He raised an eyebrow. "It's nothing, Olivia, I'm just trying to speed things up. This is also for your good..."

"No, it's not!" I shouted, taking a step closer. "This plan is no longer about me anymore. It's pressure. It's all about you now. You are making decisions without asking if I wanted that!"

The air between us grew heavy.

Tense.

He didn't back down. His jaw tightened just slightly. "Are you planning on forgiving the triplet and giving them another chance?"

I froze.

"What do you mean by that?" I asked quietly.

"You want to forgive them," he said, stepping closer. "You're acting like you're ready to give the triplets another chance. You still love them... you are worried about what they will think... how they will feel. This has nothing to do with what other people think... this is all about the triplets."

His words hit something deep. Something I didn't want to accept.

"That's not true. Don't act like you understand me," I whispered.

"But I do," he said, even closer now.

Too close.

His voice dropped, softer this time. "I've seen the way you still look at them. Yes, you hate them for all the pain they caused, but that doesn't mean you stopped loving them."

My breath caught.

I hated that he was right. Hated the way my heart stung with the truth.

And I really hated how his eyes were locked on mine like he could see every emotion I tried to hide.

For a moment, none of us said a word until he let out a tired sigh and dropped a bombshell.

"I'm sorry... okay... I should have informed you."

I was dumbfounded... I didn't expect the almighty Alpha Damien to apologize, but I acted like I wasn't moved by his apology.

"You think an apology fixes this?" I asked, my frown deepening. Though, I was no longer angry. It was funny how a simple apology from him cooled me down.

"No," he murmured.

Then, he reached out and cupped the side of my face gently.

"I think this will."

And before I could speak....

He kissed me.

Chapter 193: Announcement

Olivia's POV

His lips moved slowly against mine.

Warm. Gentle.

Like he knew exactly what he was doing—and exactly how I'd react.

At first, I froze—too stunned to move. But then... I melted into it.

My fingers curled around the front of his suit jacket as something stirred inside me. Something forbidden. Something I didn't want to feel—but couldn't stop either.

I kissed him back.

Softly at first, then deeper—like I'd forgotten how to breathe without him.

The world faded. The pain, the confusion, even the triple bond pulling at my heart... it all disappeared.

There was only this.

Only him.

But I got back to my senses, and pulled away—breathless, dazed, and confused all over again.

My chest rose and fell quickly. My lips still tingled.

Damien looked down at me with a smirk—completely unbothered by what had just happened.

"Well," he said casually, "clearly someone needs a kissing tutorial."

I blinked at him, my brain still trying to catch up.

He leaned down and whispered, "We'll work on that later."

Then he straightened up and smoothed his suit like he hadn't just knocked the air out of my lungs.

"I'll be downstairs," he added, turning toward the door. "Don't keep me waiting too long. My girlfriend's entrance is the most important part of the night."

Before I could speak, he gave me one last look over his shoulder—a smug smile still on his face—

And walked out, leaving me speechless, stunned... and very, very confused about how I suddenly felt.

The moment the door clicked shut, I let out a shaky breath and sat back on the edge of the bed.

What the hell is wrong with me?

My fingers touched my lips. I could still feel his lips on mine.

His kiss was calm but powerful, like he knew exactly how to pull me apart without even trying.

And I let him. I kissed him back. Willingly. Almost desperately.

Why?

Why?

Why the hell did I let that happen?

My thoughts swirled, too fast to hold onto. I buried my face in my hands.

This wasn't supposed to happen.

It's already hard enough dealing with the triplets.

No matter how angry I am... no matter how much they broke me... I still have feelings buried under all that pain. I hate that I do. I hate that they still matter to me.

And then there's Gabriel.

Sweet, gentle Gabriel. Just thinking about him makes my stomach twist in a good way—like butterflies flapping their wings inside me. Like maybe he could make me feel whole again.

But now there's Damien.

The man who kissed me like he meant every second of it.

The man who... can never really be mine.

Because deep down, I know. I know I'm just a piece in his game. A move in whatever plan he has to bring out the woman he really loves. His real mate. His lost lover.

This fake relationship—it's all part of that game.

And yet, here I am... kissing him like I want it to be real.

I covered my face again, groaning quietly.

"This is a mess," I whispered to no one.

I didn't want to fall for any of them.

I didn't ask for this.

I just wanted peace. I just wanted to feel normal again.

The door suddenly creaked open, and I looked up.

Lolita and Nora stepped inside. Both of them paused when they saw me—my hair a mess, my cheeks probably flushed, and that black box still sitting unopened beside me.

"You okay?" Lolita asked gently.

"I wish," I muttered, rubbing my temples.

They exchanged a glance but didn't press me. Instead, I pointed at the box.

"I have to get dressed," I said, forcing myself to stand.

Without a word, they moved into action.

Lolita opened the box and pulled out the dress inside. Her eyes widened, and even Nora let out a small gasp.

It was stunning.

A deep red dress made of soft silk that shines in the light. The fabric looked like it was made to kiss skin, hugging the curves without showing too much. The neckline dipped slightly—elegant, not too bold—but just enough to catch attention. The back was open, dipping low with crisscrossing straps that tied behind the waist. Simple, classy, and yet sexy.

I stared at it for a long second, and then my wolf whispered inside me.

"Are you sure about this?"

"Yes," I whispered back. I have to be.

With their help, I got dressed.

Nora worked on my hair, pulling it into a soft, elegant updo with a few strands falling around my face. Lolita added a bit of makeup—just enough to make my eyes pop, and my lips match the red of the dress.

When I finally faced the mirror, I hardly recognized the girl staring back.

I looked... stunning.

"I'm ready," I said softly.

They both smiled, but I could see the worry still lingering in their eyes.

As I stepped out of the room, my heart thudded hard in my chest.

The hallway was quiet, but I could already hear the music and voices downstairs. The party was in full swing.

I walked slowly toward the stairs, the hem of my red dress brushing against my ankles with every step I took.

And then I saw them.

Guests.

Dozens of them.

The moment I stepped onto the staircase, heads turned. Conversations stopped. Glasses froze mid-air.

All eyes were on me.

Their gazes followed me as I descended one step at a time. I could feel it, curiosity, admiration, surprise.

But I didn't stop.

I held my head high.

As I reached the last steps, Damien was waiting for me at the bottom of the stairs.

When I stepped onto the floor, he reached out and took my hand.

His touch was warm and gentle. For a moment, the music, the noise, the stares—all of it faded away.

He raised my hand slowly, deliberately, and pressed a soft kiss to the back of it.

A gesture that sent a fresh wave of warmth crawling up my neck.

My eyes flicked up, drawn by instinct, to the far corner of the room.

And there they were.

The triplets.

All three of them watching me with possessive stares.

Lennox's gaze burned the hardest—sharp, possessive, as if he could tear Damien apart with just a thought.

For a second, I couldn't look away.

But I forced myself to.

I tore my gaze from theirs and turned back to Damien, who still held my hand so gently—as if this was real. As if I really belonged to him.

He smiled.

Not his usual smirk. Something softer... something almost real.

Then he faced the guests, his voice smooth and clear as it filled the grand hall.

"Everyone," he announced with ease, lifting our joined hands slightly for all to see, "allow me to introduce Olivia Parker... my girlfriend."

Chapter 194: Revenge Or Real

Lennox's POV

"Mine!"

My wolf growled loudly inside me, full of rage and jealousy.

He wanted me to march over there, grab Olivia from Damien's arms, and tear Damien in two.

But I didn't move.

I clenched my fists instead, trying to keep control.

Beside me, I caught Levi and Louis's eyes. They looked just like me—furious, confused... pained.

But like we had agreed, none of us took a single step forward.

We suspected this might happen.

Earlier, through our bonds, we felt Olivia being intimate with someone... my brothers wanted to storm to Olivia's room, but I stopped them. Rather, we hid in the hallway to see who it was. And a few seconds later, Uncle Damien walked out of her room with that smug smile he always wears.

We just knew.

Something had happened between him and Olivia.

But the question we couldn't answer was: Was it real?

Was Olivia falling for him?

Was she... with our uncle?

Levi thought maybe she was doing it to punish us.

To make us feel the pain she felt.

If that was true—we agreed—we would take it.

Whatever punishment she wanted to give us, we would accept it.

And now... here we are.

Standing still.

While Damien kisses her hand and tells everyone she's his girlfriend.

A soft wave of whispers rose from the guests.

Some guests—those who knew Olivia was our mate, our Luna—kept glancing at us.

Waiting for the explosion.

Waiting for us to snap.

Waiting for us to lose control.

To go wild.

But we didn't.

Even though our blood boiled.

Even though our wolves howled in pain.

We silently stayed where we were.

Then Olivia looked at us.

Right at us.

It wasn't a glance—it was a stare.

Like she was waiting for us to react. Daring us to.

Maybe she wanted to see us lose control.

Or maybe... this was her revenge.

Her way of showing us how much we hurt her—by hurting us right back in front of everyone.

And if that's what this is... if this is her punishment—

We'll take it.

We'll take every piece of it.

But that doesn't mean we're letting her go.

No.

Never.

No matter what this is or how far she wants to push us...

She's still ours. We love her.

Some guests stepped forward, smiling as they congratulated Damien and Olivia.

I stayed where I was, my hands tucked deep in my pockets, my jaw tight.

I watched her.

She smiled at them... but not really.

That smile wasn't real.

Not to me.

Not to someone who knows her like I do.

I've watched Olivia grow. I know every detail about her—every little habit, every hidden emotion behind her eyes. I know the way her real smile lights up her whole face, how her dimples show when she laughs for real.

This... wasn't that.

She was faking it. Pretending she was happy.

But I could see through it. I always could.

If she was really happy, her eyes would shine. Her shoulders would relax. Her wolf would feel at peace, not like the storm I could still feel through the bond—even if it was weaker now.

I looked down, breathing hard through my nose.

How did I not see this coming?

How did I not see her breaking before she finally shattered?

How could I be so blind?

Was it the spell? Was that what made me miss all the signs?

Or was it just me being a fool?

Because no matter what magic was on us, I should've known Olivia could never send those cruel, hateful letters.

I should've felt it.

She's not the kind of person to destroy someone like that. Our Olivia was the kindest person we've ever met.

Why didn't any of us think of this?

"I can't stand this," Levi growled through the mind link.

I didn't answer.

My eyes remained fixed on her.

Her arm gently hooked with Damien's, her head resting on his shoulder like it belonged there.

She looked comfortable. Relaxed.

Too relaxed.

And for a terrifying moment, I wondered... what if this isn't an act?

What if she's really moved on?

What if she wants to be with him?

But that didn't make sense.

Uncle Damien... he loved Sofia. Still does.

It's been over three years and he hasn't looked at another woman. He's still broken over her.

So why now? Why Olivia?

And Olivia... can someone fall out of love and into another's arms that fast?

No.

Something's off. Something's wrong.

As I tried to make sense of it, someone in the crowd suddenly laughed and called out, "So, Damien! When's the wedding?"

Everyone chuckled. Glasses clinked. People turned toward them, waiting for an answer.

And Damien?

He just smiled. That smug, annoying smile.

"Soon," he said, loud and clear. "Very soon."

Then he looked straight at us. Not even trying to hide it.

"Olivia just needs to reject her toxic mates first."

I froze.

The words hit harder than a punch.

Some guests gasped. Others looked at us, expecting a reaction.

A few even nodded, like they agreed.

My chest burned, my wolf snarled inside, but I still didn't move.

Then the music changed—something slow, soft, romantic.

Damien turned to Olivia and bowed a little.

"Dance with me?" he asked, offering his hand.

Olivia hesitated for a second. Then she placed her hand in his... and he pulled her gently toward the center of the room.

The lights dimmed slightly. The crowd stepped back, giving them space.

And then they danced.

Right there in front of everyone.

He held her close, one hand on her waist, the other wrapped around her fingers.

Their bodies moved in perfect rhythm, like they'd done this a hundred times.

She looked up at him, and he smiled down at her.

The whole room watched. Silent. Mesmerized.

Even us.

I didn't breathe.

Because in that moment... it didn't look fake.

It looked real.

As they danced, I couldn't tear my eyes away.

Damien moved like he owned her. Like she belonged to him.

His hand slid lower on her back... lower still... until it boldly cupped her ass.

My wolf snarled so loud in my head, I thought I'd lose control right there.

The crowd gasped.

But Damien didn't care.

He pulled her flush against him, his body pressed tightly to hers.

And then—unexpectedly—he tilted her chin up and crushed his mouth onto hers.

It wasn't soft.

It wasn't gentle.

It was rough. Deep. Possessive.

A real kiss.

A kiss meant to mark her. To make a statement in front of everyone.

His fingers gripped her ass, holding her there as his mouth moved hungrily against hers, like he was devouring her. Like he wanted every man in this room—every wolf in this room—to know she was his.

The guests gasped again. Some even laughed nervously, others whispered in shock.

But I didn't hear them.

All I heard was the sound of my own heartbeat crashing in my ears. My wolf clawed at the walls of my mind, howling, raging to be set free.

A searing pain exploded through the mate bond, but I didn't let it show.

Instead, I watched Olivia wrap her arms around his neck and moaned into the kiss.

That kiss—that kiss—felt real.

I could feel Levi trembling beside me. Louis cursed quietly under his breath.

Through the bond, I felt their anger and pain mix with mine.

And I couldn't stop the thought that stabbed deep into my chest.

What if this isn't part of her plan? What if she wants this?

What if... we've already lost her?

No. My wolf snapped. No. Never. She's ours. Only ours.

But the fear stayed, burning in my chest as Damien finally broke the kiss, grinning down at her like he'd won.

His hand stayed on her ass for just a second longer—just to make sure we saw—before he slowly let go.

He whispered something in her ear.

She smiled faintly... too faintly... and then rested her hand lightly on his chest.

Like she belonged there.

The crowd burst into soft applause.

I barely heard it.

My breath caught. My fists shook.

I wanted to scream.

To shift.

To rip the walls down just to stop this nightmare.

But instead, I turned.

With an aching heart and burning eyes, I walked away.

Chapter 195: His Words

Olivia's POV

I turned... just in time to see all three of them walking away.

Something heavy dropped in my chest.

I swallowed hard, trying to ignore the sudden wave of discomfort that washed over me. It felt like cold water had been poured over my heart. I blinked quickly, fighting the sting behind my eyes.

My wolf was quiet.

Too quiet.

But I could feel it—she didn't like what just happened.

She didn't say a word, but her silence said everything.

She wasn't happy.

Neither was I.

I shifted slightly in Damien's arms, suddenly aware of how close he still was, how his hand had just been on me in ways I never expected.

"Stop looking," Damien's voice came low beside my ear, his arm tightening slightly around my waist.

I frowned. "I wasn't—" I started, but he cut me off.

"You were," he said firmly, sounding annoyed. "Don't ruin the moment, Olivia. We have to act like the perfect couple, remember? A few members of the council are here... they can't notice you are having doubts."

I nodded slowly, even though my chest still ached.

Even though everything inside me screamed that something wasn't right.

I forced a smile.

But it didn't reach my eyes.

Alpha Damien placed a soft kiss on my forehead and wrapped his arms securely around my waist.

"Come," he murmured. "Let me introduce you to one of the council members."

I followed him through the crowd, still feeling that strange hollowness in my chest. The buzz of voices around us felt far away, muffled by my thoughts and the uneasy silence from my wolf.

We stopped in front of an older man—tall, silver-haired, with deep lines around his eyes. His presence alone demanded respect, even before Damien spoke.

"Elder Grant," Damien said with a polite nod, "this is Olivia. My future Luna."

The man's sharp eyes scanned me from head to toe, unreadable at first. Then he offered a small, respectful nod.

"So you're the one," Elder Grant said. "The she-wolf who finally captured Damien's heart."

I gave a small smile, standing straighter. "Yes, sir."

He tilted his head. "Are you ready to face the council the day after tomorrow?"

"Yes," I said without hesitation. My voice was clear. Strong. "I'm ready."

He studied me for another moment. "Good. You'll need that confidence."

Just then, someone called Damien's name from across the room. He gently touched my hand. "I'll be right back," he whispered, and excused himself.

Now it was just me and Elder Grant.

He stepped a little closer, lowering his voice so only I could hear.

"I heard everything you went through... from Damien," he said. "He told me what the triplets did. How they hurt you."

I tensed slightly, unsure what was coming next.

His gaze stayed steady on mine. "I'm sorry, child. Truly. No one deserves that kind of betrayal."

"Thank you," I said quietly.

He nodded, but then sighed, eyes drifting across the room before settling back on me.

"But sometimes," he said slowly, "the devil you know... is better than the angel you don't."

I frowned slightly, not sure how to respond.

He leaned in a little more.

"Love doesn't always look perfect," he continued. "Sometimes it makes mistakes. Sometimes it hurts us. But that doesn't mean it wasn't real."

I swallowed hard, my heart beating a little faster.

"I've seen many mates in my life," he said. "Some find love in peace. Others find it in pain. But the strongest ones? They're the ones that survive the hard times."

He paused, then looked right at me.

"Don't think the triplets didn't love you... just because they messed up. Don't confuse the mistakes of the boys... with the absence of love."

He leaned a little closer, his voice softer now.

"Sometimes, the wolf that hurt you... is the same one that would die to protect you."

Then he stepped back, nodded once, and walked away—leaving me standing there...

With his words echoing in my head.

And my heart... feeling more torn than ever.

Damien returned immediately, his eyes narrowing the moment he looked at me.

"Is everything okay?" he asked, tilting his head slightly, watching my face too closely.

I gave him a small nod, forcing a smile. "Yes. I just... I need some air."

He frowned. "Now?"

"Yes," I said firmly. "Just for a minute. I'll be back soon."

He looked as if he wanted to argue, but I didn't give him the chance. I turned and walked away before he could say anything else.

I weaved through the crowd, past the music and laughter, past the dancing and smiles that all felt fake now. My chest was tight. My thoughts were spinning.

Finally, I reached the doors that led outside.

The night air hit me the second I stepped out. I inhaled deeply and closed my eyes... my thoughts spinning. Why did that man say those words to me, and why can't I get them off my mind?

"Olivia." I heard a voice call from behind, and a big frown spread across my face. Without turning around, I knew who it belonged to.

Turning around, my eyes interlocked with Anita's. I glared at her and couldn't help but notice the drastic change in her. The once boastful Anita looked like a shadow of herself. She looked thinner, worn down. Her eyes... they were dull, lifeless. For a second, I wondered what had happened to her.

"Can I talk to you for a minute?" she asked softly, stepping closer.

I raised a brow. The mighty Anita... brought down to this?

Anita, who used to walk like a proud peacock, always with her nose in the air, acting like she owned the world. Even the maids used to scatter when she passed.

But now?

She looked... small. Like a candle flickering in the wind.

"What could you possibly have to say to me?" I asked coldly, folding my arms.

She sighed a little but kept her eyes on me. "I know I don't deserve your time, Olivia. But please... just hear me out. One minute. That's all I ask."

I hesitated.

A part of me wanted to walk away. To tell her she had no right to get my attention. That she deserved all that is coming her way and it's just the tip of the iceberg.

But another part... the part that still remembered our past... stayed rooted in place. This girl was once my best friend... I loved her... I saw her as the sibling I never had. I shared my dearest secrets. Even when I realized I was developing strange feelings for the triplets... she was the only one I told... sadly she never saw me even as a friend...

"One minute," I said flatly.

Chapter 196: Apology

Olivia's POV

Anita took a shaky breath and stepped closer, wringing her fingers. "Can you ever forgive me?" she asked, her voice trembling.

I stared at her, not saying anything yet.

Forgive her? Over my dead body.

"I know I hurt you so badly," she went on, her eyes beginning to shine with tears. But I wasn't moved by it because it could be fake.

"But everything I did... it came from jealousy. You were always just... special, Olivia. You walked into a room and everyone noticed. You didn't even try, yet people still saw you."

She looked down, her hands twisting nervously.

"You were beautiful, talented, kind. People listened when you spoke. They cared about you. I felt invisible next to you."

My frown deepened. I never noticed this... I never felt special... except with the triplets, who made me feel that way.

"I'm so sorry." She choked on her tears.

My chest tightened, a part of me remembering the friend I used to have in her.

"I thought you loved me," I said quietly. "We were supposed to be like sisters. What happened?"

She winced at my words like they physically hurt.

"It started with Drake," she whispered.

I blinked. "Drake?"

She nodded slowly, not meeting my eyes. "You remember back when we were younger... I had the biggest crush on him. I even wrote him a letter. Poured my heart out in it."

I remembered that. She told me he rejected her. But that was all.

"What does Drake have to do with you hating me?"

Anita swallowed hard. "I was too humiliated. He didn't just say he liked someone else. He looked me in the eye and told me he liked you."

My eyes widened.

I had no idea.

"He said you were the only girl who caught his attention," she went on. "Said you were different. I hated hearing that. I felt so... worthless."

I opened my mouth but didn't know what to say.

"I wanted to hate him," Anita continued. "But instead... I turned that hate toward you. I told myself you didn't deserve him. That you were just lucky. And it didn't stop there."

She finally met my eyes again.

"I started seeing how the triplets looked at you too. How Levi always watched you when he thought no one noticed. How Louis followed you with his eyes. How Lennox... well, he was the hardest to read. But he changed around you."

I stood still, speechless.

"I thought if I could make them like me instead... maybe I could finally win. Be seen. So even when I discovered my father was going to set up your father I could have alerted you, but I didn't... and then my parents used that as an advantage... they told me once my father becomes the next Beta that I will be adored even by the triplets. So I agreed with their plans and turned my back on you."

I swallowed hard.

"And when I realized there was a rift between you and them, I used it as my advantage... I had no idea what made them hate you, but I utilized it..."

I frowned... is she implying she had no idea about the letters sent to them?

She wiped a tear quickly from her cheek.

"I know none of it was right," she said, voice barely above a whisper. "I ruined everything. I lost the only real friend I had. And even now... I still lost. Because even after all the damage, they still love you."

She seemed sincere, but I couldn't ignore the one thing that didn't sit right.

"The letters..." I said slowly, my brow raised with curiosity. "Are you saying... you didn't send them?"

Anita's eyes widened. She shook her head quickly. "No. I swear, Olivia. I had no idea about those letters. Not until everything blew up and they were exposed."

My eyes narrowed, watching her face carefully for any sign of a lie. But all I saw was fear... and regret.

"I did a lot of things," she admitted. "I manipulated, I lied, I betrayed you. But the letters? That wasn't me. I found out just like everyone else when it was brought up. I was shocked."

I folded my arms tightly over my chest, still not letting my guard down. "Cut the act, Anita. Tell me what you want. Why are you really apologizing?"

Anita's lips parted but then closed again, hesitation all over her face.

I scoffed. Of course. Her apology came with a price. She wanted something.

"Anita, I don't have the whole day... I have to go back to the party." I said, already sounding impatient.

Anita's lips parted like she wanted to say something, but then closed again. Her eyes darted to the ground, then back to me.

Her throat bobbed as she swallowed, then she placed both trembling hands on her stomach.

"I'm really pregnant," she whispered.

I frowned.

"I'm carrying their children," she said, her voice shaking. "Twins now."

I raised a brow.

"I know I've hurt you, Olivia," she rushed on, tears slipping freely now. "I know I deserve every ounce of your anger. But please... don't punish them. Don't let my babies suffer for what I did."

I stared at her in disbelief, unsure if I should scream or laugh.

"What exactly do you want from me?" I asked coldly.

Anita swallowed hard. "I need your help," she said. "The triplets... they won't mark me unless you reject them. I—I begged them, but they prefer my babies... their babies die. Please, Olivia, unless you reject them in the council meeting... only then will they mark me and save my babies lives."

My jaw clenched. I could feel the anger bubbling up in my chest.

There it was.

The real reason.

"I knew it," I hissed. "You come crawling here with crocodile tears, pretending to be sorry—only because you need something."

"I'm not pretending!" she cried. "I am sorry. But this isn't about me anymore. I'm begging you, Olivia, not for me—but for them. They're innocent. They didn't ask to be born into this mess."

For a long second, I just looked at her.

Then I gave a short, bitter laugh.

"Don't worry," I said flatly. "You don't need to beg."

Anita's eyes flickered with hope.

"I was going to reject them anyway."

Her face froze.

I stepped closer, just enough to look her directly in the eye.

"Not because of you. Not because you asked. But because I've finally realized they don't deserve me, not after everything that happened."

Her mouth fell open slightly, like she wasn't expecting that.

"I'll reject them," I said. "And after that, you can have them. You can have all of it. The titles, the bonds, the mess."

I turned and walked out on her. As I made my way back to the living room where the party buzzed on, my eyes caught the wall clock—and I realized it was just few seconds to 10 pm.

Instantly I remembered the letter, and without a second thought, I turned and took the back stairs that led to the rooftop.

Chapter 197: Rooftop

Olivia's POV

With a racing heart, I climbed the back stairs that led to the rooftop. Every part of me screamed not to go. Even my wolf growled low, warning me to turn back—that something was off. That whatever waited ahead... might be dangerous.

But I ignored it.

Curiosity burned too deeply in me. What more could there possibly be? What else could hurt me that hasn't already?

When I pushed open the rooftop door and stepped out, the cold air hit me and I exhaled deeply. My eyes darted around the space, but the rooftop was empty. There was no one except me.

I exhaled slowly, tension still crawling up my spine. Maybe it was a trap. Maybe they changed their mind. Maybe—

But suddenly, I froze.

There.

She hadn't been there a second ago. I was sure of it. But suddenly, a woman stood at the edge of the rooftop.

It was like she had just... appeared.

One blink, and there she was, her long coat fluttering in the breeze. Her presence was chilling, as if the air itself bent around her.

I narrowed my eyes, my heart beginning to pound again—this time harder.

"Who are you?" I asked, my voice trembling despite my desperate attempt to sound strong.

She didn't speak.

She just stood there, her back turned to me.

A chill ran through me. Something wasn't right.

I took a cautious step forward.

"Did you send the letter?" I asked again, louder this time.

Still, no answer.

Then—so slowly it almost felt unreal—she turned to face me.

The second our eyes met... I stopped breathing.

It was like staring into a mirror.

She looked exactly like me. But an older version of me.

Same eyes. Same face. Same curve of the mouth.

How can a total stranger and I have such resemblance? It was as if I was seeing what I will look like in twenty years to come.

What in the world...?

I staggered a step back, panicked.

"What... who are you?" I whispered.

She stared at me with a calmness I couldn't understand, like she wasn't surprised to see me. Like she'd known I would come.

"I wasn't supposed to meet you," she said softly. Her voice was like mine... but smoother. Slower. Older, somehow. "But I had to."

My brows furrowed tightly. "What are you talking about? Who are you?"

She looked away for a moment, her eyes scanning the area as if looking out for anyone coming in.

"I'm not permitted to tell you everything," she said carefully. "Just this: no matter what happens... you must not leave this pack."

"What?" I snapped, stepping forward. "Why? Why shouldn't I leave? Why does everyone keep trying to trap me here?"

Her gaze returned to mine. "Because your safety lies here... That is the main reason you've been kept here all this while."

I frowned and shook my head, my heart racing all over again. This was insane.

"This is a lie," I said firmly. "The triplets sent you, didn't they? They must've paid you to pull this little stunt. To get into my head. Make me doubt my decision. Manipulate me again."

She didn't flinch. She didn't deny it.

She just watched me, like she knew I wouldn't believe her.

"I get it," I spat. "They think I'm stupid. That I'll fall for this. But I'm not. So you can go back and tell them—"

"They didn't send me," she said, sounding like she was speaking to an annoying child. "And this is no stunt."

Then she looked at me, truly looked at me... and there was pain in her eyes. Deep, endless pain.

"I'm sorry, Olivia," she said quietly. "I wish I could tell you more. But I've already said too much."

And just like that—before I could speak again, before I could even blink—

She was gone.

As if the wind had taken her with it.

For a moment, I couldn't move.

My hands trembled slightly at my sides, my mind still racing with what had just happened.

But before I could gather a single coherent thought, the door creaked open behind me.

I turned sharply, my heart still pounding.

Alpha Damien stepped through, his eyes immediately locking with mine. His brow furrowed as he strode closer, his gaze darting around the rooftop like he was searching for something or someone.

"Why are you here?" he asked, his voice low but laced with suspicion. "What are you doing all alone?"

I hesitated.

"I just needed air," I said quickly, trying to sound normal. "Everything downstairs felt... suffocating."

Damien's eyes narrowed slightly, still scanning the space behind me.

"You're lying," he said, almost too quietly. "Your scent... it's disturbed. And there's something else. Something faint, but not yours."

I stiffened. My wolf stirred uneasily inside me.

"Alpha Damien, I'm not in the mood," I muttered, trying to push past him.

But he stepped into my path, blocking me.

"Who was here?" he demanded, his voice sharper now. "Olivia. Tell me the truth."

I met his gaze, trying to keep my expression neutral, even as my heart pounded wildly in my chest.

Should I tell him?

"No one," I said flatly.

His jaw clenched. He didn't believe me.

"Something's wrong," he said, more to himself than to me. "I can feel it."

"Well maybe something is wrong," I snapped, surprising even myself. "But not everything needs to be about you, Damien. Maybe I'm just tired. Maybe I just needed to be alone."

He stared at me for a long moment. Then, softer: "You're shaking."

I looked away. "I'm fine."

He didn't press, but I noticed he wasn't believing me.

"If anything is going on," he said finally, "I must know."

I frowned. Of course. He thought one of the triplets had been here.

I lifted my chin and looked up at him.

"I can take care of myself."

That made him pause. His face tightened, but he didn't reply.

"Let's go back," he said instead, seemingly not in the mood to argue with me. "You've been up here long enough."

I hesitated, I didn't want to go back to the party, but I had no choice. I had to keep up the act of being Alpha Damien's perfect girlfriend.

I forced myself to follow Alpha Damien down the stairs, my heart still pounding from what I'd seen—or thought I'd seen—on the rooftop.

By the time we reached the living room, the party was in full swing again. Music pulsed softly through the air, laughter and murmured conversations blending like perfume and smoke. The room felt tighter now, heavier.

Damien glanced down at me. "I'll get us drinks," he said simply. "Please stay here."

Without waiting for my reply, he turned and disappeared into the crowd.

I let out a slow breath, trying to calm my racing thoughts, but then I felt eyes on me.

Two women approached, hate for me clearly written on their faces.

One of them leaned in, her voice syrupy and cruel. "Look at her," she murmured loud enough for me. "Are you not ashamed, Olivia? Fucking your mate's uncle? Wasn't three Alphas enough for you, or did you have to try your luck with Tiger Uncle, too?"

My frown deepened. Anger already bubbling inside me.

The other one snickered. "Soon she'll probably be spreading her legs for their father. Isn't that right, our dear Olivia? You just can't help yourself. Always hungry for more..."

I didn't let the words slip off her lips before a different type of anger devoured me, and before I knew it, I grabbed her by the neck and pinned her to the nearest wall.

The music slowed. Conversations died. All eyes turned.

My grip on her neck tightened, and my claws were out as I dug it into her neck, causing trails of blood to run down my fingers. People gasped, but I didn't care.

"You have no right to judge me," I said coldly, clearly, every word sharp with anger. "You know nothing about what I've been through. You haven't lived my life. You haven't carried my pain. You stand there with your perfect little smiles and your perfect little lies, acting as if you're better—when the truth is you couldn't survive a single day in my shoes."

"Kill her." A voice whispered in my head—a voice I hadn't heard before. A voice that was that of my wolf.

Gasps rippled around the room. The woman stiffened, her face paling, life running out of her.

"She will kill her." People's worried voices spoke from behind, but I didn't let go, even though I wanted to.

"Olivia, what are you doing?" Damien's voice rang out sharply, thundering through the thick silence.

I ignored him. My claws were still embedded in the woman's neck, her blood warm on my fingertips. My breath came out in short, shaky bursts. I could feel my wolf howling beneath my skin, wild and hungry, begging for more.

"Let her go," Damien said firmly, but not loudly. His voice was careful—controlled—like I was a bomb about to explode.

"I said let her go," he repeated, stepping closer, this time it was a command.

For a second, I didn't move.

I couldn't.

That voice... the one inside me... it wasn't just my wolf. It was something darker. Something I hadn't heard before.

"Do it," it whispered again. "Kill her. Let them all see what you really are."

I blinked, and for a brief moment, I saw my reflection in the wide glass window nearby.

Blood on my hands. Eyes glowing. A snarl on my lips.

What... am I becoming?

"OLIVIA, you are killing her."

With a growl, I shoved the woman away with a grunt, watching as she crumpled to the floor, choking and coughing, hands trembling as she crawled backwards into her friend's arms.

The room was dead silent.

Chapter 198: The Day

Olivia's POV

Breathless, I looked around the room, my chest rising and falling rapidly. My heart pounding wildly against my ribs.

Everyone stared at me—confused, scared—as if I were someone else entirely. Like I had been possessed. Like they'd seen a ghost. And maybe they had.

Even I didn't recognize myself.

That voice... what was that voice inside me?

My eyes met Alpha Damien's. He was watching me closely, curious, but before he could speak, I turned and walked out of the party. I didn't look back, even though I could feel their eyes following me.

I just kept walking—up the stairs, through the hallway—until I was finally alone.

Once in my room, I locked the door and sat on the edge of the bed. My hand trembled as I stared at it, still stained with blood. The claws were gone, but her blood was still there.

"What's happening to me?" I whispered, fear rising in my chest.

"And what was that voice?" I asked my wolf quietly. I knew it wasn't her. It couldn't have been.

She stirred inside me, clearly unsettled.

"I don't know... but I felt its energy. It was too strong—even for me," she said, her voice laced with confusion and fear.

I let out a shaky breath and got to my feet. I started pacing the room, trying to calm the storm in my head. No matter how hard I tried to convince myself that the woman had been lying—that the triplets had sent her—deep down, something told me she was telling the truth.

And that terrified me.

First, the prophecy—the vision of me lying in a pool of my own blood. Now, this warning not to leave the cursed pack grounds. But how could I stay here? How could I live in this place that had given me nothing but pain?

I shook my head.

No.

I wouldn't agree to that. I'd rather face whatever danger is waiting for me out there than stay trapped here.

TWO DAYS LATER!!

Nothing unusual had happened since Alpha Damien's birthday. Even Alpha Damien hadn't brought up what happened that night. He'd been busy, and aside from his short daily visits to check on me, we hadn't really spoken.

I hadn't left my room much since that night, but today—I had no choice.

Today was the hearing with the Council of Elders.

I stood by the open window, the morning air brushing against my face. Still, it did little to calm the nerves coiling in my stomach. Something felt... off. Maybe it was the weight of what I was about to do. Maybe it was just the silence before the storm.

I was going to stand before the Council and declare my intent to reject the triplets.

I took a deep breath and closed my eyes, pressing my palm to my chest as if I could hold my heart in place.

"I can do this," I whispered, though my voice barely sounded convincing.

A knock at the door pulled me from my thoughts.

"Olivia?" Damien's voice came from the other side. "It's time, we have to leave."

I opened the door slowly. He was dressed formally, his expression unreadable. But when he looked at me, something flickered behind his eyes—concern, maybe. Or doubt.

"Are you ready?" he asked gently.

"No," I said honestly. "But I'm going anyway."

Alpha Damien stepped in and closed the door. "Are you having second thoughts about this?" he asked.

I swallowed hard and turned away, staring at the floor. How could I explain to him—or anyone—that these men I was about to reject were the same ones I once adored? The boys I grew up loving. And now... I was going to sever that bond forever.

I closed my eyes and shook my head.

I can't think about that. I can't let myself hesitate.

I forced my heart to remember the pain. The betrayal. All the terrible things they'd done. One by one, the memories replayed in my mind, washing away every shred of doubt. These men... these men didn't deserve me. Not after everything they put me through.

I turned around to find Alpha Damien silently waiting for me.

I took a deep, steadying breath. "Let's go. I'm ready."

Damien nodded. "Make sure you look confident... if the elders see any sign of hesitation, they will adjourn the hearing."

I nodded.

Alpha Damien stepped aside, and I followed him out of the room. We walked through the hallways of the pack house, the silence between us thick and heavy.

Each step toward the pack hall felt like I was walking deeper into something I couldn't undo.

When we finally reached the doors, Damien paused and gave me a look. "Remember what I said," he reminded me. "Confidence. No matter what happens."

I nodded wordlessly.

He opened the doors, and together we stepped inside.

Six aged council members sat behind a long, wooden table. The room was large and cold, the pale morning light filtering through high windows, casting shadows across the stone floor. . Among the elders sat Elder Grant, his sharp gaze flicking straight to me as soon as I entered.

I swallowed and walked forward, trying to steady my breathing. My hands trembled slightly, but I folded them in front of me and kept my head high. Damien led me to a seat and motioned for me to sit. I did, trying to keep my shoulders straight.

Moments later, the heavy double doors behind us creaked open again.

They walked in.

The triplets.

Lennox. Louis. Levi.

I hadn't seen them since Damien's party. They had been avoiding me since that night. But now... the change in them was painfully clear.

They looked thinner. Worn down. Shadows sat beneath their eyes, their usual confidence nowhere to be seen. Even the way they moved seemed off. Like the weight of something heavy rested on their backs.

I managed to look Levi in the face.

He looked pale.

As if he hadn't slept in days.

His eyes met mine, and I saw pain there. Regret. Confusion. Maybe even fear.

But I didn't look away. I couldn't.

They all took their seats across from me, facing the Council. None of them spoke. None of them even looked at each other. The silence between them said more than words ever could.

My heart ached, but I took another deep breath and braced myself.

One of the elders, a female, motioned for me to come forward.

I took a shaky step, then another, until I was standing before them.

"Olivia Parker," she began, "you've requested this meeting. Please state your intention before the Council."

I met her gaze, then looked briefly at the others seated around the table. But I didn't dare look at the triplets... if I did, I wouldn't be able to say what I wanted to say. Then finally, I spoke:

"I... I want to reject the bond with the triplets," I said, my voice trembling despite how hard I tried to make it steady. "I no longer wish to be their mate."

Chapter 199: One Condition

Olivia's POV

The hall fell into complete silence as my words sank in. I swallowed hard, forcing myself to glance at the triplets seated across from me. All three of them stared back. There was no expression on their faces—their features blank—but through the bond, I felt it. Their pain. It was suffocatingly painful.

Elder Grant cleared his throat, breaking the silence.

"Lady Olivia, may you please explain why you wish to reject your mates? Remember, the mate bond is sacred—something we do not take lightly. If your reasons are not valid, we will have no choice but to deny your request..." He paused, his words hanging heavy in the air. "But if they are... we will dissolve the bond."

The hall went silent as all eyes were fixed on me, even the triplets. For a moment, the words refused to come. My throat tightened. Where do I even begin?

"Lady Olivia, you don't have to be scared... go on, speak." The only female in their midst encouraged.

I nodded, bracing myself. For a moment, I forgot the triplets were even in the room.

"A mate is supposed to love and protect their mate," I said, my voice louder now, clearer. "But that wasn't the case with the triplets."

I took a deep breath, forcing myself to remember everything—to let it out.

"These men didn't just hurt me physically... they broke me mentally, emotionally. Where do I even start? Which pain should I speak of first? Which should I leave unsaid?"

My voice cracked, but I didn't stop. I kept my gaze on the council of elders. I remembered what Alpha Damien told me—do not show hesitation.

"Go on, Lady Olivia," the only female elder encouraged gently.

I nodded.

"On my wedding night..." I swallowed hard, trying to steady my voice, "They didn't just ignore me—they humiliated me. They brought their mistress into their chambers... and made me watch as they made love to her."

Gasps filled the hall, but I didn't stop.

"They locked the door... forced me to watch as they touched her, kissed her, slept with her—while I stood there, helpless. Shattered. I begged them to stop. I cried until my body gave out. And when I fainted from the pain, they had their guards throw me out."

I closed my eyes for a second, then opened them again. My voice was trembling now, but I forced each word out.

"They hated me. They said I was a mistake the Moon Goddess made. That I wasn't worth the bond."

I glanced at the triplets. Their heads were bowed. But I didn't care. I needed to say it.

"Alpha Lennox once struck me physically," I said firmly.

I turned to look at him, and for a moment, our eyes met. There were tears in his. But I looked away. I wasn't done.

"I bled for them. I cried for them. I begged them to see me. To accept me. But they chose cruelty over compassion. They chose another woman—over and over again—while I suffered quietly."

My eyes burned, but I held the tears back.

"I can't be with these men anymore. Every time I look at them, I don't see love. I see pain. I see the nights I curled up crying. I see my broken soul."

I turned to the council again. My voice shook, but it was strong.

"And besides, their concubine is pregnant with their pups... and the pregnancy is complicated. The children might die if they don't mark her," I added.

I didn't say this because Anita pleaded... no... I used this as an advantage...

My eyes met with Alpha Damien, and he gave me an approving nod like he was happy I brought that up.

I drew in a breath and finished. "Please... I want to be free. Free of the men who destroyed me. I want distance. Freedom. I refuse to be their mate any longer."

The room was silent.

I noticed the council members exchange silent glances with each other before the woman among them spoke.

"What you went through was heartbreaking, and such men who can make love to another woman in the presence of their mate on their wedding night are monsters," she said, glaring directly at the triplets.

"Mariam, calm down and let the Alphas speak," Elder Grant intervened gently.

Elder Mariam scoffed in anger. "What is there to talk about? What excuse do they have to say?" she spat.

"Mariam, hold your tongue," Elder Grant warned. "We have not heard their side."

The room was heavy with silence, the tension thick in the air.

Elder Grant cleared his throat and turned to the triplets. "Alphas Lennox, Louis, Levi—do you have anything to say before the council decides?"

All three rose at once.

They stood side by side, heads bowed for a moment. Then Lennox looked up and turned to face me.

"Olivia..." he began, his eyes searching mine. "There's nothing I can say that will erase the pain we caused you. What we did... what I did... was unforgivable."

He paused, breathing deeply. His voice cracked as he continued, "I was cruel. I let anger and pain blind me to the bond we were supposed to treasure. That night... every moment after... I saw your pain, and instead of helping, I added to it. I'm sorry. Truly."

He looked down for a moment, then met my gaze again. "I don't expect forgiveness. But I needed you to hear that. I failed you as a mate, and I hope one day you will find it in your heart to forgive me... us."

Louis finally spoke, his voice full of guilt. "We don't deserve you. Not now. Not ever. But I hope, Olivia, that you'll someday find peace. That you'll meet someone who will cherish you the way we never did."

He stepped back, and Levi stepped forward.

He turned to the elders first. "We won't fight Olivia's wish. We hurt her. We betrayed the very bond that the Moon Goddess gave us. If she wants to reject us... we'll respect that."

My eyes widened in shock.

This... this wasn't what I expected. I expected excuses. Justifications. Something—anything—to make the council see their side.

But they said nothing.

They didn't defend themselves.

They didn't mention the letters.

The forged letters. The ones that poisoned their hearts against me. The letters that turned their hearts against me.

Why?

Why not use them now?

They could have pointed to those lies and said, "We thought she hurt us first." They could have shifted the blame, made the council pity them.

But they didn't.

They stayed silent. Choosing to take the weight of the blame onto their shoulders.

Why?

Even the council exchanged startled glances, clearly unsettled by the triplet giving up so easily.

Alpha Grant released a heavy breath and shook his head. "So... you three accept her request?"

"Yes. But..." Levi added, lifting his chin, "there is one condition."

Chapter 200: Refuse To Believe

Olivia's POV

I raised a brow, staring at Levi, wondering what condition they could possibly add now.

"We'll agree to her request and reject her—but she has to remain in Full Moon Pack," Lennox muttered.

A deep frown spread across my face as I glared at them. "I am not staying here," I spat angrily.

The triplets exchanged a worried glance before settling their gazes on me.

"Olivia, this is for your safety. We can't ignore the warnings and prophecy," Levi spoke, sounding worried.

My frown deepened. Before I could fire back, one of the elders spoke.

"And what prophecy is that?"

Lennox stepped forward, squaring his shoulders. "Our seer warned us clearly. She must not leave this pack. There is danger waiting for her beyond our borders."

I scoffed. "You mean the seer you asked to lie, just so I could remain trapped in here?" I spat.

Lennox's jaw clenched. "That's not true."

"Oh, really?" I folded my arms tightly across my chest. "You want me to believe anything that comes out of your mouths now? After everything?"

Levi stepped forward, his voice gentler. "Olivia, please. We're not trying to trap you. You just don't understand the risk—"

"I understand perfectly," I snapped, cutting him off. "You want to reject me but still keep me locked up like some... cursed pet. For your own guilt? Or is it control?"

Louis spoke, seemingly frustrated. "You think we want this? We're trying to protect you."

"No," I said sharply. "I can take care of myself. I have been doing that for years. I don't need your help now."

The room fell into tense silence until one of the elders cleared his throat.

"This isn't going anywhere until the seer is brought before the council. If she truly had a vision, we need to see her for ourselves."

Lennox hesitated, then gave a stiff nod. He motioned to the guard near the door, who came forward as Lennox quietly gave him the order to fetch the seer.

Minutes dragged by, heavy and suffocating, as everyone waited in strained silence. My heart pounded in my chest—not from fear, but from anger and frustration. They thought they could control me with fake concern. Not this time.

The door creaked open, and soft footsteps echoed in the hall before the seer stepped in.

"Seer," Elder Grant called gently. "You've given a warning regarding Lady Olivia. Speak now, before the council, and let all present hear the truth."

The room fell silent again as all eyes turned to her. Her gaze swept the room before settling on me. A strange chill ran down my spine as her cloudy eyes locked onto mine. For a moment, something flickered in them—pity? Fear? I couldn't tell.

"The vision came clear and strong," she rasped. "If she leaves the Full Moon Pack, death will follow her."

A murmur rippled through the room.

"Lies," I snapped before anyone else could speak. "You're saying exactly what they want you to say. Just like they told you to."

She shook her head slowly. "I speak only what the spirits show me, child—Your leaving will bring ruin upon you."

Lennox took a step forward, his expression tight. "We didn't pay her, Olivia. We didn't ask her to lie. We want you safe."

"Then reject me and let me go!" I fired back. "You can't have it both ways. Reject me and release me, or keep me and face the truth that you're too selfish to let me be free."

Levi's jaw clenched. Louis turned away, running a hand through his hair, frustration pouring off him in waves.

"Seer," Elder Corbin pressed, voice firm. "Tell us—is there any way to break this fate? Any path where the girl may leave without this doom?"

The old woman hesitated, her thin fingers twisting the beads at her wrist. Then she shook her head. "There is none." She tilted her head toward me. "As long as she leaves, death will fall on her."

The elders muttered among themselves.

I stared at the seer, a bitter taste rising in my mouth. "Convenient," I said coldly. "Everything tied to them. Always them."

Lennox met my eyes. Worry and concern obvious in his eyes, but I didn't let it get to me.

"I'm not staying," I said, breaking the silence. "No prophecy, no vision, no lie you tell will keep me caged here."

"Olivia—" Levi started, stepping forward, but Elder Corbin raised a hand, stopping him.

The room stayed quiet for a moment, filled only with tense breaths and fast-beating hearts.

Elder Grant turned toward me. "Lady Olivia, do you truly wish to leave? Even after hearing the seer's words?"

"Yes," I said firmly, not hesitating. "If I stay here, I will kill myself."

A sharp gasp echoed across the room. The triplets stiffened like they'd been slapped. Pain flashed across their faces.

"You don't mean that," Levi whispered.

"I do," I said, my voice trembling. "If I stay here, I'll die piece by piece. I won't survive this."

The elders began deliberating softly among themselves. I looked across the room—and locked eyes with Alpha Damien. He didn't speak, but he gave me a slow, approving nod. Obviously happy with my decision, which I found strange. No matter what, these men were his nephews. Why would he take pleasure in their suffering?

Then I turned to face the triplets. Lennox. Levi. Louis.

Their eyes were wide. Panic slowly rising in them.

Elder Grant cleared his throat. "We have heard her decision. The council has discussed... and we will respect it."

"No," Lennox barked, stepping forward. "You can't—"

"She has made her choice," Elder Mariam cut in calmly. "She is not a child. She can take care of herself."

"She's our mate!" Louis shouted. "Our bonded mate!"

"And she has rejected your bond in her heart," Elder Grant said sternly. "You cannot force her to stay here."

The triplets looked devastated, but the elders remained firm.

Elder Corbin turned to me again. "Lady Olivia, if something happens to you... will you place the blame on this council, or any among us?"

"No," I said quietly. "Whatever happens next is on me. I won't blame anyone."

Levi ran a hand through his hair, eyes glassy. Louis looked away, jaw clenched. Lennox just stared, stilled, like he'd been frozen.

I could tell they would do anything to stop this... but this was the council's decision and there was nothing they could do about it.

I met the seer's gaze. She held it—then slowly shook her head. A knot of unease twisted in my chest, but I forced it down.

"Olivia... don't you think you should reconsider?" my wolf whispered, sounding anxious.

I shook my head. This was the triplets' plan to get me scared—but I won't fall for it.

Elder Mariam spoke. "Then it is settled. Lady Olivia is free to leave if she wants to."

"No," Lennox growled, stepping forward. His voice was firm, but I heard the pain shaking in it. "You can't do this. We won't let her go."

My chest tightened.

Elder Grant's eyes narrowed. His voice stayed calm, but it was cold and sharp. "You may be Alphas of your pack, but don't forget—we are Elders of all werewolf clans. Disrespecting us means disrespecting all werewolf law."

Elder Mariam leaned forward, her tone full of hate for them. "Unless you're declaring war on the council, I suggest you remember your place, Alpha Lennox."

Lennox froze. I saw his fists clench. He wanted to fight. I knew he did. Levi looked like he was grinding his teeth. Louis's eyes burned with anger... fear.

For a second, I thought they might actually explode. But they stayed silent.

Their anger and helplessness filled the air.

Then Lennox looked at me.

I saw the pain in Lennox's eyes.

I felt it.

And I hated that I still loved him. Loved all of them.

But I held my ground.

I stood tall, even as my heart ached. Even as my body screamed at me to run to them.

But I didn't.

I couldn't.

Because deep down, I knew this was the right thing to do.

Elder Corbin's voice cut through the silence. "Lady Olivia," he said authoritatively, "we will now begin the rejection. Since all parties are present, it will be done immediately—before the council."

The air turned heavy.

This was it.

I was about to reject them.

And I was about to lose them.

Forever.