

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

## **#Chapter 201: The Rejection - Read Fated To Not Just One, But Three Chapter 201: The Rejection**

*Chapter 201: The Rejection*

Olivia's POV

A tense silence filled the air as we all held our breath...

This was it.

This was what I had wanted for so long.

What should have happened that night of the mating ceremony.

This was the wish I'd carried in my chest for the past few months—and now, I was just minutes away from finally setting myself free.

But then... why didn't I feel any thrill?

Why didn't I feel the happiness I imagined?

Why, instead, was I filled with hesitation... like something deep inside me was begging me not to go through with this?

I looked at the triplets—and in that moment, I felt it.

Like part of me still cared.

Like part of me still loved them.

How could that be? After everything they did to me? After they shattered me, ignored the bond, and treated it like it was nothing?

"Lady Olivia." Elder Grant called, forcing my attention to him.

I turned my gaze to him. He gave me that look.

The kind of silent warning only an elder could give.

A look that said: Think twice. Be sure.

"Are you ready?" he asked.

I swallowed the lump in my throat and turned to the triplets again. They stood there, eyes filled with disbelief and desperation. I felt the knot tighten in my stomach.

Still, I forced myself to nod. "Yes."

Levi stepped forward. "Olivia, please—"

But he stopped himself, clenching his jaw like the words physically hurt him.

Lady Mariam cut in sharply. "Alphas... you must respect her decision. You cannot force her to remain in this bond."

Her voice was filled with disgust. She didn't bother to hide her hatred for them.

Then she turned to me. "Begin the rejection. Once they accept, the bond will be broken. You will be free."

I nodded slowly, then turned to Levi.

He had always been the softest of the three... the one I thought had a heart.

But now, as I stared into his tear-filled eyes, I hardened mine.

"Levi Luciano," I said clearly, my voice shaking but steady enough, "I, Olivia Parker, reject you as my mate."

He flinched—like the words had physically struck him.

"No..." he whispered, taking a shaky step forward. "Olivia, don't. Please—"

"Enough," Elder Grant cut in sharply. "You must accept, Alpha. You cannot fight this."

Levi looked at me, broken. As if his entire world crumbled in this moment. But finally... he gave a small, bitter nod.

"I... I accept your rejection," he choked.

The instant the words left him, the bond snapped.

Pain—sharp and burning—shot through my chest and into every nerve in my body.

I screamed.

He did too.

We both fell to the floor, gasping, trembling. Like our souls had just been torn apart.

I could barely breathe. The pain was too much.

"Olivia!" Alpha Damien rushed forward, dropping beside me. His arms wrapped around me as I trembled violently in his hold.

"I've got you," he whispered, lifting me carefully to my feet.

I leaned against him, my knees weak, my chest burning, my wolf crying inside me.

But it wasn't over.

I looked up, tears in my eyes, and faced Louis.

His face was pale, his eyes wide. But unlike Levi, he didn't try to stop me.

"Louis Luciano," I said, my voice rasping. "I, Olivia Parker, reject you as my mate."

He didn't speak. His jaw clenched, his fists balled at his sides... but he nodded.

"I accept," he said quietly.

Pain erupted again. A new wave.

My legs buckled, and Damien had to hold me tighter as another piece of me broke away.

Louis stumbled back, clutching his chest.

My breaths came in broken gasps. My entire body trembled, but I wasn't done yet.

I looked up... and met Lennox's eyes.

He was already shaking his head.

"No. No, Olivia—don't. Please," he said, his voice cracking. "Don't do this."

I could barely stand. My voice was raw, filled with pain.

"Lennox Luciano..." I swallowed hard. My heart screamed not to say it. My wolf howled in protest.

But I forced the words out.

"I, Olivia Parker... reject you as my mate."

Lennox looked shattered. "Olivia—"

"Accept it," Elder Mariam commanded.

Lennox clenched his jaw so tightly I thought he might snap a bone. But after a breathless moment... he closed his eyes.

"I accept."

And that was it.

The final snap tore through my soul like a lightning bolt. I collapsed to the ground again, screaming in pain as the last thread of the mate bond was severed.

All three of them fell to their knees.

The room was silent. No one dared move.

Alpha Damien picked me up again, gently cradling me to his chest.

"It's done," Elder Grant announced, his voice flat. "You are free... just like you wanted."

Free.

So why did it feel like I'd lost everything?

Alpha Damien swiftly carried me bridal style into his arms, but I didn't find comfort in his arms. My body trembled in his hold, my chest still burning, my soul raw from the pain.

As he turned toward the Council of Elders, I managed to lift my head—just enough to see them.

Levi was curled on the floor, clutching his chest and gasping for air, tears streaming down his face. Louis had his head buried in his hands, his body shaking as if he were breaking apart from the inside. And Lennox... Lennox was frozen. On his knees. Staring blankly at the space where I'd stood, pale and empty, as though the light inside him had died.

Their betas rushed to them, trying to help them up. Guards stepped in too, helping to lift them up.

I was supposed to feel free... happy...

But no victory swelled in my chest.

I turned my head away as the ache in my chest grew sharper.

"Excuse me, Elders. I need to take her to her room. A healer must tend to her," Damien said smoothly.

The elders nodded in approval.

Without sparing a single glance at his suffering nephews, Damien carried me away.

The hallways blurred as we moved through them, my pain clouding everything. When we finally reached my room, I saw two familiar figures waiting anxiously outside.

Nora and Lolita.

Their eyes widened when they saw me—pale, broken, barely conscious in Damien's arms. Beside them stood a healer, already prepared with a glowing satchel of herbs and supplies.

"Open the door," Damien said calmly.

Nora did it without question, and he walked in, laying me gently on the bed like I was something fragile. His touch was surprisingly careful, like he was handling glass.

"She's in pain. Start healing her now," Damien ordered the healer.

The woman nodded and quickly got to work, placing warm hands on my chest, whispering spells I couldn't understand.

I winced as the pain throbbed again. My head spun. My heart ached.

Just before Damien turned to leave, he looked down at me... and smiled.

I blinked. Why was he smiling?

"Thank you," he said softly.

Confused, I looked at him through my haze. "F-For what?" I croaked.

He leaned closer, lowering his voice. "For helping me get my revenge."

My eyes widened, but before I could ask him what he meant, he was already walking out, the smile still on his face.

My heart sank.

What... what did he mean?

Revenge?

*Chapter 202: lost her*

Lennox's POV

With the help of our betas and the guards, we were taken to my room. None of us had the strength to walk on our own—not after what had just happened. Our bodies were drained, our souls shredded beyond repair. The bond that had once tied us to Olivia was gone.

The moment the door closed behind us, we collapsed onto the bed like broken men. All three of us. Our hearts felt as if they were set on fire... burning, searing from the inside out. The agony was like nothing I had ever known. It wasn't just physical—it was soul-deep, sharp, and unrelenting. As if pieces of us had been ripped away, leaving nothing but hollow shells behind.

Three healers rushed into the room, their faces pale with worry, their hands already glowing with soft magic. They moved quickly, muttering incantations under their breath, trying everything—spells to ease the pain, herbs to calm the nerves, soothing words meant to comfort. Their hands pressed against our chests, over our temples, trying desperately to stitch together what was left of us.

But I knew the truth. We all knew it.

No matter what they did... no matter how powerful their magic... no matter how skilled their healing hands... the real wound was deeper than flesh. The damage was done in places they could never reach—in our hearts, in our souls.

The pain there would never go away.

I turned my head slowly and looked to the side. My eyes landed on Levi, who was lying next to me on my right.

He was crying.

Silent tears rolled down his face, one after another. His chest rose and fell with shaky breaths as he tried to hold it all in. But I could see it—he was falling apart, just like me.

On my other side, Louis lay still, staring up at the ceiling with empty eyes. He wasn't crying, but I could feel his pain. It was in the way his fists were clenched, in the tight line of his jaw, in the way his whole body trembled.

We were broken.

All three of us.

And the worst part?

We did this to ourselves.

I closed my eyes and took a shaky breath. Olivia's voice still echoed in my head.

"Lennox Luciano... I, Olivia Parker... reject you as my mate."

Fresh, hot tears fell down my cheek, but I didn't wipe the tears from my face. I let them fall.

My wolf was crying too, broken and empty. I reached inside, searching for the bond, trying to feel her again. That warm feeling... that pull toward her... the sense that no matter where she was, I could find her.

But there was nothing.

Just silence.

It felt like part of my soul had been ripped out. Like something sacred had been taken from me and would never return.

"Maybe we should have fought harder..." Louis whispered, his voice shaking. "We shouldn't have agreed to the rejection."

I didn't respond.

There was nothing to say.

We couldn't fight it—not with the Elders' decision, not when Olivia herself wanted it. Not when she has a solid proof to back up her claims. Even if we had told them about the letters—that someone bewitched us, poisoned us against her—no one would have believed us.

Not even her.

She'd think it was just another excuse. Another lie.

And the worst part?

We thought if we accepted the rejection, she would agree to stay back.

But we were wrong.

Our plan didn't work.

And now... she's gone.

A sudden sound snapped me out of my thoughts.

One of the healers gasped. "Alpha Levi—his pulse is dropping!"

"What?" I jolted up, the pain in my chest forgotten as I turned to him.

Levi's face had gone pale—his lips slightly blue, his eyes half-closed. His breaths were shallow, and his body barely moved.

"No—no, no!" I crawled to him, grabbing his hand. "Levi! Stay with us!"

The healers moved quickly, placing glowing stones on his chest and pouring some kind of potion into his mouth. One of them pressed her hands over his heart, whispering a spell over and over.

I held my breath, my hand clutching his tightly.

"Come on... you can't leave us," I whispered.

Then—finally—he gasped.

His eyes flew open, and air rushed into his lungs. His chest heaved as he started breathing again. His fingers twitched, and a tear slid from the corner of his eye.

"He's stable," the healer said with relief. "But he was close."

I let out a shaky breath, burying my face in my hands for a moment. That fear—that I was about to lose him too—shook me to my core.

Then the door burst open.

"Sons!" a familiar voice cried.

It was our mother.

She ran in, eyes wide with panic, followed closely by our father. Their expressions were full of fear and pain as they rushed to Levi's side.

"What happened?!" Mother asked, dropping to her knees beside the bed, her hands reaching for us all.

Father looked at us—his powerful, stern eyes filled with concern. "You went through with it..."

And just behind them... walked in our uncle.



My frown deepened as I glared at him, but he had a smirk on his face... that kind of victorious smirk.

My weak wolf growled angrily inside me. I forced myself up from the bed and began approaching him... my hands trembling with anger.

"How could you, Uncle... how could you do this to us..." I spat in anger and pain.

"There are so many girls... why our Olivia..." I spat and stood just an inch away from him. I was filled with anger but also in pain. Damien was more than an uncle to us... he was like an elder brother to us... When I was younger, confused by the strange feelings I'd begun to have for Olivia, I had gone to him. I had left home, traveled to his pack just to confide in him.

"You knew we loved her," I whispered, my voice hoarse. "We adored her. And you still—"

"I took what you took from me," Damien said calmly, his smirk widening just a little. "An eye for an eye, right?"

I froze.

His words didn't make sense.

"What... what are you talking about?" I asked, frowning, my anger twisting into confusion.

*Chapter 203: We didn't Do It*

Lennox's POV

"What do you mean?" I asked, confused.

Uncle Damien scoffed bitterly, shaking his head. "Don't act like you don't know what you did... you and your brothers. You three are the reason Sofia left me. I've been waiting for the right moment to pay you back. And when the chance came—oh, I grabbed it without a second thought."

My frown deepened. I genuinely had no idea what he was talking about.

"What do you mean we're the reason Sofia left?" I muttered, stunned.

Louis, who had been silent this whole time, stood up and marched toward Damien. "What the hell are you saying?" he snapped.

Damien narrowed his eyes. "Stop pretending. You all know exactly what I'm talking about."

"We don't!" I growled, losing my patience. "We don't fucking know what you're talking about!"

Father stepped forward, his voice calm but edged with confusion. "Damien... what is this really about?"

Damien turned to him, his face hardening. "Your sons... they betrayed me."

"How?" I demanded. "How did we betray you?!"

Damien was like an older brother to us. He is family. We respected him—loved him. What betrayal was he talking about?

He glared at the three of us. "You remember when you came to spend those few days in my pack? I saw the way you acted around Sofia. At first, I thought nothing of it... figured you were just being friendly, maybe saw her as a sister. I never imagined you were catching feelings for my fiancée."

I took a step forward, disgusted. "God forbid! Are you even hearing yourself? Sofia was your fiancée—and she was five years older than us! How could you ever think we'd have feelings for her?"

"You're lying," Damien said coldly. "All three of you—liars."

Louis looked like he'd explode. "You're insane."

Damien ignored him. "And as if that wasn't bad enough... I shared something with you—something only I and my personal healer knew. I told you I was... impotent. That my healer had confirmed it. I told you how scared I was to tell Sofia... because she wanted kids. Because she dreamed of being a mother."

He clenched his fists, trembling with anger. "I trusted you with that. And the very next day, she left. She left a letter saying she couldn't be with me now that she knew I couldn't give her children. She knew the one thing no one else did. And the only people I told... were you three."

His voice dropped, filled with pain. "It was you. One of you told her."

I shook my head, my heart pounding. "We didn't tell her," I said firmly. "None of us did."

I turned to my brothers. "Louis... Levi... did any of you?"

"No," Louis said immediately, his jaw clenched. "Never."

"Not me," Levi added, looking hurt. "Why would we betray him like that?"

I looked back at Damien, my voice rising. "You hear that? None of us said a word. We didn't tell Sofia anything!"

But Damien's face remained stone cold. He scoffed bitterly. "Of course you'd deny it. That's exactly why I never confronted you back then. I knew what you'd say."

"Because we're innocent!" I snapped.

"No," he growled. "Because you're guilty—and I know it. I saw the way she looked at you three. I saw the way you hovered around her like lovesick puppies. Don't stand there and pretend you didn't want her for yourselves."

"That's insane," Louis muttered.

"You wanted her," Damien went on, ignoring him. "You took the one woman I loved—the woman I was going to marry—and now I've returned the favor."

I froze.

"What?" I breathed.

His eyes burned into mine. "You made me lose my mate... the only woman I've ever loved. So now, I've made sure you lose yours."

It hit me like a punch to the gut.

"Olivia," Levi whispered, eyes wide with horror.

Damien's lips curled into a cruel smirk. "An eye for an eye, boys. You took my heart and crushed it. So, I've returned the favor. You'll never get her back."

A sick silence filled the room. My stomach twisted.

All this... all of it was his revenge plan.

He truly believed we told Sofia about his secret. But we didn't—and I'd stake my life on it—none of my brothers would ever do something like that. And Sofia? Why would he ever think we liked her that way?

Yes, we were close to her... but only because she reminded us of Olivia. Her voice, her laugh, the way she walked—even her stubbornness. It was like watching a grown version of her. That was the only reason we stayed close. Not because of desire... never that.

Father stepped forward, anger and disbelief written all over his face. "Damien," he said quietly, but firmly. "I can swear on my life... my sons didn't tell Sofia anything. I know them. They wouldn't betray you."

But Damien's face twisted into a deeper rage.

"Keep quiet!" he shouted, voice shaking with rage. "You're just as much a liar as they are!"

Father froze. "What?"

Damien's lip curled. "You want to swear on your life?" he spat. "When are you going to tell Olivia the truth? When will you finally stand before your pack and admit that her father wasn't guilty of the theft he was accused of... and that he isn't dead?!"

The room went still.

Everything stopped. Even time.

My heart stuttered in my chest, and I saw the shock flash across my brothers' faces as we all turned to stare at our father.

He went pale.

"What... what did you just say?" I asked, barely able to get the words out.

Damien laughed—a low, cold, bitter sound that sent chills through my spine. "Yeah. That's right. Maybe before throwing around your righteous little speeches, brother, you should look in the mirror. You're hiding something too. Lying to everyone."

Father's hands curled into fists at his sides. His jaw clenched, but he didn't say a word. He didn't even deny his brother's claim.

"Father, what is he talking about?" Levi, who had managed to leave the bed, asked.

Father frowned deeply, glaring at his brother before turning to us.

"YES. Olivia's father was innocent. And he is alive and healthy. That's all you need to know... for now." With that, he turned sharply and left the room with mother.

I exchanged shocked glances with my brothers, struggling to process what had just happened.

Our father had just walked out after dropping a bomb that shattered everything we thought we knew.

Olivia's father... alive? Innocent?

I clenched my fists, my breathing uneven.

The same man she cried over... mourned... nearly killed herself for?

He was alive this whole time?

"Unbelievable," Louis muttered, shaking his head in disbelief. "What the hell is going on?"

Levi looked like the wind had been knocked out of him. "Does Olivia know?" he whispered.

I didn't answer. I couldn't.

Because my thoughts were spinning too fast... too loud.

Behind us, Damien let out a long, slow breath—almost like he was satisfied.

He dusted his hands as he took a few steps back. "Well... I guess my work here is done."

We all turned to him slowly.

He smiled, that same cruel smirk still dancing on his lips. "I've waited three years for this moment. Watching your lives fall apart the same way mine did... it's been satisfying, boys."

"You're sick," Louis spat.

Damien laughed lightly. "Call it whatever you want. But now you know what it feels like to lose someone you love because of betrayal... or at least the idea of it. Just like I did."

I took a step forward, my voice cold. "You really think this is over?"

"Oh, it is," Damien said, casually adjusting his coat. "I came. I exposed. I broke you. And now, I'm going back home."

He started toward the door, then paused, glancing over his shoulder one last time.

"Oh, and by the way..." He smirked, eyes glinting with mockery. "Good luck winning Olivia back. If you even think she'll forgive you after everything... after what you did..." He chuckled. "You're more delusional than I thought."

My chest tightened.

"She will vanish from your lives," Damien added. "Just like Sofia did."

And with that, he walked out.

A suffocating silence hung in the air.

No one moved. No one spoke.

I could feel my brothers' stares. I could feel my own breath shaking in and out, trying to keep it together.

But then after a few minutes, the silence was broken by soft footsteps outside the door, then the door eased open...

And this time... it wasn't Damien.

It was Olivia.

She stood there in the doorway, arms wrapped tightly around herself. Her eyes were hard. But there was no more sadness in her gaze now—just something cold. Emotionless.

My heart stopped.

"Olivia," I whispered, taking a step forward.

She lifted a hand, stopping me in my tracks.

"I'm not here to talk," she said quietly. Her voice was calm, too calm. "I'm only here to say one thing."

We waited, every muscle in my body tense.

She met each of our eyes—me, then Louis, then Levi. Her lips trembled for half a second... but she pressed them together and went on.

"I'm leaving," she said.

*Chapter 204: My Underwear*

Olivia's POV

"How are you feeling?" the healer asked gently, her voice soft as she checked my temperature. But I didn't answer.

How could I? The physical pain was gone, but the ache in my chest—deep and raw—was louder than any scream.

Before she could say more, the door creaked open.

Alpha Damien stepped inside, his eyes unreadable.

"Everyone out," he commanded, his voice sharp.

Without hesitation, the healer, Nora, and Lolita all left, heads bowed. The door clicked shut behind them.

I turned to face him, wary and tense. My skin prickled. I could still recall the words he said before leaving a moment ago... the ones that didn't make sense. He told me thank you for letting him use me for his revenge... what does that even mean?

Damien walked to the center of the room, calm, almost casual. Then, without a word, he reached into his coat pocket and tossed something onto the bed in front of me.

I stared at it—my heart stopping.

It was... underwear.

My underwear.

The very pair I hadn't seen in days. The one I thought I'd lost in his home.

I slowly looked up at him, my mouth dry.

Damien smirked. "Don't look so shocked. I don't have any use for it anymore."

My stomach turned.

"What... what is this?" I asked hoarsely.

He tilted his head. "A reminder. Of how close I came. You see, Olivia... before we returned from my pack, I had my witch place a spell on you."

I blinked. "A spell?"

"A very special one," he said darkly. "A desire spell. Something subtle... something that would make your body respond to mine. Attraction, chemistry, desire—you wouldn't even know it was there. You'd just... feel drawn to me."

My mouth went dry.

"No..." I shook my head, panic rising like bile in my throat. "You're lying—"

"Am I?" he chuckled, stepping so close that the heat of his body licked at my skin. "Tell me, Olivia... why else did you feel drawn to me? Why did your heart race every time I entered the room? Why did your body heat with desire even when your mind screamed to resist?"

I bit my lip hard enough to taste blood.

"Because of me," he said darkly. "Because of my spell. My scent, my presence—it all pulled you in, made you want me against your will."

I felt sick. Dirty.

Tears burned the corners of my eyes, but I refused to let them fall.

I took a step back, shaking my head slowly. "Why... why would you do that?"

He smiled... but it was a fake, bitter smile.

"I wanted only one thing from you, Olivia." His voice dropped to a deadly whisper. "To fuck you. To ruin you. To break what my nephews cherished the most... you. That was my revenge."

I flinched in horror...

"But," he continued, tilting his head slightly, "I couldn't do it."

I blinked, confused, staring at him.

"I couldn't bring myself to touch you that way... because you reminded me too much of someone I lost long ago," he said softly, almost like regret—but his eyes stayed cruel. "I just didn't need to go that far. Because in the end, I achieved the most important thing."

My heart raced. "Which is?"

He smiled again, cruel and victorious. "I separated you from them. I shattered the bond. I made sure you got separated from them."

My heart thundered painfully in my chest.

"That was always the real plan, Olivia," he said softly. "Not to touch you. Not really. Just to break you away from them. To take from them what they stole from me."

My legs felt weak beneath me.



He picked up the underwear and tossed it toward the fireplace without looking. It landed in the flames and vanished in seconds.

Damien turned to the door but stopped and faced me.

"As a reward for being the perfect pawn in my revenge, I'll give you this gift..." He smirked. "Your father is alive. Out there. I don't know exactly where... but he's alive. Somewhere. Good luck finding him."

With that, he turned and left.

My body trembled as I sank to the floor, knees hitting the ground with a soft thud. The truth twisted in my chest like a knife.

So it was true.

My father... was alive.

A dry sob escaped my throat.

All this time... the man I mourned, cried for, begged the Moon Goddess to return—he wasn't dead. He was out there. Breathing. Existing. And no one told me.

Why?

Why did everyone lie to me?

Why would Alpha Damien, of all people, be the one to tell me this?

I shook my head slowly, trying to make sense of it all. But one thing echoed in my mind louder than anything else:

"I separated you from them."

What could the triplets have possibly done to deserve this level of hatred? What could they have done to a man like Damien to make him go this far?

But right now... I didn't care.

I didn't care what they did.

I didn't care who hurt who first.

I didn't care about revenge or betrayal or twisted love.

All I cared about now... was finding my father.

And I couldn't do that from here. Not trapped in this house. Not under their watchful eyes.

I had to go.

I had to leave.

The door opened behind me, and I quickly wiped my face and stood up, unsteady but determined.

It was Nora and Lolita. They paused when they saw me on the floor, their eyes wide with concern.

"Luna—are you alright?" Nora asked, rushing toward me.

"I'm leaving," I said firmly.

Lolita blinked. "What?"

"I'm leaving this place," I repeated. My voice was calm. Steady. Too calm, even for me. "There's nothing left for me here. I need to find my father... I need to find the truth. And I can't do it while I'm locked up in these walls."

They exchanged uncertain glances.

"I need you both to help me pack," I said softly but firmly. "Please."

"Right now?" Nora asked carefully.

"Yes," I said without hesitation. "Right now. I'm going to speak to the Alphas. After that, I'm leaving."

They didn't argue. Maybe they saw the fire in my eyes. Or maybe... they knew I'd made up my mind.

Nora nodded and gently reached for my hand. "Okay, Olivia. We'll help you."

Lolita squeezed my shoulder. "Whatever you need... we're with you."

As they started pulling out my bag and gathering my clothes, I took a deep breath and headed for the door.

*Chapter 205: Leaving*

Olivia's POV

"I'm leaving," I announced.

A heavy silence fell over the room. I studied their faces—confused, scared, and full of pain.

Levi, who looked weak and drained, took a shaky step toward me and reached out, but I moved away quickly and frowned.

My heart ached. My wolf was silent, but I could still feel it—that deep love and care I had for them. It hadn't gone away, even if we were no longer mates. I wasn't surprised. I had loved them long before we were bonded.

"Is there anything we could do to make you change your mind?" Levi asked softly.

I stared at him coldly. "Absolutely nothing."

The three of them exchanged glances before looking back at me. The pain in their eyes was so raw, I had to turn away to stop myself from softening.

"Where are you going?" Lennox asked finally.

For a second, I was stunned. I expected them to argue, to beg—to protest—but they didn't. Just like with the council, they gave up too easily.

Why? Why did they always let go so quickly?

"At least please let us know where you're going," Louis added. "So our hearts can rest a little."

I looked away. The truth was... I didn't know. I only knew I couldn't stay.

"I have no idea," I said honestly.

I saw their panic grow.

"No, Olivia... at least know where you're headed," Lennox said quickly, his voice tight with concern.

I sighed and shrugged. "I'm going to my mother's pack. She's there."

They all let out a breath, clearly relieved, and nodded slowly.

Lennox reached into his pocket and pulled something out. He walked closer and held it in front of me.

It was a bracelet—simple, but clearly crafted with care. A red gem shined at its center.

"We had a feeling this might happen," he said quietly. "That you might reject us... that you'd want to leave."

He paused, his voice trembling a little.

"So... we prepared this."

I frowned and looked at it, confused.

"It's not just any bracelet," Lennox continued. "We asked a witch to enchant it. It's made with our blood."

I blinked in shock.

"You may not believe in the prophecy... about your life being in danger," Louis added, "but we do. We believe every word."

"Even though we're not your mates anymore, we can't feel your pain... or know when you're in danger," Levi said gently. "But with this on your wrist, we will. If anything happens to you—if you're hurt, scared, or in trouble—we'll know."

My chest tightened, but I shook my head firmly. "No. I'll be fine. I don't need your protection anymore."

Lennox stepped closer, eyes begging. "Please, Olivia."

"No," I said again, turning away. "I'll be okay. I don't need this."

He hesitated, then softly said, "If you ever loved us... even for a moment... please. Let this be our last wish."

I froze.

That sentence.

It hit something deep inside me.

I stared at the bracelet in Lennox's hand for what felt like forever.

Why were they doing this now? Why were they making it harder to let go?

This bracelet... it would only remind me of them. Of what we used to have. Of what we lost.

Still, that one sentence kept ringing in my mind—If you ever loved us...

And I did. I still did. That was the painful truth.

Slowly, I reached out and took the bracelet from Lennox. My fingers brushed his, and I felt him tremble slightly.

He let out a shaky breath and gently helped me put it on.

The moment the bracelet touched my wrist, I felt it.

A strange warmth spread through me.

It didn't hurt. It didn't burn.

It just... settled.

Like a piece of something I didn't know was missing had been returned.

"There," Lennox said softly, eyes fixed on it. "Now, if anything happens... we'll feel it."

Louis stepped forward slowly, his voice calm. "Olivia, there's something else."

I looked at him, my heart already heavy.

"We just found out... your father is alive," he said gently. "And he's not guilty. He didn't do any of the things they said he did."

I nodded slowly. "I know."

Their eyes widened a little in shock.

"I found out not long ago," I said. "That's why I have to go. I have to find him."

The room went quiet for a moment, the weight of everything thick in the air.

I took a step back and gave them one last look. "Goodbye."

Just as I turned, Levi spoke. "Wait—Olivia... can we hug you? Just once?"

I paused.

Every part of me wanted to say no. I was scared it would weaken me... make it harder to walk away.

But then... my wolf whispered softly inside me.

"Let them."

I slowly turned back, and nodded.

Levi moved first.

His arms wrapped around me gently, but firmly. No mate bond. No sparks.

And yet... it felt like home.

It reminded me of the past—of being younger, when everything was simpler, when I'd run into his arms and feel like nothing could go wrong.

For a second, I closed my eyes and let myself feel it.

When he pulled away, Louis stepped forward and wrapped me in a warm hug.

His arms were calm, steady... comforting.

Just like always.

Like the quiet peace I used to feel during storms, when he'd hold me until I fell asleep.

Then came Lennox.

He said nothing. Just pulled me into his arms.

And that was when it broke me.

The moment his arms wrapped around me, I felt it—

That protectiveness. That strength.

It was like being wrapped in a shield from the world. Like nothing could touch me if I stayed there.

Tears spilled down my cheeks before I could stop them.

I pulled back quickly, wiping my face. "I have to go," I whispered, my voice breaking.

Then, without looking back, I turned and ran out of the room.

I ran before the pain dragged me back in.

Before I forgot why I needed to leave.

Before I let love make me stay.

*Chapter 206: A new Chapter*

Olivia POV

"Mother, I'm coming over," I announced through the mind link, hoping to hear excitement in her voice. But she was silent.

I frowned, the awkward silence stretching too long. She was supposed to be happy... I hadn't seen her in almost two months.

"Mother?" I called again, uncomfortable with her silence.

She finally let out a deep breath before responding, her voice soft but serious.

"Dear... I think you should stay back in the Full Moon Pack."

My frown deepened as I slowly sat on the edge of the bed.

Nora and Lolita, who had been quietly folding clothes, paused and gave me a concerned look. They must have noticed the shift in my mood.

"Why would you suggest that?" I asked, confused. "I thought you'd be happy... I thought you wanted me there."

She sighed again through the link, slower this time.

"There's... a bit of a rift going on between our pack and the neighboring one. Some tensions, border threats. Nothing too serious yet, but I just worry about your safety, Olivia. Maybe staying in Full Moon is the better choice for now."

Her words felt off. Like she was holding something back.

Still, I didn't press. I didn't have the energy to argue or dig deeper.

"Alright," I said softly and ended the mind link.

I sighed deeply and rubbed my temples.

"What happened?" Nora asked gently.

I looked at her and Lolita and forced a tired smile. "She said I shouldn't come. That there's some tension going on with the neighboring pack, and she's worried about my safety."

Lolita frowned. "So... what now? Are you staying?"

I shook my head firmly. "I can't keep staying here. I feel... suffocated. Like I'm being watched every second. Like I'm trapped."

They both went quiet for a moment before Nora said, "What about Alpha Gabriel?"

I blinked. "Gabriel?"

She nodded. "He'll be happy to take you in, Olivia. He cares."

I thought about it for a moment. I needed a place where I could feel safe and protected.

And I knew Gabriel would give me that.

So I took a deep breath and picked up my phone.

Gabriel answered on the second ring.

"Olivia?"

"Hi... Can I come stay at your pack for a few days?" I asked quickly. "It doesn't have to be your house... I just need some space."

"What nonsense," he replied almost instantly, a bit of laughter in his voice. "Of course you'll stay at my house. In a room close to mine, where I can keep an eye on you."

I couldn't help the small smile that tugged at my lips.

"When are you exorcizing yourself from that suffocating place?" he asked next.

I chuckled. "I'll take the road. I should be there in two hours."

"Good," he said. "I'm sending my men to pick you up halfway. Text me when you leave."

"Okay. Thank you, Gabriel."

His voice softened. "Always, Olivia."

I ended the call and looked up at Nora and Lolita.

"I'm going to stay with Gabriel."

They both nodded in support and started helping me repack.

They helped me zip up the last bag, and we all stood there for a moment—none of us moving, none of us speaking. The weight in the air felt heavy.



"I guess... this is goodbye," I whispered, my voice shaking.

Lolita was the first to pull me into a tight hug. "You're going to be okay," she said softly, her voice thick with emotion. "I know you are."

Nora joined in, hugging me from the side. "You're stronger than anyone I know, Olivia. But... we're still going to miss you so much."

Tears welled in my eyes, and I couldn't stop them anymore. The three of us stood there, crying together, like sisters saying farewell. It hurt more than I expected.

Once we pulled apart, they each grabbed a bag, and we headed downstairs.

As my feet touched each step, memories flooded in.

I remembered the laughter. The way I used to run down these very steps, barefoot and smiling, chasing after Levi because he stole my sketchbook... Louis grabbing my hand to sneak into the kitchen for snacks... Lennox pulling me into a corner just to hide me from his brothers.

Those were the good memories.

Then came the others—darker ones.

The time I walked down these same stairs in pain, dressed in rags, marked as an omega. How the walls seemed to shrink around me. How it felt like this wasn't my home anymore, but a prison...

I blinked away the memories as we reached the main door.

Outside, the driver stood waiting, ready to help me into the car. But I shook my head firmly.

"No," I said. "I don't need a driver. I'll go alone."

He looked confused but didn't question me.

I hoisted my bag over my shoulder and began walking.

As I passed the yard and neared the gate, I felt eyes on me.

I didn't need to look up to know who it was.

I could feel them watching from the windows upstairs.

But I didn't stop.

Didn't look back.

I just kept walking.

My feet carried me toward the gate, and when I stepped through it, something inside me shifted. I was finally leaving.

Just outside, I waved down a passing taxi and got in.

"To the outer boundary," I said.

The driver nodded and started driving.

I took out my phone and texted Gabriel:

"On my way. Just left the pack."

He replied almost instantly:

"Good. My men are already waiting for you outside the border."

We reached the outer border not long after. The guards at the gate recognized me but didn't ask a single question.

They just stepped aside.

The triplets must have told them I was leaving.

We drove a few more miles, and just ahead, I saw them.

Gabriel's men—two black SUVs parked at the side of the road.

They were already out of the car, waiting for me.

The moment the taxi slowed down, one of them stepped forward and opened the door.

"Lady Olivia," he said with a respectful nod. "We'll take it from here."

I nodded silently and stepped out.

This was it.

A new Chapter.

## *Chapter 207: Gabriel's Home*

### Olivia's POV

The drive to Gabriel's home was tense. My fingers tapped restlessly on my lap as doubt crept into my mind. Was I really doing the right thing? A part of me wanted to tell the driver to stop so I could jump out and run. But I shook the thought away. Gabriel seemed like a kind man. And besides, I wouldn't be staying long—just a week at most.

I glanced down at the bracelet around my wrist and swallowed hard. It had been thoughtful of them to give it to me. And somehow, it made me wonder if I'd ever see them again. How strange life was. Those men were my entire world growing up. I couldn't imagine life without them. And yet here I was... leaving them behind.

The loud sound of the gate opening pulled me from my thoughts. I looked ahead as the car drove into the compound. I had been here once before, so the place wasn't new, but what surprised me was the scene waiting for me.

Alpha Gabriel was standing by the entrance, smiling proudly like he had been waiting for me all day. Beside him stood several house staff in neat uniforms, lined up as if they were welcoming someone important.

My stomach flipped.

The car came to a stop, and one of the guards opened the door for me. I stepped out slowly, steadying my breath. The moment my feet touched the ground, Gabriel's eyes met mine. He flashed a wide, genuine smile that crinkled the corners of his eyes. I couldn't help but smile back.

He walked toward me and pulled me into a warm hug. His embrace was kind and reassuring... but it didn't make me feel the way the triplets' arms did. It wasn't the same kind of comfort or protection—but it was still nice.

"You're finally here," Gabriel said, sounding truly happy.

I returned the hug, and when we pulled apart, he kissed my forehead gently. "You being here is a dream come true," he said sincerely.

For a brief second, the tension in my chest loosened. Maybe... just maybe, this won't be so bad after all.

But just as I started to feel a little more at ease, I noticed movement by the entrance of the mansion. Someone was being wheeled out through the doorway.

My eyes locked on the figure.

A young lady.

She looked so familiar, yet I couldn't place her at first. She had a striking resemblance to Gabriel—same sharp cheekbones, same deep eyes. Her hair was wavy black, cascading neatly over her shoulders. She was dressed simply but elegantly, sitting in a wheelchair being pushed by a maid.

I stared, confused. Where have I seen her before?

Then it clicked.

The portrait.

When I first visited this house, there had been a large family portrait in the hallway. In it, Gabriel had stood with a girl beside him—on her feet. She looked younger in the picture, but there was no doubt... it was her.

But why was she in a wheelchair now?

Gabriel's expression shifted slightly as he followed my gaze. His smile became awkward, and he cleared his throat.

"That's Abigail," he said, rubbing the back of his neck. "My twin sister."

Abigail's eyes locked onto mine the moment he said her name. Her expression hardened immediately. Her gaze was cold... sharp... hateful.

I swallowed hard.

Without a word, she turned to Gabriel, still glaring at me.

"Brother," she said, her voice sharp, "can we have a word?"

Without waiting for his answer, she gestured to the maid, who nodded and wheeled her away down the hallway.

Something told me that whatever peace I thought I'd find here... might not come so easily. Because it seemed his sister didn't like my visit.

Gabriel watched his sister disappear down the hallway, his lips pressed into a tight line. When I turned to face him, he managed a small smile, but it didn't reach his eyes. His mood had clearly shifted.

"It seems your sister isn't pleased with me being here," I said quietly.

He looked at me and quickly shook his head. "No, no... it's not like that," he said, though I could hear the uncertainty in his tone. "Abigail... she's just been that way since the accident. She's not really herself anymore. She's a bit... guarded now. Hostile to almost everyone. Please don't take it personally."

I gave a small nod, though something about her reaction didn't feel like general coldness. It felt targeted—like she didn't just dislike people, she disliked me.

Gabriel clapped his hands gently, calling for the maids. Two young women dressed in clean uniforms came forward and bowed slightly.

"These are Dalia and Miren," Gabriel introduced. "They'll be your personal maids during your stay. They'll take you to your room and help you settle in. I'll come find you shortly, alright?"

I nodded, offering him a small smile as the maids gestured for me to follow.

The hallway was quiet as we walked, the soft sound of our footsteps echoing through the large house. The place hadn't changed much since I last visited—still grand, still a little too big to feel truly warm. But the room they led me to was beautiful.

It had a cozy charm. A large canopy bed stood in the center, neatly made with soft cream and gold bedding. There was a couch by the window, a shelf filled with books, and a vanity already prepared with fresh flowers. Everything looked so well put together, like someone had taken their time to make me feel welcome.

"Wow... this is beautiful," I whispered, running my hand along the polished dresser.

"Thank you, my lady," one of the maids said with a polite smile. "I'm Dalia, and this is Miren. We'll be attending to you during your stay here. If you need anything—anything at all—just call."

I turned to face them properly. "Thank you. I'm Olivia."

They both bowed slightly. "It's a pleasure, Lady Olivia."

There was a short silence before I spoke again, my curiosity getting the better of me.

"Do you think... Lady Abigail would come around? I'd really like to get to know her. Maybe even be her friend if she lets me."

Dalia and Miren exchanged a glance before Miren spoke, a confused look on her face.

"Lady Abigail's attitude today was very surprising," she said softly. "Lady Abigail is usually very warm and friendly. She treats the staff kindly, never raises her voice, and she always smiles when guests arrive."

Dalia nodded. "Yes, honestly... we thought she would be happy to see you. She's never reacted that way before. Not even to strangers."

Their words made me pause.

Gabriel had said she was hostile to everyone since her accident... but now the maids were telling me the opposite. That she was kind. Friendly.

Except... to me.

I sat down on the edge of the bed, trying to piece it together.

"Maybe... maybe she just had a bad day," I murmured to myself. But deep down, I couldn't shake the feeling that Abigail's hatred wasn't random.

It felt personal.

But why?

## **Fated To Not Just One, But Three #Chapter 208: A Call From Them - Read Fated To Not Just One, But Three Chapter 208: A Call From Them**

*Chapter 208: A Call From Them*

Olivia's POV

"Perhaps she's heard the rumors... maybe she knows I was once mated—married—to the triplets. Maybe that's why she isn't happy with me being here. Maybe she doesn't want me for her brother..."

If that was the case, then... I understood her.

A soft knock pulled me from my thoughts. I inhaled quietly, and from the scent alone, I already knew it was Gabriel.

"Come in," I called gently. "The door's open."

The door creaked as it pushed open. Gabriel stepped in and closed it quietly behind him. He gave me a warm, welcoming smile before walking over to the bed and sitting beside me.

"So... do you like your room?" he asked.

I smiled and nodded. "Yes. But it's a bit too extravagant for someone like me," I added with a small laugh.

Gabriel chuckled. "You deserve more than that, Olivia," he said, his tone sincere.

I looked down, his words making my heart warm for a moment. A comfortable silence settled between us—quiet, but not awkward. Just peaceful.

Then Gabriel's eyes lifted to my neck.

"Their marks..." he said softly, "they're gone."

I instinctively raised a hand to my neck and nodded. I had almost forgotten about them. The mating marks. The ones I had carried for months. They had vanished after the rejection.

"Yes," I said, my voice low, but loud enough for him to hear. "I rejected them. A couple of hours ago."

Gabriel's eyes widened in surprise, as if he hadn't expected that.

There was a pause, and then he leaned in slightly, his voice gentler now. "And... are you happy, Olivia?"

I opened my mouth to answer quickly—too quickly. "Yes," I said with a smile.

But deep down, I felt something twist inside me.

Was I really happy?

Or was I just trying to convince myself I was?

Gabriel reached for my wrist and gently traced his fingers along the bracelet I wore. "This is beautiful," he murmured, admiring it.

I looked down at it too, my chest tightening.

"It's a gift," I replied quietly. "From them..."

The words left a bitter taste in my mouth. Slowly, I unclasped the bracelet, my fingers trembling slightly. I stared at it for a second longer before placing it gently on the bed beside me.

"I don't want anything that reminds me of them," I whispered.

Silence hung between us again. But this time, Gabriel's energy shifted—subtle, but I felt it. His eyes remained gentle, watching me as if carefully weighing what to do next.

He reached up, brushing a loose strand of hair behind my ear. His touch was soft, careful, like he was afraid I'd pull away. My breath hitched slightly, and before I could process what was happening, he leaned in.

His lips met mine.

The kiss was slow, tentative at first—then deeper, more desiring. His hand moved to the side of my face, holding me there like he didn't want to let go. And for a second, I let myself melt into it. I let myself believe I could want this. That I could feel something again.

But the moment didn't last.

As his hand slid to my waist, drawing me closer, something inside me tensed. My body stiffened, and I pulled back gently, placing a hand on his chest.

"Gabriel... I—I'm tired," I said softly, trying not to make it sound like rejection, though it was.

He blinked, stunned at first, then quickly nodded and pulled away, his cheeks flushed.

"I'm sorry," he said, rubbing the back of his neck. "I got carried away. I shouldn't have..."

"It's okay," I murmured, forcing a small smile. "Really."

He stood, still looking a little embarrassed, and straightened his shirt. "I'll let you get some rest. I'll see you at dinner?"

I nodded. "Yes. Thank you."

Gabriel gave me one last lingering look, then turned and walked toward the door. I watched him go, guilt slowly creeping into my chest.

He didn't deserve to be turned away like that. He was kind. Gentle. Everything I should want.

But I couldn't do this. Not now.

So much was happening to me at once. And even though part of me felt bad for how things ended just now... another part of me was relieved.

I quickly picked up my phone and dialed a number. It rang a few times before someone answered.



"Lady Olivia, I was just about to contact you," came the voice on the other end of the call. It was Lolita's uncle—the private investigator I'd hired to look into my father's case.

"There's a change of plan," I said firmly, sitting up straighter on the bed. My heart beat faster just saying the words out loud. "My father isn't dead. He's alive. And I need to find out where he is."

There was a short pause on the other end of the line.

"Alive?" he repeated, surprised. "Are you sure, my lady?"

"I'm sure," I replied. "I don't have all the details yet, but I know he's out there. Someone's been lying to me... and I need the truth."

"I'll start digging immediately," he said. "Do you have anything else I can use? A name? A location?"

"No," I whispered. "But I believe Sir Damon may know something. Or someone close to him does."

"I'll be careful," he said. "And I'll update you as soon as I find anything."

"Thank you," I breathed, ending the call.

I lay on the bed, staring up at the ceiling, my thoughts racing.

I needed to find my father.

I needed to know why he was alive and never contacted us. Why had he been hiding? Pretending to be dead all this time?

Why?

I raised my hands, staring at them. My healing abilities... where had they come from? I wasn't born with them, and no one in my lineage had been a healer. I had so many questions, and I knew only he could give me the answers.

Suddenly, my phone rang.

I sat up quickly. The screen showed an unknown number.

That was strange.

Only Nora, Lolita, Gabriel, and Lolita's uncle had my number.

My fingers hovered over the screen for a second. Then I answered.

"Hello?" I said cautiously.

There was a brief pause on the other end.

Then I heard a voice I hadn't expected.

A voice that made my whole chest tighten.

"Olivia..."

Lennox.

I froze, my hand trembling slightly.

"Please," he said quickly, his voice soft, almost begging. "Don't hang up. I won't bother you again. I just... I just wanted to make sure you got to your destination safely."

My throat tightened. I couldn't speak.

"We would've reached out through the mind link," he added, his voice cracking slightly, "but... we wanted to hear your voice. Just once."

My heart ached at his words.

And my wolf whimpered inside me, curling into a ball. Sad. Longing. Conflicted.

I didn't reply. I couldn't.

The silence was heavy.

"Please say something." Another voice which I knew was Louis pleaded.

I sucked a deep breath. "Yes, I have arrived, and I'm fine."

A moment of silence before Lennox spoke.

"Since you're okay... we'll go now," Lennox said quietly.

And just like that... the call ended.

I slowly lowered the phone from my ear, my hands still shaking slightly.

I shut my eyes, biting my lip hard.

I was supposed to hate them. But right now... I wasn't sure of anything.

I shook my head.

I needed air.

I needed to get out of this room, out of my thoughts, even if just for a little while.

I slipped on a soft cardigan and headed for the door. My steps were light, almost hesitant, as I walked down the hallway and toward the stairs.

But just as I reached the top of the staircase, I paused.

Voices.

Faint, but familiar.

I tilted my head slightly.

Gabriel.

And... a female voice. Perhaps his sister's.

"I just need some time," I heard Gabriel mutter, his voice low and furious.

I couldn't catch the woman's reply. It was muffled, like she was standing at an angle I couldn't see or hear properly from.

Still, something about the way Gabriel said it—low but furious—made something stir inside me.

But then, suddenly, he stopped talking.

He must have noticed me.

His eyes lifted and locked with mine from the bottom of the stairs.

His expression shifted quickly—like I had caught him saying something he didn't want me to hear.

*Chapter 209: Don't Interfere*

Lennox's POV

My beta was giving me a report on the overall performance of the pack. My brothers and I had been absent from pack duties for a long time, and it was still a miracle that things hadn't fallen apart—aside from a few meetings that required our attention.

I sighed and nodded once Dustin, my personal beta, finished speaking. "Thank you for holding the pack together all this while. You're truly a good friend."

Dustin nodded, but before he could respond, the door to the study swung open, and my brothers walked in.

"I'll take my leave," Dustin bowed respectfully and left.

As soon as he exited, Levi dropped a file on the desk in front of me.

"My men managed to identify ten people in the pack who can mimic other people's handwriting. I've ordered all of them to be brought in for questioning."

I stared at the file Levi dropped, the air thick with tension as I opened it and scanned the list of names. None of them were familiar—just random pack members.

I sighed and shut the file. One of these people might be involved, but I was sure someone had paid them. Because, I doubted they had anything to lose by turning us against Olivia. We needed answers.

I turned to Levi. "Get a lie detector. He needs to be present during the interrogations. If any of them lies, we'll find out."

Levi gave a firm nod.

Then I looked at Louis. "What about Anita?" I asked. "Any news?"

Louis frowned. "Mother needs to be called to order," he said, and I raised an eyebrow.

"What happened?"

His frown deepened, barely containing his frustration.

"What did she do this time?" I asked, my tone low and sharp.

He exhaled hard. "She's going around the pack house telling everyone we'll be fathers soon... like it's confirmed Anita is pregnant with our children."

My eyes narrowed.

"She said what?"

Louis nodded. "And it's more than talk. She's been treating Anita like royalty—giving her special treatment. The maids and omegas serve her like she's already Luna. She spends nearly every hour with Mother. It's ridiculous."

I shot to my feet, my chair scraping loudly behind me.

"She needs to be stopped," I growled. "We let her meddle once, and we all saw what that led to. Never again."

Without saying another word, I stormed out of the study, my brothers following closely behind.

As we approached Mother's wing, the scent of jasmine and herbs filled the hallway. Two maids scurried past, avoiding our eyes like they knew what was coming.

I threw the door open.

There she was—Anita, lounging on a cushion, her feet propped up while a maid massaged her with rose oil. Mother sat nearby, sipping tea like she was hosting a queen.

The sight made my blood boil.

"You," I barked at the maid. "Out. Now."

The maid scrambled to her feet, bowing over and over before fleeing the room.

I turned to the others lingering near the walls. "Let me make this clear," I said coldly. "The next maid I find pampering her like this... I'll have their heads displayed in the training yard."

Anita's eyes widened, but she said nothing. My mother raised an eyebrow, clearly unhappy.

I faced her directly, making sure she saw just how furious I was. "Mother, this has to stop!" I said firmly.

She slowly placed her teacup back on the tray and stood. Her eyes locked onto mine.

"I'm only doing what you three should already be doing," she said, her voice steady and laced with quiet judgment. "The babies in her womb are yours—"

"We're not even sure of that yet!" Louis snapped, his voice echoing across the room.

"And even if they are ours," I said through clenched teeth, "we don't fucking care. Anita is not our Luna. She's not your daughter-in-law. She will never be our queen."

Mother's lips pressed into a thin line. But instead of backing down, she stepped closer, her eyes hard.

"I know Anita made a mistake," she said slowly. "But if the babies in her belly are truly yours, they deserve love. They deserve to be cared for. I'm doing this for them."

My fists clenched at my sides. "Don't twist this, Mother. You're not doing this for some unborn children. You're doing it because you want to control everything—because you think you know what's best. But you don't."

Louis added coldly, "You've done enough damage already. Stay out of it."

Her eyes shimmered with pain. "They're my grandchildren. Can't I at least show them some care before they're even born?"

I stepped forward, towering over her, my fury radiating from me like fire. "We will take care of everything. You—stay out of it. Stop meddling in what no longer concerns you."

"And if you can't," I added, my voice sharp with threat, "then we'll make sure you're no longer close enough to interfere."

Her brows drew together in confusion, but just then the door creaked behind us—and Father walked in.

He stopped, sensing the tension in the room. His eyes moved from one face to the next before settling on Mother.

I turned to him, my anger at its peak.

"Speak to your wife," I ordered. "Because if she doesn't stop meddling in our business with Anita, I will personally book her a year-long holiday outside this continent—and she will be forced to go."

Mother gasped, clearly stunned I would say something like that.

"And I mean it," I said, holding her gaze. "If she can't stay in her place, then I'll send her far away—somewhere she can't interfere again."

Silence fell.

Even Anita looked shocked.

I glared at her. She stared back, frightened, but I ignored her and turned to a maid nearby. "Escort her back to her room in the servants' quarters—and make sure she doesn't leave unless we say so," I ordered.

The maid nodded and moved toward Anita.

Ignoring the stunned and pained expression on my mother's face, I walked out of the room, my brothers following behind me.

Back in the study, I dropped onto the sofa and leaned back, pressing my hand to my forehead to ease the pounding ache.

I closed my eyes.

But all I could see... was Olivia.

My chest tightened.

It had only been a day since she left. Just one day. And yet, I missed her more than I could ever put into words.

I buried myself in work, hoping the distractions would keep her off my mind. And for a little while, they did.

But now that I had stopped... the pain returned.

Her face haunted me. Her voice. Her scent. Her rage. Her sadness. Her tears.

My heart throbbed with desire for her.

"She took it off," Levi said suddenly from across the room.

I opened my eyes and looked at him.

"The bracelet," he added. "I can't feel her anymore."

I nodded slowly. "I know. I can't either."

Louis leaned forward, brows furrowed. "Should I send someone? A tracker? Maybe spies to figure out exactly where she is?"

I hesitated. I didn't want to tell them. But I had no choice.

"I already asked one of the guards to follow her... just to make sure she's okay," I confessed. "And the report I got back..."

I paused, swallowing hard.

"She's in Gabriel's pack. His mansion," I said quietly. "They welcomed her... like a queen."

Louis and Levi fell silent.

The tension shifted again—this time replaced with jealousy. Regret. And pain.

"She's not coming back," Levi muttered.

I nodded again, my eyes fixed on the ceiling. "I know."

#### *Chapter 210: The Dream*

##### Olivia's POV

I was asked to come downstairs for lunch... it had only been a full twenty-four hours since I arrived here. So far, things had been okay, but I couldn't help wondering about the hostility from Gabriel's sister. It was obvious—I wasn't welcome here. And I also couldn't stop thinking about what Alpha Gabriel and his sister were discussing yesterday... or what Gabriel meant when he said she should give him some time.

I wanted to brush it off—maybe it was just their personal family issues—but for some strange reason, I couldn't let it go.

As I reached the dining table, I noticed Gabriel hadn't arrived yet, but Abigail was already seated. The air was thick, heavy with tension as I quietly pulled out a chair.

"Hi," I greeted, forcing my voice to sound friendly.

She didn't respond. Not even a glance.

I sat across from her and stared openly. If she had a problem, then she needed to spit it out already. I kept looking at her, refusing to look away, until I finally asked, "Do you have a problem with me?"

Abigail let out a short, bitter scoff. Her eyes were cold as she looked at me.

"You have no idea how much I dislike you," she said flatly.

I blinked, but kept my voice steady. "Is it because you know about me?"

She didn't answer, but I kept going.

"You know I was once... mated to the Alphas of the Full Moon Pack," I said softly. "And maybe that's why you don't want me here. Maybe you don't want someone like me near your brother."

Her lips parted, like she wanted to say something, but before she could speak—Gabriel walked in.

He didn't say a word. He didn't have to.



He looked straight at his sister with a hard glare. One that clearly said, Don't say another word.

Abigail immediately closed her mouth and turned her eyes away.

The tension in the room became thick and heavy. Gabriel walked toward the head of the table and sat down calmly, but the sharpness in his gaze hadn't faded.

I glanced between them, knowing I was right. Something was off. Something awkward hung between us all... and it had everything to do with me.

We ate in tense silence, the clinking of cutlery the only sound. My stomach twisted with every bite I forced down. Abigail refused to look at either of us. Gabriel didn't stop glancing her way.

Then, finally, he turned to me.

"There's a festival tonight," he said. "Ten of our warriors are passing out. We're holding a celebration in their honor."

He paused, and his gaze softened.

"Will you be my date for the evening?"

I smiled gently and nodded. "I'd be honored to," I replied.

A big smile spread across Gabriel's face before he returned to his food.

Suddenly, Abigail dropped her utensil loudly onto her plate, making both Gabriel and I turn our attention to her. She glared at me before wheeling herself away. I watched her until she was out of sight before I turned to Gabriel.

"Is there something I should know?" I asked. Deep down I felt like there was something I need to know... something Gabriel was keeping away from me.

Gabriel furrowed his brows, clearly caught off guard by my question.

"There's nothing you need to worry about," he said softly, setting his fork down and giving me his full attention. "As for Abigail... she'll come around eventually."

I looked at him, searching his face for more.

"She's only acting like this because she found out you were once mated to the triplets from the Full Moon Pack," he continued. "She's not angry at you, Olivia. She's worried for me. She thinks... they might come after me. That they'll see this as a challenge and start a war."

He gave a small shrug and added, "She's just protective."

I nodded slowly. "I understand."

And I did—his excuse made sense. A protective sibling. I would have felt the same if I were in her shoes.

But still... something didn't feel right.

Deep down, I felt it.

That same little whisper in my chest that had been bothering me since I got here. Something about yesterday's conversation. The look on Abigail's face. The words Gabriel hadn't said.

What is he not telling me?

I forced a small smile and lowered my eyes back to my plate. "Okay," I said quietly.

Gabriel smiled warmly, clearly relieved. But the worry in me remained.

After the meal, Gabriel excused himself to attend to some duties while I went back to my room. Feeling bored, I lay on the bed and my thoughts drifted to the triplets. I thought of what they might be doing now... have they marked Anita yet? Of course, they should... at least to save the lives of their pups.

My chest tightened painfully at the thought.

They're not yours anymore, I reminded myself. That was your decision.

But then, my wolf spoke. "You still love them," she whispered. "Even without the mate bond."

I didn't answer.

Because she was right.

Even without the pull of the bond, even after everything... I still loved them.

I had loved them before the bond ever existed.

They were my first everything—my first love, my first heartbreak, my first home.

They were the first ones who made me feel what it meant to be cherished.

To be protected.

To be seen.

To be adored.

They taught me what love was. Real love. Messy, wild, painful—but beautiful.

They pampered me, cared for me, made me feel like I was the only girl in their world.

But that was long ago...

Back when I was still just a teenage girl with stars in her eyes, believing that love was enough to fix anything.

I closed my eyes, a tear slipping down my cheek.

I didn't realize when I finally drifted off to sleep. One minute I was lying on the bed, lost in thoughts of the past... the next, everything around me faded.

Then I heard it—a soft voice, gentle but firm.

"Wake up."

My eyes fluttered open.

And I froze.

Standing at the edge of the bed was... her.

The same woman from the rooftop.

The one who looked exactly like me.

Same hair. Same eyes. Same face.

I slowly sat up, heart pounding. "You... What are you doing here?"

She tilted her head and gave a small, tired smile. "This is a dream, Olivia."

I blinked, trying to understand.

"A dream?" I repeated.

She nodded. "But it doesn't mean it isn't real."

I stared at her, confused. But before I could say anything more, her expression turned serious.

"Why are you so stubborn?" she asked, stepping closer. "Why didn't you listen to me?"

I opened my mouth, but no words came out.

"I told you not to leave the Full Moon Pack," she said, her voice sharp with disappointment. "I warned you."

I swallowed hard. "Who are you?" I asked, finally finding my voice.

But she didn't answer. Her lips parted slightly, like she wanted to speak... then closed again.

"Even coming to you like this, I'm breaking the rules," she muttered. "I'm not supposed to interfere."

I furrowed my brows. "Rules? What are you talking about?"

She looked me straight in the eyes.

"You made a choice," she said calmly. "Leaving the Full Moon Pack will come with punishment."

"Punishment? What are you talking about?" I asked, feeling cold all of a sudden.

She stepped back. "You'll see soon enough. Be ready."

And just like that—I shot up from the bed, gasping.

My heart was racing. My hands were shaking.

The room was dark now. The sun had already set. The only light came from the small lamp beside the bed.

I looked around, but no one was there.

Just me.

Alone.

But that dream... it felt too real to ignore.

What did she mean by punishment?

And who was she?

My chest tightened as fear slowly crept in.

