

Fated To Not Just One, But Three

#Chapter 21: The Maid - Read Fated To Not Just One, But Three Chapter 21: The Maid

Chapter 21: The Maid

Olivia's POV

Poison?

Did he just say I poisoned myself?

My mind was a mess, clouded with exhaustion and confusion. My body felt weak, like I had been drained of every ounce of strength. I tried to recall, tried to think of any moment when I could have done such a thing, but my memories were foggy, fragmented.

I lifted my gaze to Lennox, his furious glare sending a shiver down my spine. His jaw was tight, his tight grip firm on each side of my arms, and his green eyes burned with anger, fear, and desperation.

"You're hurting me, Lennox," I murmured, my voice barely above a whisper.

His grip on my arms was firm, almost bruising, but at my words, he let go—too suddenly. I lost my balance, falling back onto the bed with a soft thud. Pain shot through my limbs, and I winced, my body too fragile to handle even the smallest impact.

I looked up at them—Lennox, Levi, and Louis—their faces twisted in anger, their sharp glares cutting into me like daggers.

"Speak, Olivia," Lennox demanded again, his voice sharp and furious. "Why did you poison yourself?"

"I didn't," I whispered, my breath shaky.

Levi let out a harsh scoff, running a frustrated hand through his hair. "Don't lie to us, Olivia! The healer said it himself. You consumed poison. Are you really going to stand there and act like you don't know?"

My heart pounded in my chest. "I don't know." My voice was weak, but my words held firm. "I don't remember taking any poison. I wouldn't..."

Would I?

A sliver of doubt crept into my mind. I had been feeling empty lately, lost in my own pain, but... would I have gone so far as to take my own life?

No.

That wasn't me.

"I swear," I whispered, shaking my head, my fingers curling into the sheets. "I didn't do this."

Louis narrowed his eyes. "Then explain how the poison got into your system."

I couldn't.

I didn't have an answer.

I pressed a hand to my forehead, frustration building inside me. My mind was too hazy, my memories too scattered. Something didn't feel right.

"Speak, Olivia. Why did you poison yourself?"

I frowned, my mind hazy, but as I struggled to recall what happened, a memory surfaced—one I hadn't even realized was there.

A maid. A glass of juice.

My breath hitched as the realization hit me. I hadn't poisoned myself. Someone had done this to me.

"I..." My voice came out weak, barely above a whisper, but the triplets were staring at me, their eyes blazing with anger and impatience.

"Speak, Olivia!" Lennox growled.

I flinched at the sharpness of his tone, but I forced myself to meet his gaze. "I didn't poison myself. The last thing I remember was drinking a juice served to me by one of the maids."

The triplets narrowed their eyes at me and frowned.

"You are lying, Olivia. You poisoned yourself. The healer told us the poison you used is mostly used for suicide. Olivia, you did it yourself—you poisoned yourself," Louis said in anger, and my frown deepened.

"Why would I want to kill myself?" I spat, my frustration growing. "I am telling the truth. A maid served me a glass of juice with a tray of snacks, and after that, I became sleepy

and lay on the bed. That was all I remember." I spoke in anger but also in pain. If I had truly been poisoned, it meant someone wanted me dead.

Lennox scoffed angrily. "I don't believe you. You are lying."

I glared at the triplets and slowly left the bed. My body was so weak that I could barely stand, but I forced myself to.

"Listen, I'm not a coward who would want to kill myself. If I did, I would own up to it, but I didn't do it. Someone tried to kill me, and instead of you all finding out who that person is, you are here accusing me of trying to kill myself. Fine!" I spat in anger and sat back on the bed. My body was still weak, and the room was spinning around me.

Silence filled the air as none of the triplets said a word. After a moment, they left the room without saying anything.

Even after they left, I couldn't shake the uneasy feeling that settled deep in my gut. Someone had tried to kill me.

I wasn't safe.

My fingers trembled as I pulled the blanket tighter around me. My body still felt weak, my throat dry, but my mind was racing. Who would do this? Who hated me enough to want me dead?

The answer should have been simple—the triplets or perhaps Anita herself.

For years, they had been cruel, treating me like I was nothing. But if they had wanted me dead, they wouldn't have wasted their time accusing me of poisoning myself. Their anger earlier had been real. Their guilt—especially Lennox's—had been real.

So if not them... then who?

A knock on the door startled me, and my breath caught. The door opened a second later, and my mother stepped inside.

"Olivia," she whispered, her eyes red and swollen from crying. "Oh, my sweet girl."

She rushed to my bedside, gently cupping my face. Her hands were warm, shaking slightly as she brushed a strand of hair away from my forehead.

"I thought I lost you," she sobbed, pressing a kiss to my temple.

I swallowed the lump in my throat. "I'm okay, Mother," I whispered.

She shook her head. "No, you're not. You were poisoned, Olivia. Someone tried to take you from me." Her voice cracked at the end.

I closed my eyes, feeling a fresh wave of exhaustion wash over me. "I know."

Mother exhaled sharply, gripping my hands tightly. "The alphas have called for all the maids to line up in the sitting room. They have asked me to bring you downstairs."

I took a slow, steady breath, forcing my trembling limbs to move as I pushed the blanket off me. My body protested, weak and sore, but I ignored it.

Mother reached out to help me stand, her hands gripping mine tightly as if she feared I would collapse at any moment. I appreciated her concern, but I straightened my spine and forced myself to walk on my own.

I wasn't weak.

I wasn't broken.

And I sure as hell wasn't a liar.

As we stepped into the hallway, the weight of what was about to happen settled heavily in my chest. The triplets had called for all the maids to line up. They wanted me to point out the one who had given me the juice. But deep down, I already felt a gnawing sense of dread.

What if she wasn't there?

I swallowed hard as we entered the sitting room, where a line of maids stood, their heads bowed, their hands clasped in front of them. I recognized every single one of them—faces I had once worked alongside, women who had seen me scrub floors and serve meals.

Lennox, Levi, and Louis stood at the far end of the room, their arms crossed, their expressions unreadable.

The moment I stepped inside, Lennox's sharp green eyes locked onto mine. "Which one?" His voice was cold, impatient.

I scanned the line, my heart pounding in my chest. My gaze moved from one face to another, searching—waiting—for a flicker of recognition.

But she wasn't there.

My breath caught. I looked again, this time more carefully, but no matter how much I searched, the maid who had served me the juice was missing.

Chapter 22: someone wants me dead

Olivia's POV

I turned back to the triplets, my frown deepening. "She's not here:

Levi scoffed. "Of course, she's not."

Louis let out an exasperated breath. "You expect us to believe that? These are all the maids in the estate, Olivia"

"I know what I saw!" I snapped, frustration flaring in my chest. "Someone gave me the juice. If she's not here, then that means-"

"She doesn't exist, Lennox cut in, his voice laced with anger.

My frown deepened. "That's not what I was going to say."

The head maid stepped forward. "Alpha, these are all the maids currently employed in the estate. If Miss Olivia claims someone else served her, I assure you, she must be mistaken."

Mistaken?

A cold chill ran down my spine. No. I wasn't mistaken.

Lennox took a step closer to me, his voice low but biting. "Enough of this, Olivia. The healer said the poison was commonly used in suicides. There's no mystery maid, no secret culprit. Just admit it."

My hands shook with rage. "I didn't poison myself!"

"Then where is the proof?" Levi shot back. "Where is this so-called maid?"

I looked between them, my heart hammering. They didn't believe me. They were convinced I had done this to myself.

I turned to my mother, hoping-praying-that she would defend me. But she stood silently beside me, her face pale, her lips pressed together.

She didn't doubt me. But she was powerless against them.

A bitter laugh escaped me. "So that's it? You've already decided I'm lying?"

Lennox's gaze hardened. "You were the only one in the room. No one else."

I shook my head. "I know what I saw."

Silence stretched between us, thick with tension.

And then Lennox sighed, rubbing a hand down his face. "This is pointless."

Levi and Louis exchanged a look before Levi turned to the guards. "Take her back to her room. She's still weak:

My stomach dropped. They were dismissing me. Brushing me off like I was nothing.

I glared at them, my vision blurring with exhaustion and frustration. "You're making a mistake," I muttered.

Lennox didn't even look at me. "So are you."

I clenched my fists as two guards stepped forward, ready to escort me back.

But as I turned, my gaze landed on the head maid once more. She was watching me carefully, her expression unreadable.

And then—just for a split second—I saw it.

The flicker of something in her eyes.

Realization hit me like a thunderbolt.

The maid who poisoned me—the head maid knew who she was. She might not even be a maid. She might be an assassin dressed in a maid's clothes to carry out the plan, and now she was gone. There was no way I would find her.

My mother took me back to my room, and as I sank onto the bed, my thoughts raced. Someone had tried to kill me. And if they failed once, they would try again.

"Mother, I said, drawing her attention. "I have to leave this place. If I don't, my dead body will be carried out of here:

I could see the worried look on my mother's face. Obviously, she knew I was right. Whoever had tried to poison me wouldn't stop. They would keep trying until they succeeded.

"You know you can't leave, Olivia. The guards at the borders won't let you, she said with a sigh, and I panicked. I knew I had to do something. I had to leave this place—somehow. I had to think of something.

Throughout the day, I stayed in bed, thinking of ways to escape. It was better to be a rogue than to live this life of torture, but nothing came to mind.

Soon, it was time for dinner, and Evilly, one of the mansion staff, came and announced that dinner was ready and that the Alphas demanded I come downstairs.

Forcing myself to leave the bed, I took the stairs to the dining room, and as expected, the triplets were there-so was Anita. The moment I saw her, my wolf howled in anger, but I composed myself and walked over to the table.

I took a seat across from Anita, and she smirked at me. There was something about her smirk-it reminded me that I had been poisoned. I wasn't a fool not to consider her a suspect.

I forced myself to remain calm as I picked up my fork, my eyes never leaving Anita. She looked too pleased with herself, as if she was enjoying my suffering. My wolf growled again, but I took a slow breath, suppressing the rage bubbling beneath my skin.

"Olivia." Levi's voice snapped me out of my thoughts. I turned to him, frowning.

"Eat, he said, nodding toward my untouched plate. "You need to regain your strength.

I almost scoffed. Regain my strength? So they could continue causing me pain, treating me like I was crazy? So they could dismiss me again when I tried to tell them someone wanted me dead?

I clenched my jaw, forcing myself to take a bite, despite how little appetite I had.

But the moment I lifted my fork, my mother walked into the dining room, a tray in her hands, carrying a jug of water and several glasses.

My frown deepened. Why was she serving? There were plenty of maids in the estate. My mother may have been an omega, but she was still my mother. She wasn't supposed to be waiting on me like this-not when there were others who could do it.

I set my fork down, my angry voice filling the air. "Why is she the one serving? There are plenty of maids here." Silence fell over the table, thick, and suffocating.

My mother hesitated for a second before lowering her head and continuing to pour the water as if she hadn't heard me.

Anita let out a quiet chuckle, swirling the wine in her glass as she smirked at me. "Oh, Olivia, don't forget where you come from. Just because you married the Alphas doesn't mean your mother isn't still a maid. An omega."

My blood boiled at her words, but what enraged me even more was the silence from the triplets. Not one of them spoke up. Not one of them corrected her.

I looked at each of them, waiting-for even a single word. But Levi simply continued eating, Lennox stared at his plate, and Louis leaned back in his chair, expression unreadable.

They weren't going to say anything.

A bitter laugh escaped me, low and humorless. "Right. Of course."

I turned my gaze back to my mother, who still refused to meet my eyes.

I reached forward and took the jug from her hands, ignoring the way her breath hitched in surprise.

"That's enough, Mother, I said firmly. "You don't have to serve me or anyone anymore. From now on, you are no longer an omega or a servant. You are the mother of the Luna."

She opened her mouth as if to protest, but I shook my head. "Sit."

Anita scoffed. "Who gave you such a right? Olivia, you are a nobody."

Lignored her, my eyes never leaving my mother's as I pulled out the chair beside me.

For a moment, she hesitated, torn between obeying me and the unspoken rules that had been ingrained in her for years.

And then, finally, she sat.

Anita's frown deepened as she glanced at the triplets, waiting for them to speak. But they remained silent.

"Alpha Lennox, Levi, Louis?" Her voice sharpened with impatience. "Are you going to say something?"

I scoffed. "There's nothing for them to say, Anita. As Luna, I have the authority to elevate an omega to a respectable status-and that's exactly what I just did."

Leaning forward, I met her gaze head-on. "I can even remove you from this table."

Anita let out a soft, mocking laugh, as if I had just said something absurd.

She tilted her head, smirking. "You seem... uninformed, Olivia."

A frown crept onto my face. "What are you talking about?"

She took a slow sip of her wine, savoring the moment before locking eyes with me.

"Tomorrow, the Alphas will take me as their concubine. Soon enough, I'll be your equal."

Chapter 23: Worried

Louis' POV

The moment Anita dropped the bombshell, I frowned. We never actually promised her it would be tomorrow. My brothers and I only told her we were considering it—we didn't want to rush into choosing her as a concubine. But it seemed Anita was eager to push things forward.

From where I sat, my gaze settled on Olivia, watching closely for her reaction to Anita's words. But she didn't look surprised or even hurt. If anything, her face remained perfectly composed as she continued chewing her meal.

I exchanged glances with my brothers, and they mirrored my confusion. We had expected Olivia to lash out, to demand answers, to question why we were doing this. But she didn't. Instead, she turned her attention to her mother, who seemed more shocked by the news than Olivia herself.

"Mother, eat. You must be hungry," Olivia urged, completely ignoring Anita's words.

Anita, clearly unsatisfied with Olivia's lack of reaction, pressed on.

"Starting tomorrow, I will officially be their woman," she added, her tone dripping with satisfaction as she tried to provoke Olivia further.

Still, Olivia ignored her and continued eating.

Anita, who hated being ignored, frowned and continued.

"And who knows? Maybe one day, I'll even become their Luna."

At her words, my wolf stirred in anger.

For the first time, Olivia lifted her gaze, finally acknowledging Anita's presence. She studied her for a moment before speaking, her voice calm yet chilling.

"Not one day, Anita. Very soon. Very soon, you will become their Luna because by the time I'm dead, their concubine can become their Luna. So, congratulations."

A tense silence filled the dining hall. Olivia's words, spoken so smoothly and with that eerie smile, sent a strange chill through me. It wasn't the reaction any of us had expected. She wasn't angry, she wasn't hurt—she was calm. Too calm.

I glanced at my brothers again, and they were just as unsettled as I was. Anita, on the other hand, had clearly expected Olivia to break down or lash out, but instead, she was met with a different reaction. That clearly didn't sit well with her.

"What do you mean by that?" Anita scoffed, though there was an edge of nervousness in her voice.

Olivia wiped her mouth with a napkin and leaned back in her chair, her expression calm. "Exactly what I said. Isn't that what you're hoping for? For me to step aside and disappear so you can take my place?"

Anita opened her mouth to respond, but Olivia wasn't finished. "Well, don't worry. Soon, you won't have to try so hard. You'll have what you want."

A sense of unease settled over the table. I clenched my fists under the table, my wolf restless. Why was she talking like this? Was she planning another attempt to take her life?

"Olivia—" I started, but she pushed her chair back and stood up.

"Excuse me, I've lost my appetite," she said simply before turning to her mother. "Mom, don't stay too long." Then, without sparing any of us another glance, she walked away.

I exhaled sharply, feeling a mixture of frustration and worry. My brothers were just as tense, watching her retreating figure with narrowed eyes.

Anita smirked, clearly thinking she had won, but I wasn't so sure. Something about Olivia's words didn't sit right with me.

"Please excuse me," Olivia's mother murmured as she stood as well, her face pale. She left without another word.

Where I sat, I was damn uncomfortable and restless. Why did Olivia talk about Anita being our Luna really soon? Was she trying to do something again? Trying to commit another suicide?

My wolf howled in distress at the mere thought of it. And suddenly, I was panicking.

"Louis, are you okay?" Anita asked, reaching out to touch me.

I yanked my hand away and stood abruptly. Without another word, I stormed out of the dining room, heading straight for the kitchen.

The moment I entered, the staff froze, their gazes dropping instantly to the floor.

I swept my gaze over the group, my voice sharp as I barked, "Which of you is responsible for Olivia's meals?"

A brief silence followed before two maids hesitantly stepped forward, their hands trembling. They were young, probably in their early twenties, and clearly terrified of me. Good. They should be.

"We—we are, Alpha," one of them stammered, her eyes fixed on the floor.

I took a step closer, my voice dropping to a deadly calm. "From now on, when you serve Olivia, you will stay and watch her eat. You will not leave her food or drink unattended for even a second. If she refuses to eat in front of you, you will report directly to me."

The second maid swallowed hard, nodding frantically. "Yes, Alpha."

I narrowed my eyes. "If anything happens to her because of something she eats or drinks—if she so much as touches a poisoned glass of water—I will kill you both myself."

They gasped, their fear evident, but I didn't care. I meant every damn word. Olivia's words at the table had rattled me more than I wanted to admit. That look in her eyes told me she was going to do something stupid, and hell no, I wouldn't let that happen.

I wouldn't let that happen again.

"Now get out of my sight and do your job properly," I snapped.

They bowed quickly before scurrying away, leaving me standing there, my chest rising and falling.

A movement at the doorway caught my eye. I turned to find Lennox and Levi standing there, watching me in silence. I didn't say a word to them. Instead, I turned on my heel and stormed up the stairs to my room.

Reaching my room, I was unsettled. I was pacing around, I couldn't get it—why were her attitude and words at the table unsettling me?

A low growl rumbled in my chest, my wolf restless and uneasy.

I closed my eyes, inhaling deeply, trying to steady my racing thoughts. And then, just like that, a memory surfaced, a memory of a time when things were different, when my relationship with Olivia wasn't broken, when this woman was a sweet, innocent little girl.

It was a summer afternoon, years ago. The sun hung high in the sky, casting golden light over the lush garden where Olivia played. She couldn't have been more than eight or nine, her tiny feet kicking against the dirt as she chased a butterfly with a giggle.

I had been watching her from the porch, amused by her determination to catch the butterfly. Every time she got close, the butterfly would flutter away, just out of reach, and she'd let out a frustrated huff before trying again.

"Louis!" she suddenly called, her big, bright eyes turning to me. "Help me catch it!"

I had chuckled, shaking my head. "Why do you want to catch it, Olivia?"

She pouted, crossing her little arms. "Because it's pretty, and I want to keep it!"

I sighed, standing up and strolling over to her. "Some things aren't meant to be caught, little one. Some things are meant to be free."

She frowned up at me, clearly not understanding. But then, her expression softened, and she nodded. "Okay... but can you at least help me chase it?"

I couldn't say no to her back then.

With a grin, I bent down and scooped her up onto my shoulders. She squealed with laughter, her tiny hands clutching my hair as I ran across the garden, pretending to chase the butterfly with her.

"Faster, Louis! We're almost there!" she urged, her laughter filling the air.

I remember how carefree she had been, how light her heart was. She had no worries, no burdens—just the joy of a child playing with someone she trusted.

When we finally stopped, both of us breathless, Olivia wrapped her arms around my neck in a tight hug. "You're the best, Louis," she had whispered.

And just like that, I had felt something warm bloom in my chest, something I didn't understand back then.

My eyes snapped open, and I let out a slow, shaky breath. I was meant to love her. I was meant to make her happy for the rest of her life. But she broke my heart and shattered my world with her words.

But nevertheless, despite how much I hated her now, or how much I wanted to hate her, one thing was certain—I never stopped loving her. And hell would I sit back and watch her kill herself.

I decided to take a shower and retire to bed. Tomorrow was a big day for the warriors.

After bathing, I lay on my bed and tried to get some sleep, but I couldn't. My thoughts were filled with Olivia.

I sat up abruptly, running a hand through my hair in frustration. Sleep wasn't coming—not with Olivia's words haunting me, with the memory of her.

My wolf was restless, pacing inside me, growling in warning. Something wasn't right.

I needed to see her.

Pushing off the bed, I grabbed a shirt and threw it on before heading out. The halls were silent, the castle bathed in shadows, but I moved quickly, my instincts leading me straight to her room.

When I reached her door, I didn't bother knocking. I pushed it open, only to find the bed untouched, the room eerily empty.

A fresh wave of unease settled in my chest.

Where the hell was she?

I turned on my heel, stalking out of the wing and grabbing the nearest guard.

"Where is Olivia?" I demanded.

The guard straightened instantly, his eyes full of worry. "She left a few minutes ago, Alpha. She said she was going into the woods... to shift."

My blood ran cold.

No.

Chapter 24: Seeing Her Wolf

Louis' POV

I ran.

My feet pounded against the marble floors as I sprinted through the halls, then down the steps and out the castle doors. The night air hit me, cool and crisp, but my body was burning with fear. I shifted mid-run, my clothes tearing as my wolf took over, massive paws hitting the earth with force.

She was out here. Alone.

The woods stretched before me, dark and quiet, but I could scent her—her familiar, intoxicating scent mixed with the fresh earth and night air. My wolf pushed harder, faster, weaving through the trees as I followed her trail.

And then I saw her.

She stood in the middle of a clearing, the moonlight casting a glow on her. She wasn't shifting. She was just standing there, staring up at the sky.

Something about the way she stood—the stillness, the quiet surrender—made my wolf snarl in warning.

I shifted back into my human form before stepping forward, my breathing heavy from the run. "Olivia, what are you doing here?"

Olivia tilted her head slightly, an annoyed look tugging at the corners of her lips. "I could ask you the same thing. Why are you following me?"

"I don't trust you out here alone," I replied bluntly, my eyes scanning the woods around us. I was scared, so fucking scared that she might try to hurt herself here.

She scoffed, folding her arms. "You don't need to worry about me, Alpha Louis. I can take care of myself."

Before I could respond, she turned and started walking away.

"Olivia," I called after her.

She paused but didn't look back. "Go back to the mansion, Louis. I just want to shift," she grumbled and continued walking away.

But I didn't listen. I kept following her until she stopped and turned back to me, her face etched in a frown.

"Is there a problem, Alpha Louis?" she asked, her arms crossed.

I couldn't tell her. How could I tell her that I was horrified she would hurt herself here?

"Not really. I also want to shift," I lied, watching the anger on her face deepen.

"Alpha Louis, the forest is big enough. Why don't you go somewhere else and shift?" she snapped.

But I refused, my feet stubbornly rooted to the ground.

"Come on, Olivia, what is there to hide? Are you feeling embarrassed that I'll see you naked?" I teased lightly, but the look on Olivia's face showed she didn't find it funny. I missed teasing her—it was my favorite thing to do.

"Far from it. Just leave me the hell alone," she snapped and continued walking deeper into the woods.

I followed her until she stopped and turned to face me again.

"What the hell is your problem, Alpha Louis?" she yelled, but I remained unbothered by her anger.

I realized I hadn't really seen Olivia's wolf.

I desperately needed to see her wolf. I didn't care what it looked like—I just wanted to know. The mystery of it gnawed at me, and her determination to hide it only fueled my curiosity. I wanted to plead with her to let me see her wolf. I was so curious to know what my mate's wolf looked like. Even my wolf was more eager than I was, but I knew Olivia. Begging her would never work, so I had to do what needed to be done.

Provoke her.

"Olivia, I just want to see your wolf," I said, my tone deliberately calm, even as my wolf urged me to provoke her more.

Her eyes narrowed, and I saw the anger intensifying. She clearly didn't want to give me what I wanted, which only made me more determined.

"Go back to the mansion, Louis. I bet Anita's wolf is more pleasing to see than mine," she snapped. "I don't need an audience."

I smirked, crossing my arms. "What's there to hide? Unless..." I trailed off deliberately, watching her closely. "Unless your wolf is... small. That's it, isn't it? You're embarrassed because your wolf is tiny."

Olivia froze, her body going rigid. Her jaw clenched, and her eyes blazed with anger.

Bingo. I got her.

"You're ridiculous," she hissed, her hands curling into fists.

I pretended to inspect my nails, keeping my tone light and teasing. "I mean, it's nothing to be ashamed of. Some wolves are just... underwhelming." I tilted my head, smirking. "But hiding it? That's a little dramatic, don't you think?"

Her wolf must have stirred in her mind because her eyes momentarily flickered gold. She took a step closer, her anger radiating off her like a storm.

"Are you trying to mock me?" she snapped, her voice trembling with rage.

"Clearly not. I just wanna see your wolf—unless your wolf is really that tiny."

Olivia's face darkened, and I could see my words had gotten to her.

"That's not true."

"Oh, it is," I said, taking a step toward her. "But hey, if I'm wrong, prove it. Shift right here, right now. Show me what you've got."

Her glare could have melted stone.

"You don't deserve to see my wolf."

I chuckled softly. "Maybe not, but at this point, I think I deserve to know what my Luna's wolf looks like. Are you too ashamed? Or is it something else?"

Her hands trembled as she clenched and unclenched them. My wolf and I both felt the moment she cracked, her anger boiling over.

"Fine!" she snapped, her voice sharp and biting. "You want to see my wolf so badly? Then sit tight."

Before I could respond, she began stripping off her clothes, her movements quick. My teasing smirk vanished as I watched her, the intensity of her glare daring me to back down.

"Don't say a word," she warned as she tossed her shirt aside, her back turned to me.

I swallowed hard, my wolf growling with anticipation. Finally, I was going to see her in her wolf form.

My heart pounded as I leaned against the tree, watching Olivia stand still. She was naked, her back to me. My eyes trailed the curves of her naked form. Damn! She was so sexy, and the urge—the urge for me to ask her to turn around so I could take a good look—was intense. But I held myself back while ignoring the rising of my cock between my pants and the possessive howling of my wolf, who wanted me to go to her, touch her.

Then it happened.

Her bones cracked and reformed, the familiar sound of a wolf's transformation echoing in the quiet woods.

She shifted.

A large, sleek creature with dark brown fur emerged where she once stood. Her wolf wasn't the biggest I'd ever seen, but there was something undeniably strong and graceful about her.

Perfection.

My wolf watched carefully, his usual confidence flickering with curiosity.

A brown wolf.

Not rare, not mythological, but there was a uniqueness in her presence that held my attention.

"Mine!" my wolf purred with satisfaction in my head, urging me to shift into him too, but I held myself back.

Her wolf turned to face me, her sea-blue eyes narrowing with irritation.

"Well?" Her voice echoed in my mind through our mind link. "This is what you wanted to see, isn't it?"

I stared, unable to speak for a moment, my tongue frozen as I took her in.

I wanted to say it, wanted to tell her she looked amazing, but I held myself back.

Her wolf snorted, shaking her head slightly, and turned away, pacing a few steps before glancing back at me.

"You've seen it. Now leave me alone," she growled.

Before I could say another word, she bolted, her brown form vanishing into the forest.

Chapter 25: A man in the woods

Olivia POV

I ran through the woods, the cool evening air brushing against my skin as I raced between the towering trees. The crisp air brushed against my skin, providing the comfort and relief I had sought for the past few days. I continued racing, trying to clear my head. I ran and didn't realize when I crossed the border of our pack.

Feeling exhausted, I found a clean stream, and in my four-legged form, I strolled over to it, bent down, and began quenching my thirst. I was still drinking from the stream when I suddenly sensed a presence. It felt as if someone was watching me. My ears perked up, and my body tensed. A low growl rumbled in my throat as I spun around, my sharp eyes scanning the woods. Someone was here. My instincts screamed at me to be on guard.

I howled in warning, ready to attack if necessary. The underbrush rustled, and within seconds, a large black wolf emerged from the trees. My fur bristled as I assessed him—he was strong, his stance confident, but there was something oddly unsettling about him.

Then, right before my eyes, the wolf began to shift. Bones cracked and reshaped, fur receding to reveal smooth skin, and within moments, he stood before me in his human form, naked.

My frown deepened when I noticed it was a man. He had a good physique, probably in his early thirties, with black jet hair, brown eyes, and a faint scar running down the left side of his jaw.

My wolf let out a low growl, ready to pounce, but the man simply lifted his hands in surrender, as if he had no intention of fighting.

"I mean no harm," he said suddenly.

I furrowed my brow and studied him for a moment, then realized he had the tattoo of the Shadow Pack on his left arm. That was when I realized this man was from the Shadow Pack. But how did he get here? I looked around, and that's when I realized I had crossed the border of our pack and was now in Shadow Pack territory.

Shit! How long have I been running?

Suddenly, the sound of pounding paws against the earth filled my ears, and then the scent of Louis filled the air. Without been told, I knew it was Louis coming in his wolf form.

The naked stranger in front of me, realizing Louis was coming, smirked at me. "It seems you have company. I will see you some other time, Luna Olivia."

Without another word, he shifted back into his wolf form, his sleek black fur blending into the darkness as he sprinted away.

Where I stood in my wolf form, I stared at him, watching him run farther until he was out of sight. I was confused, wondering how he knew me, but I didn't have time to dwell on that because Louis appeared out of the trees in his gigantic, wine-colored wolf form.

Louis skidded to a stop in front of me, his massive, wine-colored wolf towering over me. His eyes burned with anger and concern as he sniffed the air, his ears twitching.

"Olivia!" he growled, his deep voice laced with frustration as he shifted seamlessly into his human form. Just like the stranger, Louis didn't seem to care about his nakedness, his focus entirely on me. "What the hell were you thinking, racing past our border?"

I didn't answer. I didn't want to. My mind was still replaying the moment with the strange wolf—the way he knew my name, the way he smirked like he had some sort of plan.

Louis took another deep breath, his expression darkening. "Someone was here," he muttered, his eyes narrowing as they swept the area. "Who was it?"

Again, I said nothing. Instead, I turned sharply and sprinted back toward our pack, my paws digging into the earth as I pushed forward. I didn't want to talk. I didn't want to explain myself.

"Olivia!" Louis barked behind me, his voice full of authority, but I ignored him. I just needed to get away, to clear my mind.

I could hear Louis cursing before shifting back into his wolf form and chasing after me. I knew he wouldn't let this go, but for now, I didn't care.

I continued racing down the woods until I got to where my clothes were. Slowing down, I shifted back into my human form, the cool evening air brushing against my bare skin. My breaths came in short gasps as I reached for my clothes, quickly slipping on my shirt and leggings.

A sharp rustling in the underbrush made me tense. I didn't have to turn around to know Louis was here. His presence was unmistakable, his scent thick in the air. I straightened just as he emerged from the shadows, his brown eyes blazing with barely contained anger.

"You're not going to ignore me this time," he said, his voice dangerously low. His hands were clenched into fists at his sides, his chest rising and falling with deep, frustrated breaths.

I turned to face him, meeting his intense gaze with a steady one of my own. "I don't feel like talking, Louis," I muttered, pulling my hair into a messy ponytail.

Louis scoffed, stepping closer until there was barely any space between us. "That's not your choice, Olivia. You crossed the border into Shadow Pack territory. Do you have any idea how reckless that was?"

I exhaled sharply and folded my arms. "You should be happy about it... at least if I'm dead, you'll get to be with Anita—the woman you love—instead of being in a marriage with me," I spat.

In the blink of an eye, I was pinned against a tree, his hand wrapped around my throat. Not tight enough to choke me, but enough to hold me in place.

"You really wish to die, don't you?" he growled angrily, as if the thought of me being dead was traumatizing him.

I swallowed hard, my hands gripping his wrist, but I didn't push him away. Instead, I met his gaze, refusing to back down. "What does it matter to you, Alpha Louis?" I whispered, my voice laced with defiance. "Wouldn't it be good news to you and your brothers if I were gone?" I spat.

Louis's frown deepened, and his hand around my neck tightened further.

"You have no right to die, you bitch," he growled, his voice low and dangerous. "You don't get to decide that—not unless my brothers and I say so."

His words sent a shiver down my spine, not out of fear, but something far more unsettling. I could feel the raw possessiveness in his touch, the way his fingers pressed against my skin—firm but not crushing. He was furious at the thought of me dying.

A bitter laugh escaped me. "Why does it matter, Louis?" I whispered, staring up at him, challenging him. "You don't want me. You never did. If I were dead, you wouldn't have to deal with me anymore. You and your brothers could finally be free of the mate bond. Isn't that what you want?"

Louis flinched, his eyes flashing with something dark and conflicted.

I leaned in, my breath warm against his face. "I should just let the Shadow Pack take me," I murmured, my voice dripping with provocation. "Maybe they'll finally put an end to this joke of a marriage. Maybe they'll—"

"Stop." His voice was strained, as if he were holding himself back.

But I didn't stop. I couldn't.

"Maybe I should have let that man in the woods take me," I continued, pushing him, testing him. "Maybe—"

Louis let out a snarl, his control snapping like a thread stretched too thin. In an instant, his grip on my throat tightened just enough to make my breath hitch, and before I could say another word—

His lips crashed against mine.

Chapter 26: Jealous?

Olivia's POV

It wasn't soft. It wasn't gentle. It was raw, desperate, furious. His mouth claimed mine with an urgency that sent a jolt through my entire body. Heat flared between us, burning away the cold night air.

I gasped against his lips, but he didn't pull away. Instead, he deepened the kiss, his tongue forcing past my lips—demanding, conquering. This kiss was different, so different from the one we shared at the altar. That kiss had been forced, a public display. But this... this was possessive, overwhelming, and undeniably my first real kiss.

His hands cradled my face as if trying to ground himself at this moment.

I hated him.

I hated him for kissing me like this. For making my body betray me.

For making me feel.

But I didn't stop him.

I kissed him back, matching his intensity, letting my anger, my pain, my frustration pour into it. If he wanted to shut me up, if he wanted to silence my words, then fine. But he would also feel every ounce of rage I had buried inside me.

As we kissed, Louis let out soft moans, and our wolves purred in delight. And me? It was a bittersweet feeling for me.

Louis broke the kiss first, his breath ragged as he pressed his forehead against mine.

"Stop saying you want to die," he muttered, his voice hoarse, filled with something that almost sounded like pain.

I swallowed hard, my chest rising and falling with uneven breaths. "Why?" I whispered. "Why do you care?"

Louis exhaled sharply, his fingers still tangled in my hair. "Because, Olivia," he said, his tone dark and laced with frustration, "I'd burn the whole damn world before I let you die. I have to make you pay for what you did to me, and you can't do that if you're dead."

I furrowed my brows. What was he talking about?

Before I could ask, the rustling of leaves caught my attention. A wave of panic washed over me, but the familiar smell of Lennox hit my nose, announcing his presence before he showed up from the trees.

Lennox halted in his tracks as his piercing gaze locked onto me and Louis. I was already dressed, but Louis wasn't, he was still bare from the shift.

Lennox's sharp eyes flickered between me and Louis, his expression unreadable, but the tension in his stance was unmistakable.

His gaze lingered on my swollen lips, then flicked to Louis, still bare from the shift, before his jaw clenched.

"Olivia," he said, his voice dangerously low. "What the hell is going on?"

I swallowed, my mind racing. I could still taste Louis on my lips, still feel the ghost of his touch on my skin. My body was betraying me, trembling from the intensity of what had just happened.

Louis spoke first. "I heard from the guards that Olivia ran into the woods, so I followed to make sure she didn't do something stupid. But she already did."

Lennox narrowed his eyes at me. "What did she do?" he asked, his piercing gaze fixed on me so intensely that I had to look away.

Louis sighed. "She ran past the border and straight into the Shadows Pack's territory."

Lennox grunted in annoyance and shot me a glare. I could tell he wanted to say more, but he simply turned around and began walking out of the woods.

Louis and I exchanged glances. He frowned at me but said nothing as he started getting dressed. Ignoring him, I turned and followed Lennox out of the woods.

As I made my way back, I could hear Louis's steps behind me, while Lennox was ahead, never looking back.

I hated this.

I hated how they made me feel—torn, confused, angry.

I hated the way my lips still tingled from Louis's kiss.

And most of all, I hated the way Lennox's anger felt like a blade slicing through me.

My steps faltered slightly, but I forced myself to keep moving. The scent of the pack house grew stronger—a reminder that I couldn't just disappear into the night, no matter how much I wanted to.

We arrived at the pack house, and I went straight up to my room. My wolf was still purring at the intense kiss Louis and I shared, but I pushed my mind against it and went to take a shower.

After washing away the lingering heat of the night, I wrapped a towel around my waist and stepped back into my room, only to freeze.

Lennox was sitting on my bed.

My eyes widened for a split second before I masked my surprise. Why hadn't I sensed his presence or caught his scent?

Composing myself, I crossed my arms. "Alpha Lennox, to what do I owe this visit at this hour?" I asked, my tone sounding irritated.

He didn't respond immediately. Instead, he slowly rose to his feet and began walking toward me.

I swallowed hard, instinctively taking a step back. But Lennox kept coming closer.

I continued moving backward until my back hit the wall, trapping me as Lennox stood before me, his hands on each side of me, caging me in.

Our eyes met, and I saw it. Raw anger.

"So, it's Louis you liked?" he spat the words out.

I furrowed my brow at him, my heart hammering at the feeling of him being so close to me. And my wolf wasn't helping at all, the bitch was purring.

"I don't know what you're talking about," I said, trying to sound unaffected. "You and your brothers hate me, and I hate you three too."

The words felt like a lie.

Yes, they had hurt me in ways that were unforgivable. But could I really hate them? These men had been my heroes growing up.

Lennox's frown deepened. "Hate, you say?" He scoffed. "Yet you kissed him in the woods—so hard your lips are still swollen. I could even smell your arousal right there in the woods!" he spat in anger. "You don't feel that way toward someone you hate."

My brows knitted together as I studied his expression.

Lennox wasn't just angry. He was... jealous?

Chapter 27: Hurting each other

Lennox's POV

I should have walked away.

I should have left her standing there, wet hair clinging to her skin, wrapped in nothing but that damn towel that made it impossible to think straight.

But I didn't.

I couldn't control it—the jealousy, the anger, the possessiveness burning through my veins like wildfire. I knew I shouldn't feel this way. I knew Louis was mated to her too. But the thought of her kissing him, of her enjoying it, of her getting wet for him—for him alone—drove me insane.

And now, here she was, standing before me, wrapped in nothing but a towel, staring at me with those defiant eyes, daring me to react.

"Of course, I enjoyed it," she suddenly said, her voice sharp, cutting through the thick air between us. "We can even fuck if we want. I prefer him to you, and I'd pick him over you any day."

The words hit like a punch to the gut, but I didn't let it show. I just stared at her, my hands pressing against the wall on either side of her.

My entire body went rigid.

She didn't know.

She had no idea.

No idea what she had done to me. No idea what I had been through because of her.

She didn't remember what she did years ago—the words that shattered whatever affection I had for her. She didn't know that those words had already ripped me apart once, and here she was, unknowingly twisting the knife deeper.

She didn't know that was why I hated her.

I forced a smirk, masking the rage threatening to consume me. If she wanted to play this game, fine. But she had no idea who she was playing with.

I leaned in, my lips barely inches from her ear. "Then why, Olivia," I whispered darkly, "why can I smell your arousal right now?"

Her breath hitched, but she quickly masked it with a glare. I chuckled, low and dangerous, brushing my fingers against her bare arm just to watch her shiver.

"You can say whatever you want," I murmured, letting my lips almost graze her skin. "You can keep pretending. But your body? It already knows the truth."

Her heart pounded, but she kept a hard expression. "I don't know what you are talking about," she spat.

I smirked. "There's only one way to find out,"

And before she could argue, I cupped her cheeks and crashed my lips against hers.

It wasn't soft. It wasn't gentle.

It was a battle.

She fought me, her nails digging into my arms, lips pressing back with just as much force. But the moment my tongue slid against hers—claiming, dominating—she whimpered, and that sound sent a jolt straight through me.

I deepened the kiss, pressing my body against hers, letting her feel exactly what she was doing to me. My hands roamed lower, gripping her waist, then trailing over the soft curve of her hip before sliding down.

She gasped against my lips as my fingers found her thigh, slowly inching up, teasing, daring her to stop me.

But she didn't.

She tasted like sin and temptation, her lips parting under mine as I kissed her with a hunger I couldn't control. She struggled to keep up with my pace, her soft whimpers fueling the fire burning inside me.

My hands slid beneath her towel, finding her bare skin—warm and inviting. I cupped her breast through the thin fabric, feeling her body shudder at my touch. A low moan escaped her lips, and fuck, that sound nearly drove me insane.

I trailed my fingers lower, brushing against her entrance. She gasped, parting her legs for me, her body already begging for more. My fingers found her slick heat, and I groaned as I teased her before pushing a finger inside.

"Fuck," I muttered, feeling how tight she was. My cock throbbed at the thought of sinking into her. "So fucking tight," I groaned, my voice rough with need.

I knew she was untouched. No man had ever fucked her. I made sure of that.

I made sure to threaten anyone who even dared to look at her twice.

Because despite how much I hated her, I never wanted anyone else to have her.

She moaned, gripping onto me as I curled my finger, pumping it inside her. She was soaking wet, and it only made me move faster, desperate to hear more of those breathless sounds she made just for me.

Fuck! This was heaven. I had never felt this way—not with anyone—and definitely not with Anita.

I pulled her closer, deepening our kiss, swallowing every moan, every gasp.

My lips left hers, trailing down her neck as I tugged the towel off her shoulders. My eyes darkened at the sight of her bare breasts.

"Fuck," I muttered before taking one into my mouth, sucking hard while my other hand played with her nipple. Her moans filled the room, her body trembling beneath me.

I could feel my cock pressing against her, aching for relief, but I needed to feel her fall apart first. My finger drove into her faster, her walls tightening around me. Her cries grew louder, her hands clutching at me as she finally came undone, her release soaking my fingers.

I slowed my movements, letting her ride out her climax before I pulled my finger out. Bringing them to my lips, I licked them clean, savoring her taste.

Her chest was rising and falling rapidly, her wide eyes locked onto me.

A smirk tugged at my lips as I met her gaze. "It seems you want me just like I thought." I smirked and took a step away, forcing myself not to pin her against that wall and fuck the life out of her.

Olivia frowned as she glared at me. "Unfortunately, Louis did better. Learn from him, Alpha Lennox. You have a long way to go."

My smirk vanished in an instant.

A slow, dangerous silence filled the room as her words sliced through me like a blade.

Unfortunately, Louis did better.

The air turned thick with tension. My jaw clenched, fingers curling into fists at my sides. She was taunting me, daring me to lose control.

But she had no idea—no fucking idea—the beast she was toying with.

Her chest still heaved, her body betraying every lie she tried to feed me. I could still smell her arousal—the way she had melted under my touch, the way she had begged for more even as her words spat defiance.

And yet, here she was, throwing his name in my face like it meant something.

I took a step toward her, slow and deliberate.

She held her ground.

Of course, she did.

I gripped her jaw, tilting her face up to mine, forcing her to meet my gaze. Her pupils were still blown wide, her lips swollen from my kiss.

"You think that will annoy me?" I murmured, my voice deadly calm. "You think saying such a lie will change the way you moaned for me?"

Her breath hitched, but she masked it quickly, her glare sharpening.

"Well, you could have seen the way I moaned for him," she spat, her chin lifting defiantly.

I let out a dark chuckle. "Really?"

I stepped back, letting my eyes rake over her.

"Too bad your pussy isn't as tight as I thought," I said coldly. "Even Anita—who my brother and I have fucked more times than I can count—is tighter than you. Who knows? Maybe you've been whoring around."

It was a lie. A vicious, calculated lie. And I knew exactly how much it would hurt.

Olivia's face twisted in anger, her eyes darkening as she sucked in a sharp breath. For a split second, I thought she might slap me. Hell, I wanted her to. I wanted her to fight me, to give me an excuse to pin her against that wall again and remind her exactly who she belonged to.

But she didn't.

Instead, she scoffed.

A cold, hollow sound that sent a strange sensation twisting through my chest.

"Wow," she mused, shaking her head. "That's the best you've got?" Her lips curled into a cruel smile. "You expect me to believe you give a damn who I've been with?" She took a step closer, her bare skin still flushed from what we had just done. "You're a liar, Lennox."

I clenched my jaw.

She was right.

I didn't give a fuck if she had been with someone else. Because she hadn't. I had made sure of that. No man dared to touch her, not with the silent threats I had ensured followed her like a shadow. Even Louis, my brother, her mate had only kissed her—just a fucking kiss—and that alone was already driving me mad.

But she didn't need to know that.

She didn't need to know how much control she had over me.

"I don't care who you fuck, Olivia," I sneered, forcing my voice into something cold and detached. "I just hope my brothers don't get bored of you as fast as I did."

She flinched.

It was quick, barely noticeable, but I saw it. And fuck, that made something sharp twist in my chest. I hated hurting her. Hated it more than I could admit. But she had hurt me first.

She had destroyed me first.

Her lips parted like she wanted to say something, but she quickly snapped them shut, her expression turning unreadable. Then, she tightened the towel around herself and turned toward the bathroom door.

"Leave my room, Alpha Lennox."

The words were quiet, almost soft. But they hit harder than any scream ever could.

And then she disappeared into the bathroom.

I stood there, feeling like the air had been knocked out of me. My wolf was howling in my head, howling at me, furious at me.

I let out a harsh breath, dragging a hand through my hair before turning on my heel and walking out of her room.

Pain. Anger. Guilt.

And fucking desire.

It all tangled together, burning inside me as I made my way to my room. But when I pushed the door open, I froze.

Anita was kneeling on the floor. Naked. Her head bowed, her hands resting on her thighs in perfect submission.

Waiting for me.

Chapter 28: Behind My Back

Lennox's POV

My wolf growled in irritation the moment I saw Anita kneeling there, naked, head bowed in submission like she had done so many times before. But this time, it didn't ignite anything in me.

Not even a flicker of desire.

I clenched my jaw, stepping inside and slamming the door shut behind me. The sound echoed through the room, making Anita flinch slightly before lifting her head. She was beautiful—objectively so. Long hair cascaded over her bare shoulders, flawless skin, curves that had once been enough to satisfy me. But as I stared at her now, all I saw was the glaring fact that she wasn't Olivia.

"What the fuck are you doing here?" My voice was cold, void of the amusement and desire I once had for her little games.

Anita smiled—a slow, sultry thing that had once made my blood heat. "I was waiting for you, Alpha," she purred, running her hands up her thighs. "I missed you. It's been too long."

I scoffed, raking a hand through my hair. "Get up, Anita."

She blinked, her smile disappearing. "What?"

"I said, get the fuck up." My patience was razor-thin, my mood still tangled in Olivia's scent, her taste, the way she had moaned my name even while trying to push me away.

Anita hesitated for a moment before slowly rising to her feet, her expression shifting from seduction to confusion. "I don't understand. You've never told me to stop before."

I exhaled sharply, pinching the bridge of my nose. "Yeah, well, things change."

Her eyes darkened with something sharp. "This is about her, isn't it?"

I didn't answer.

She let out a bitter laugh, stepping closer, pressing her naked body against mine. "You think she's different?" she whispered, her lips brushing my jaw. "Are you developing a soft spot for that bitch?"

My hand shot up, gripping her chin roughly, forcing her to look at me. "Don't call her a bitch." My voice was lethal, every syllable dripping with venom.

Anita smirked, but there was pain behind her eyes. "No, she's worse. Because she doesn't even want you."

I stiffened.

She pressed her hands against my chest, trailing them down my stomach, her voice dropping into something almost pitying. "But I do."

For the first time in my life, I felt nothing.

Not even anger.

I grabbed her wrists and pulled her hands off me. "Get out."

Her eyes widened in shock. "Lennox—"

"I said, get the fuck out, Anita."

The command in my tone left no room for argument. She stared at me for a long moment, her lips parting like she wanted to say something, but then she huffed, grabbing her discarded robe and throwing it on.

"Tomorrow is the ceremony where I become your mistress. Are you forgetting that?" she muttered.

I frowned.

Anita stepped closer, her chin lifted in defiance. "Alpha Lennox, I hope you're not trying to go back on your word. You and your brothers—"

She scoffed, a cruel smirk curling her lips. "You and your brothers have fucked me the way you wanted. In your room, in the woods, at the seashore. And now you think you can toss me aside just because you're tired of me?"

My wolf growled, my frown deepening.

"No man will ever want me now. Tomorrow, I become your concubine—whether you like it or not," Anita declared in anger before storming out of the room.

The moment the door slammed shut behind her, I exhaled, rubbing a hand down my face. But no amount of deep breaths could calm the storm raging inside me.

Because Olivia was still on my mind.

Her taste was still on my lips.

And I fucking hated that I wanted more.

The door to my room pushed open, and Levi and Louis walked in.

Levi narrowed his eyes. "Anita just reported you to us... she said you kicked her out of your room."

I sighed, pushing myself to my feet. "Yeah. I wasn't in the mood. Anita acts like everything is about sex."

Louis's sharp eyes flicked over me as he moved closer. His nostrils flared, and his expression darkened almost instantly.

"You reek," he muttered.

I scoffed, running a hand through my hair. "Of what? Sweat? Frustration?"

"Olivia." His voice was clipped, laced with something I didn't like.

Levi's gaze sharpened, and I tensed, my wolf baring its teeth in warning. Louis took another step closer, his jaw clenched so tightly I could hear his teeth grinding.

"Tell me, brother," he said, his tone deceptively calm, "why the fuck do you smell like Olivia?"

I met his glare head-on, crossing my arms. "Why do you care?"

Louis let out a dry, humorless chuckle. "Why do I care?" His lips curled, a smirk that held nothing but anger. "Maybe because you were frowning at me when you found out I kissed her. Acting all high and mighty. And now, what? You go behind my back and do the same fucking thing?"

Levi's eyes darted between us, his brows furrowing, but he stayed quiet.

I took a step forward, towering over Louis, my voice dropping into a dangerous growl. "And what if I did?"

Louis shook his head, laughing bitterly. "You're a fucking hypocrite, Lennox. You act like you don't want her, yet you go behind our backs."

I snarled, jabbing a finger into his chest. "Says the man I caught kissing her in the woods!"

My wolf growled, my muscles coiling with tension. "But now you want to question me?" I jabbed a finger into his chest again, stepping even closer. "You don't get to act like you have some fucking moral high ground, Louis."

Louis didn't back down. Instead, he let out a low, mocking chuckle. "Moral high ground? That's rich coming from you. You wanted to rip my throat out when you saw me with her—"

"And now I want to rip it out for a different reason," I growled, cutting him off.

His smirk dropped, replaced by something darker, more dangerous. His nostrils flared, his hands curling into fists at his sides. "Try it."

Louis was the youngest among us, but he always liked provoking me.

I bared my teeth, my wolf clawing for control. My vision blurred at the edges, my body already shifting slightly. The room filled with raw, crackling tension, and I could see Louis bracing himself, ready to strike just as I was.

Then Levi slammed his hand between us, shoving us apart with enough force to send a warning.

"That's enough!" he snapped, his voice sharp with authority. "Both of you—back the fuck off."

Louis and I glared at each other, our chests rising and falling heavily, but neither of us moved.

Levi let out a bitter laugh, shaking his head. "You know what's funny? I should be the one who's fucking pissed right now."

We both turned to him, brows furrowing.

Levi scoffed, his expression twisting with something close to disgust. "You two are about to rip each other apart over Olivia when both of you went behind my back."

I stiffened.

Louis let out a sharp breath, dragging a hand down his face.

Levi's voice dropped, thick with irritation. "I thought we all hated her. I thought we agreed she wasn't worth our time. But now you're both sneaking around, kissing her like a couple of lovesick pups?" He took a step back, shaking his head. "What a fucking joke."

A suffocating silence hung in the air.

Then I let out a harsh breath, rolling my shoulders. "I still hate her," I growled.

Louis scoffed, his eyes narrowing with anger. "Yeah? Is that why you smell like her?"

I clenched my jaw but said nothing.

Levi growled at Louis. "Enough."

I ignored the twisting in my stomach, ignored the lingering feeling in my chest.

Because it didn't fucking matter.

Olivia was still nothing to me.

And I was going to prove it.

Levi sighed, rubbing a hand down his face. "We should all get some rest. Tomorrow is the ceremony—Anita becomes our concubine. I doubt we want the pack seeing their Alphas covered in bruises," he muttered, sounding exhausted.

Louis stretched out a hand to me as peace offering. I took it, giving him a brief hug before stepping back.

This wasn't new. We always fought over petty things and made up in the end.

"I'll see you tomorrow," Louis said.

I nodded, watching as he turned and walked away. Levi gave me a lingering look before following him out, closing the door behind them.

Sighing, I dropped onto my bed, my mind replaying everything that had happened between me and Olivia.

That should never happen again.

I hated her.

And it had to stay that way.

Chapter 29: Ceremony

Olivia's POV

I sat before the dressing mirror, combing my hair, but my thoughts kept wandering. I couldn't get my mind off the kisses I shared with Louis in the woods and Lennox in my room. I knew I shouldn't think about it—that I should take my mind off it—but I couldn't. The memories wouldn't fade, and my wolf kept purring softly in my head, making it impossible to wipe them away.

A soft knock on the door pulled me out of my thoughts.

"Come in," I said.

The door opened, and the two new maids the triplets had assigned to me walked in. Unlike the others, they seemed respectful—perhaps because they had only recently been employed.

"Good morning, Luna," they greeted with a bow, and I forced the best smile I could manage. These days, I had almost forgotten how to smile.

"Luna, we're here to prepare you for the ceremony. It's almost starting," Nora, the younger maid with short blonde hair, said.

I turned away from the window, confusion evident on my face. "A ceremony?" I asked.

"Yes," Lolita, the older maid with curly black hair, replied, swallowing hard. I could see the hesitation in her eyes, like she was struggling to say what needed to be said. After a moment, she spoke, her voice low and uneasy. "Today, the Alphas are taking Miss Anita as their concubine."

I froze, my fingers gripping the comb tightly as Lolita's words sank in. So soon? The triplets were really doing it? They couldn't even give it time—they were taking Anita as their concubine just three days after our marriage?

My wolf let out a furious growl in my head, and I clenched my jaw to keep from letting the sound slip out. My chest ached, and my hands trembled slightly, but I forced myself to remain composed.

"It's happening today?" I asked, my voice calm and cold, though my heart was pounding.

Lolita lowered her gaze, clearly uncomfortable. "Yes, the ceremony is about to begin."

Anger surged through me, and I bit down on my lower lip to keep myself from screaming.

"Can I not go?" I asked, hoping for any way out.

Lolita shook her head. "Sorry, Luna, but you have to be there. In fact, the Alphas specifically asked us to come get you."

My frown deepened. "Those bastards," I muttered under my breath. They wanted to humiliate me in front of the pack, to show everyone how much they loved Anita and how little they wanted me. Who takes a concubine just three days after marriage?

Swallowing my pain, I nodded to the maids. They moved closer, and I forced myself to sit still as they began preparing me. My mind was a whirlwind of emotions—anger, betrayal, humiliation. My wolf continued to growl softly in my head, restless and hurt. I hated how vulnerable I felt—how exposed and broken I must look to them.

As Lolita gently braided my hair, I caught sight of my reflection in the mirror. My eyes looked hollow, the light in them dimmed, and I barely recognized myself. I knew this would happen from the beginning, but somehow I had hoped—foolishly—that it wouldn't.

I could still feel the warmth of their lips on mine—the way Louis had kissed me so tenderly but possessively in the woods, as if I was something precious to him. And Lennox... his kiss had been rough and demanding, almost like he wanted to claim me. I knew I shouldn't think about it. I knew I shouldn't want them. Yet, I couldn't help it.

I gritted my teeth as Nora slipped a blue gown over my shoulders. It was stunning—rich sea-blue velvet with intricate gold embroidery along the neckline and sleeves. It matched my eyes, but right now, I didn't care. I didn't want to look beautiful for them. I didn't want to play their little game of showing the world how content I was while they flaunted Anita like a prized possession.

"Luna... would you like me to do your makeup?" Nora asked cautiously, her tone gentle.

"No," I replied flatly. "Just leave my face as it is."

The maids exchanged a quick glance but said nothing, continuing to adjust my gown and fix my hair. Once they were done, they stepped back, bowing slightly.

"You look beautiful, Luna," Lolita whispered, almost as if she felt sorry for me.

"Thanks," I mumbled, forcing a tight-lipped smile.

"Let's go," I said, standing to my feet. I stared at myself one last time in the mirror. I was dressed beautifully, but the pain in my eyes was there for everyone to see.

Leaving my room, Nora and Lolita led me toward the pack hall where the ceremony was taking place.

As we entered the grand hall, the murmur of the gathered pack grew louder. I could feel their eyes on me the moment I stepped inside—curious, pitiful, and some even scornful. My eyes settled on the triplets who were standing on the dais beside Anita.

Anita looked radiant, draped in a crimson gown that clung to her curves, her lips painted a deep red. She gave me a smug smile, her gaze gleaming with triumph. My stomach twisted with nausea, but I kept my face blank, refusing to let her see how much she was affecting me.

My eyes met the triplets', but I looked away and walked over to the seat meant for me. I sat down, fixing my gaze on them with a blank expression.

The officiant began speaking, his voice booming through the hall as he announced the ceremony's purpose, declaring Anita as the concubine of the three Alphas.

My fists clenched at my sides, and I bit the inside of my cheek to keep from screaming. I wanted to run—wanted to leave this place and never look back. But I couldn't show weakness. I wouldn't give them that satisfaction.

When the officiant called for the Alphas to present their marks on Anita, my breath caught in my throat. One by one, they approached her. Marking her as their concubine would ensure that if they had sex with her, I wouldn't feel the pain.

Lennox moved forward, pressing a possessive kiss to her neck before bringing out his fangs and sinking them into her neck. Where I sat, I felt miserable but kept a blank look.

Lennox stepped away, and Levi stepped forward, brushing his lips against her cheek before sinking his fangs into her neck. I swallowed hard in pain—this was nothing like mine. During our mating ceremony, they marked me with no care, no love, no kiss.

It was Louis turn. He planted a lingering kiss on her lips and then tilted his head towards her neck, where the fresh marks of his brothers were imprinted. Where I sat, my heart sank as he imprinted his mark on her.

They marked her with tenderness they had never shown me. My heart thudded painfully as the pack roared their approval, celebrating the woman who had just stolen everything from me.

My wolf howled in agony, and I felt the sting of tears threatening to spill, but I forced them back.

As the ceremony continued, I stayed rooted to my spot, my nails digging into my palms.

Anita moved over and took the seat beside me, a sly smile on her lips, but I ignored her. She didn't give up; instead, she leaned over and whispered,

"I now have their marks, Olivia, and soon I will take your position as Luna. I will take you out of the way just like my father did to yours."

My eyes widened, and I stared at her in shock. "What did you just say?" I demanded, unable to understand her words.

But she only smiled, looking away.

Chapter 30: Not happy

Levi's POV

"Congratulations." A pack member offered his well-wishes, and I only nodded in response. The hall was filled with celebration; the pack members seemed genuinely happy. It felt like a real wedding. My eyes swept across the room, taking in the joy on their faces, and then they landed on Anita. She was beaming, chatting animatedly with a group of she-wolves.

She looked happy. She looked fulfilled.

She was satisfied being our concubine.

And me? I should be happy, too. This was exactly what I wanted—maybe not entirely, but it was what I had decided. A punishment for Olivia. I knew making Anita our concubine would wound her deeply, and that was precisely my intention. I wanted her to suffer, to taste even a fraction of the pain she had put me through.

But sitting here, watching her, I felt nothing. No satisfaction. No victory. Only an unsettling weight in my chest, like I had made a mistake.

"Of course, you have, and I'll be here when you start regretting it," my wolf sneered at me.

Where I was seated, I growled and looked in Olivia's direction. She was still seated in her chair, but I knew she was zoning out. She seemed lost, like she was deep in thought. And from where I sat, two seats away from her, I felt uncomfortable. I looked at my brothers, and we exchanged gazes. Just like me, they didn't seem happy with the decision we made to make Anita our concubine. Then why the fuck did we do it?

An unfamiliar feeling crept into my chest. This wasn't how I imagined it. I thought seeing Olivia hurt would give me satisfaction—would make me feel vindicated. But seeing her so still, so quiet... it tore at something inside me.

Anita caught my gaze and smiled warmly, giving me a small wave. I forced a smile back. She was beautiful, no doubt about that, and she seemed genuinely happy to be named our concubine. I should be content. But all I could think about was how Olivia

hadn't said a word the entire evening—hadn't even looked in my direction or that of my brothers.

"Idiot," my wolf growled. "You still love her."

I squeezed my eyes shut, trying to block out the voice, but it was no use. The truth was as clear as day. I wanted Olivia. I wanted her eyes blazing with anger, her voice cutting through the air like a whip. I wanted her stubbornness and her fire. I wanted everything that made her Olivia.

Anita approached, placing a gentle hand on my shoulder. "Alpha Levi, are you okay?" she asked sweetly.

I forced a nod, not trusting my voice. "Just... tired."

Her eyes softened with concern. "It's been a long day. Maybe we four can slip away soon?"

I growled as my gaze slid back to Olivia. She hadn't moved, her face still expressionless, and it drove me insane. I couldn't stand it anymore. Abruptly, I stood, making Anita step back in surprise.

"I need some air," I mumbled before striding out of the hall. I heard Anita calling after me, but I ignored her, pushing the doors open and stepping into the cool night air. I didn't stop walking until I reached the training grounds.

My wolf rumbled in disapproval. "You messed up."

I ran a hand through my hair, frustration bubbling inside me. "I just wanted her to feel a fraction of the pain she caused me," I whispered to myself.

"And now you're the one hurting," my wolf sneered at me.

Ignoring him, I remained where I stood until I heard footsteps behind me and turned to see Lennox and Louis approaching. I wanted to be alone, but it seemed my brothers wouldn't let me.

When they got to where I stood, they stopped beside me, staring into space like I was. For a moment, none of the three of us spoke. I didn't know if my brothers were feeling what I felt, that sense of regret.

"Why are we moody? This was what we wanted—for Anita to be ours—and now, suddenly, we're acting like we just made a huge mistake," Louis said, and neither Lennox nor I responded.

I scoffed, rubbing my face with my palms. "We're a bunch of idiots, aren't we? We made Anita our concubine, and now we're out here sulking like pups who lost their favorite toy."

Lennox grunted, not looking at me. "She should be happy," he muttered. "That was the point, right? Anita's happy. The pack's celebrating. Everything's going according to plan."

"But we're not happy," I shot back, frustration lacing my voice. "We wanted this to hurt Olivia, but look at us. We're the ones hurting. What the fuck is wrong with us?"

Louis stayed silent, his gaze fixed on the ground. I couldn't stand it anymore. I needed to know. I turned to both of them, my eyes narrowing.

"Why do you hate her so much?" I demanded, my voice low but forceful. "I know why I hated her—I have my reasons. But you two? You've never once told me why. What did Olivia do to make you hate her too?"

Neither of them answered. Lennox's jaw tightened, and Louis looked away, his hands fisting at his sides. The tension in the air grew thick, almost suffocating. I pushed on, desperate for an answer.

"What did she do to you?" I repeated, my voice almost breaking. "Why won't you just tell me?"

Lennox scoffed, but it sounded more like a bitter laugh. "You wouldn't understand," he muttered.

"Try me," I snapped.

Louis shook his head. "I can't say it."

I clenched my fists, teeth grinding together. "Bullshit. You're just avoiding the question. You've been keeping this from me for so long, and I'm tired of it. If we're supposed to be brothers, then be honest with me. What the hell did Olivia do to you?"

Lennox shot me a glare, his eyes flashing with something I couldn't place—anger, regret, maybe even pain. "Just drop it, Levi," he warned. "I also don't know why you suddenly hated her."

I was about to argue back when sudden noises erupted from the pack hall—shouting, loud crashes, and frantic footsteps. My instincts kicked in immediately, and I looked back at the hall, sensing something was terribly wrong.

"What the hell is going on?" Louis asked, already moving toward the noise.

Lennox and I followed, tension coiling tight in my chest. As we approached, I caught sight of pack members scrambling out of the hall, panic on their faces. My wolf was on high alert, and I could feel adrenaline pumping through my veins.

"What happened?" I barked at one of the fleeing wolves.