Fated To Not Just One, But Three

#Chapter 211: Look Like Her - Read Fated To Not Just One, But Three Chapter 211: Look Like Her

Chapter 211: Look Like Her

Olivia's POV

Dalia and Miren walked into my room, carrying a dress on a hanger and a box of shoes in their hands.

"Alpha Gabriel said we should help you get dressed in this," Dalia muttered.

I swallowed hard, staring at the beautifully embroidered dress they held. It was stunning—fit for a queen. Maybe I should've felt excited, but I wasn't. The dream I had a few minutes ago still lingered in my mind. I didn't know who that lady was or why her words were still echoing in my head.

What did she mean when she said I would be punished? Was this some sort of game? And why was she able to speak to me through my dreams too?

At first, when she appeared on the rooftop, I convinced myself it was one of the triplets' tricks. But now... now I wasn't so sure. There was something about her—something I couldn't explain.

"Are you okay?" Dalia asked gently, pulling me from my thoughts.

"Yes," I lied. I was far from fine.

Dalia and Miren exchanged suspicious glances but said nothing more. Instead, Miren stepped forward.

"Can we start dressing you? The party is about to begin."

I nodded and rose to my feet, standing numbly as they helped me into the gown. In that moment, I missed Nora and Lolita deeply. If they were here, I could have confided in them about my worries. But now, I was left alone with my thoughts.

I sat before the dressing table as they applied makeup to my face. Miren and Dalia worked quickly, and soon I was ready. I gazed at my reflection in the mirror but couldn't summon a smile.

Yes, I looked beautiful, like a queen, but I felt hollow inside—the dream remained stuck in my head.

"It's time to escort you to the party," Miren said.

I stood up slowly and looked down at the dress. It felt heavy—not just because of the fabric, but because of how I was feeling inside. I stared at the girl in the mirror. She looked beautiful... like a queen. But she didn't feel like me.

Miren and Dalia led me down the hallway in silence. I could feel their curious glances, but thankfully, they didn't ask questions. The deeper we went into the pack house, the louder the sounds of celebration became—music, laughter, clinking glasses, and the faint rhythm of drums.

But none of it reached me.

When we stepped outside, the courtyard had been transformed. Golden lights were strung from tree to tree, glowing softly like fallen stars. Tables were covered with food and drink. Warriors stood proudly near a raised platform while guests mingled and danced.

Gabriel stood at the center of it all, dressed in a regal black suit with golden accents. He looked... breathtaking. His eyes lit up the moment he saw me. He took a few steps forward and held out his hand.

"Wow," he said, voice low. "You look... incredible."

I forced a smile and took his hand. "Thank you."

He guided me gently to the platform, where everyone could see us. The moment we stepped up, a cheer broke out—warriors howled in respect, and others clapped as Gabriel raised a glass in salute.

"Tonight, we honor ten of our finest warriors," he announced proudly. "And I'm especially honored to share this night with someone special."

There were murmurs around us. Some of awe. Some of suspicion. I could feel their eyes on me, studying me, judging me.

Gabriel turned and looked into my eyes as if I was the only one there.

"Shall we?"

He extended his hand again, and this time, music started to play. A soft, romantic melody.

I hesitated.

The warning from the dream echoed again in my mind. Still, I placed my hand in his.

He led me into the first steps of the dance, slow and romantic. He moved effortlessly, his hand on my waist, guiding me like we had done this a hundred times before.

"You seem distant," he said quietly, his voice only for me.

"I'm just tired," I lied again, even though we both knew I wasn't telling the truth.

His fingers tightened ever so slightly around mine.

"If something is bothering you... you can tell me," he said.

I met his gaze. And for a second, I almost did. I almost told him about the dream. About the strange woman. About the dread twisting my insides.

But I stopped myself.

Because a part of me still wasn't sure if I could trust him completely.

"Thank you," I said instead. "But I'm okay. Really."

He nodded slowly, though I could see he didn't believe me.

As we danced, I glanced around and caught sight of Abigail in the distance—seated in her wheelchair, watching us with a dagger-like glare. Not able to stand her glare, I looked away and focused on Gabriel in front of me.

After the dance, I stood in a corner while Gabriel performed the passing-out ceremony of the warriors, after which the celebration took full swing. Pack members merry and jubilant, and as for me, I felt out of place for many reasons.

This wasn't my pack. And deep down, I could feel I wasn't welcome here—not just because of Abigail. Although some pack members smiled at me, some gave a friendly wave... some even made friendly conversation, but I also noticed some stared at me with hostility in their eyes... especially the elders.

I wanted to believe that maybe, just like Abigail, they didn't want me with their Alpha, But something told me it was more than that.

An elder walked past me, his eyes lingering a bit longer than the others. He didn't smile. Instead, he stared... like he was seeing a ghost.

I gave him a small nod, trying to be polite. But just as he passed by, I heard him murmur under his breath, "She looks just like her."

I blinked and turned toward him. "Excuse me, sir?" I asked gently.

He paused and looked at me again, this time more directly. "You look so much like her," he said.

"Like who?" I asked, feeling a chill run down my spine.

He studied me for a second longer, then replied, "The late Queen's best friend."

I stared at him, confused. "Late Queen?" I echoed. "Do you mean... Alpha Gabriel's mother?"

The elder gave a small nod. "Yes. She passed many years ago."

I froze.

What?

That couldn't be right.

Because I remembered clearly—on my first visit here, Gabriel told me his parents were away... on vacation.

But now this man was saying... she's dead?

My heart started beating faster, confusion clouding my mind. I took a shaky breath and asked carefully, "When... when did she die?"

The elder looked at me, his expression softening. "Gabriel and his sister were just teenagers when it happened," he said quietly. "It was a hard time for the pack."

My lips parted, but no words came out.

Before I could say anything else, the elder gave me a polite nod and slowly walked away, disappearing into the crowd.

I stood there, stunned.

My mind raced with questions I couldn't answer.

I turned my eyes toward the crowd, searching for Gabriel. But he was busy speaking to some warriors and elders, smiling and laughing like nothing was wrong.

I felt so far away from him... like there was a wall between us I couldn't break through.

Suddenly, a sharp wind blew through the courtyard, strong enough to make some of the lights flicker.

I wrapped my arms around myself.

Something wasn't right—even my wolf felt it.

Chapter 212: Something Is Wrong

Olivia's POV

I sat on my bed, unable to stop thinking about everything that had happened.

Why did Alpha Gabriel lie to me? Why say his parents were away when his mother has been dead since he was a teenager?

I frowned at the thought. What about his father? Was he dead too?

"Good night, Lady Olivia," Miren said softly, pulling me out of my thoughts.

I turned to her quickly. Curiosity burned inside me.

"Is Alpha Gabriel's father still alive?" I asked.

Both girls froze. They exchanged a tense glance, and right then, I knew something was wrong.

I stood up, my heart starting to beat faster, and walked closer to them.

"Please," I said, my voice almost shaking, "is there something I should know?"

Miren, who looked around my age, hesitated before finally speaking.

"There's nothing you need to worry about... it's just... we servants aren't allowed to talk about it."

"You aren't allowed to talk about it?" I asked, narrowing my eyes. "About Alpha Gabriel's parents?"

They both lowered their heads, and for a second, I thought they wouldn't say anything more.

But then Dalia whispered under her breath,

"Alpha Gabriel's father... is in this mansion."

My eyes widened. "He's here? Then... why haven't I seen him? Why doesn't he ever come out?"

They both looked uneasy. Miren took a deep breath and finally answered,

"Because he doesn't move. He doesn't talk. He just... lies in his room, like a vegetable."

My lips parted in shock.

"A vegetable...?"

Dalia nodded slowly.

"No one sees him anymore. Just a few trusted people take care of him. He hasn't left that room in years."

Goosebumps ran down my arms. I didn't understand any of this.

Why lie to me about his parents? Why hide the truth?

"Please don't tell him we told you anything," Miren whispered, glancing toward the door as if someone might walk in. "Act like you don't know... please."

"I understand," I said quietly. "I won't say anything, I promise."

They both looked relieved.

"Good night, Lady Olivia," Dalia added softly before they both left the room.

I sat there for a long time, frozen in place. Gabriel had lied to me. Why? Why tell me his parents were away on vacation... when his mother was long dead, and his father was lying helplessly in a room just down the hall?

I lay back on the bed, staring at the ceiling, but there was no peace in me. My thoughts were racing, my chest tight.

"Something doesn't feel right," my wolf whispered.

"I know," I replied silently. Gabriel... he seems perfect. Too perfect. But now I'm starting to wonder... what is he hiding?

Eventually, I drifted off to sleep. But it wasn't deep or restful. I woke up in the middle of the night, my throat dry and aching for water.

I sat up and reached for the fridge, but when I opened it, there was nothing inside—no water. Just empty shelves.

With a sigh, I pulled on my robe and quietly stepped out into the hall. The house was dimly lit and silent. I made my way down to the kitchen, careful not to wake anyone.

But just as I reached the corner, I froze. Voices. I stopped in my tracks and pressed my back to the wall. I recognized Abigail's voice.

"...so Gabriel, when are you going to do it?" she muttered, her tone sharp. "Are you going soft now, having a change of mind?"

My heart skipped a beat. What was she talking about? Then I heard Gabriel respond, his voice low and tense.

"Abigail... I said give me time."

My breath caught. Suddenly, I felt a change in the air—a shift. My scent must have reached him.

"Olivia?" Gabriel's voice called out into the hallway. "Is that you?"

Panic surged through me, and I quickly stepped out from the shadows.

"I—sorry," I said, trying to keep my voice calm. "I was just thirsty... I came to get some water."

Gabriel stared at me for a moment. His face was unreadable. Abigail said nothing, only glared from her seat in the corner of the dimly lit room.

He stepped forward. His eyes softened slightly, but I could still sense the tension in him.

"Let me get you some water."

I nodded, pretending not to notice how Abigail's jaw tightened. As Gabriel walked past me toward the kitchen counter, my heart thudded hard in my chest. Something isn't right. And now... I was sure of it.

I stood there for a moment, watching Gabriel pour the water in silence. My throat was dry, but now my mind wasn't at rest.

"Gabriel?" I said softly.

He turned to me, glass in hand.

"Yes?"

"Can I... can I have a word with you?" I asked, trying to keep my voice steady.

He looked surprised, but then he nodded.

"Sure."

I took the glass from him and led the way back to my room. Neither of us spoke as we walked through the dim hallway. I could still feel Abigail's eyes burning into my back as we left.

Once inside, I closed the door and turned to face him.

"What's going on?" I asked, setting the glass down on the table. "I overheard Abigail asking you why you were going soft. She sounded... upset. Like you were hesitating about something."

Gabriel's eyes narrowed slightly.

"Olivia—"

"Was she talking about me?" I cut in. "Am I the reason she's upset?"

He paused, then shook his head.

"No. It's not about you."

I wasn't convinced.

"Then what is it about?" I asked. "Gabriel, I need to know. You said I could trust you. But now I feel you are hiding something from me."

His jaw tightened. I could see it in his eyes—he was holding something back.

"I said it's not about you," he repeated firmly, his voice a little sharper now.

I stepped closer.

"Then tell me the truth. Why did she sound so angry? What does she think you're going soft on?"

That's when he snapped. His tone turned cold.

"It's a family matter, Olivia. One that doesn't concern you."

I froze. He took a step back, as if trying to calm himself.

"I'd appreciate it if you stayed out of things that don't involve you."

I stared at him, fear and pain flooding my chest. Then, without another word, he turned and walked out, shutting the door behind him.

I stood there in silence. The room suddenly felt colder. My hands trembled slightly as I reached for the glass of water he gave me.

Whatever this is... it's deeper than I thought. And now I'm sure of one thing: I have to leave this place.

Chapter 213: Suspect

Levi's POV

The second-to-last person bowed and was dismissed, declared innocent. The next was called in, and the moment he stepped inside, my brow furrowed. Of course, I recognized him immediately. Nathaniel, our old classmate from high school. But it wasn't just that. I remembered clearly how we dealt with him when he started hanging around Olivia, wanting to get close to her for reasons we didn't trust.

I exchanged glances with my brothers. From their expressions, they recognized him too. It had been a long time since we last saw him, despite him still living in the pack.k.

Nathaniel respectfully bowed to us before the person operating the lie detector asked him to take the seat. He took the seat across from us and held my gaze. My frown deepened as I wondered if he was the one who actually forged those letters... did he do that to get back at us for what we did to him?

"It is confirmed that you can mimic handwriting," Lennox said, going straight to the point.

"Yes," Nathaniel answered without hesitation.

Louis growled. "So tell us, were you the one who forged those letters and sent them to us?"

Nathaniel narrowed his eyes. "What letters are you talking about?" he asked, sounding confused, but I didn't believe him. Out of all the people we had questioned, he was the one with the strongest motive to turn us against Olivia.

Lennox pulled one of the forged letters from the table and held it out. "Look closely. Did you write this? Or help someone write this?"

Nathaniel leaned forward slightly, his gaze flicking to the letter Lennox held out. His brow creased as he studied it, but there was no recognition in his eyes.

"I didn't write that," he said simply. "I didn't help anyone write it either."

I narrowed my eyes at him. "But you can mimic handwriting. You just said so yourself."

"Yes," he admitted with a calm voice. "I'm an artist. I've trained myself to copy strokes, lines, styles—but that's for art, not forgery. Not lies. I'd never use my skill to tear someone down."

Louis scoffed. "You expect us to believe that? After everything?"

Nathaniel blinked, confused. "After everything?"

I leaned forward, my jaw tight. "You liked Olivia. You wanted to get close to her. We warned you to stay away, and suddenly, someone sends us forged letters to destroy our bond with her. You're telling me that's a coincidence?"

His lips parted, like he wanted to defend himself, but for a moment, he said nothing. That silence made my stomach twist.

"I'm not that kind of person," he said finally, his tone firmer now. "Yeah, I wanted to be her friend. I liked her. But I accepted it when she chose you three. I moved on. I didn't do this."

"Then who did?" Lennox snapped. "Because someone out there wanted us to hate her. Someone used your kind of skill."

Nathaniel shook his head slowly. "I don't know. But I swear, it wasn't me. I would never hurt Olivia, or anyone like that. I'm not holding a grudge, Alpha Levi. Not against you, and definitely not against her."

I looked at my brothers again. Louis's fists were clenched. Lennox's jaw ticked in frustration.

He sounded sincere—but that's what made it worse.

He sounded too convincing.

Too clean.

Too practiced.

"I don't believe you," I muttered, standing up.

Nathaniel stood too, but didn't raise his voice. "Believe whatever you want. I told the truth."

"Maybe this is your way of getting back at us," Louis growled. "You couldn't have her, so you made sure we lost her too."

His face tensed. "No," he said through gritted teeth. "I wouldn't destroy someone's life over jealousy. I don't know who forged those letters, but it wasn't me."

Lennox stepped forward slightly, his eyes cold. "We'll find out. And if you're lying—"

"I'm not," Nathaniel cut in. "I may not be your friend, but I'm not your enemy either."

I watched him closely, but no guilt flickered in his eyes. Still, my gut refused to let it go.

Nathaniel's jaw tensed slightly as he looked at the letter again.

"When was this sent?" he asked.

"Four years ago," Lennox replied without hesitation.

Nathaniel's brows rose. "Four years..." he repeated, thinking. Then he looked at us again. "Why isn't Silas here?"

I blinked. "Silas?"

"Yes," he said, more firmly now. "Did you question him?"

Louis frowned, confused. "We don't remember anyone named Silas."

Nathaniel scoffed under his breath and leaned back. "Wow. Of course, you wouldn't. You men dealt with him the moment he got too close to Olivia."

I frowned, and something familiar tugged at the back of my mind. Silas... that name.

Lennox tilted his head, his expression darkening. "Wait. That brown-haired boy who always had a sketchpad?"

"Yes," Nathaniel said immediately. "The one you hunted down just because Olivia talked to him after classes. He was head over heels for her, and you three threatened him never to go near her."

"I remember now," Louis muttered. "Stubborn brat."

Nathaniel gave a dry chuckle. "He could mimic handwriting better than anyone I've ever met. Even better than me."

My blood ran cold.

Lennox turned to Dustin, who had been standing near the wall like a silent guard dog. "Why wasn't Silas called in for questioning?"

Dustin frowned and opened his mouth, but before he could speak, Nathaniel answered flatly.

"Because Silas left the pack three years ago."

We all turned to him sharply.

"What?" I asked, stunned.

Nathaniel nodded. "He got a job offer abroad. A really good one."

Louis's face tightened. "Why the hell are we just hearing this now?"

"I assumed you knew," Nathaniel said with a shrug. "But clearly, you didn't even remember he existed."

Lennox clenched his fists. "You're saying he might've forged the letters?"

Nathaniel met his gaze. "I'm saying... if anyone had the skill and the motive, it would've been Silas."

The room fell silent.

I could feel the shift between us. The pieces suddenly felt like they were starting to fall into place—but in the worst way.

I turned Dustin. "Find out everything you can about Silas. Wherever he is—drag him back here."

Clinton nodded and left.

I turned back to Nathaniel and gave him a threatening glare. "For your sake and that of your family, I hope you are telling the truth. That you have no hands in this—because if we find out you did... not only will we kill you, but your entire family head will roll."

Nathaniel met my gaze with no sign of panic in him. "I can assure you, Alphas, I have no hand in this. What I had for Olivia was just infatuation. I have a mate now, whom I love."

I glared at him before giving him a dismissing nod. He bowed before leaving.

After he left, I turned to a guard stationed in a corner. "Go tell the men at the border that no one is allowed to leave this pack without our permission."

The guard nodded before leaving.

No one spoke for a long second.

Then Lennox broke the silence.

"I believe it was him."

Louis and I turned to look at him.

"Silas?" I asked.

Lennox nodded, his arms crossed tightly over his chest. "My gut tells me he did it. The timing fits. The skill. The motive. Everything points to him."

I let out a slow breath, my thoughts racing. He had a point.

"But..." Lennox continued, narrowing his eyes at the letter still lying on the table, "I don't think he did it alone."

Louis turned sharply. "What do you mean?"

Lennox looked between us. "Silas may have written the letters, but someone fed him what to say. Someone who knew just what would get under our skin. The words in those letters—they were too targeted. Too perfect. And that person must have been the one to invoke the spell on those letters... so in other words, someone got Silas to do the job."

I sat back in my chair, his words settling deep in my chest. He was right.

Just then, a knock came on the door and through the scent, I knew it was Mother. A frown etched on my face as I wondered what she wanted.

As if sensing we wouldn't call her in, she opened the door herself.

She closed the door behind her but didn't step forward. Rather, she gave us a pleading look.

I glanced at her with a furrowed brow, wondering what she was up to this time.

Lennox was the first to snap.

"What do you want, Mother?" he barked, his voice hard.

She flinched but didn't back down. "I know you told me not to meddle in your affairs. And I've tried. I have."

"Then don't," I said coldly, standing halfway. "We are not in a good mood, Mother... don't annoy us."

"I'm not here for me," she said quickly, her voice trembling. "I'm here because I have to say this."

Louis groaned and turned away, muttering something under his breath, but I kept my gaze locked on her.

"You have two minutes," I said sharply.

She took a slow breath. "The healer just finished checking Anita."

That name instantly soured my mood. My lips curled slightly in disgust.

"And?" I said without interest.

"The babies... the babies are not fine," our mother said, her voice dropping.

My frown deepened. I already knew where this was going.

"Go on?" Lennox said.

She hesitated, then looked at each of us before finally speaking.

"The babies' heartbeats," she whispered. "They're weakening."

I straightened fully now, alarm flaring in my chest.

"The healer's spell protecting them... it's fading," she continued. "The twins won't survive past the next two days unless one of you marks Anita at least."

Lennox's face darkened immediately. "You want us to mark her? Are you insane?"

"She's carrying your pups!" she snapped, losing her temper for the first time.

"No," I growled. "She's carrying a weapon—a tool she used to tie us down."

"She's carrying your children," our mother repeated, her voice shaking. "Innocent lives. You don't have to love her. But mark her—for their sake. If not, they'll die."

"Then let them die!" I spat in rage. "If we could lose the only woman we ever loved... if we could lose Olivia, then we are prepared to lose anything and anyone."

Chapter 214: Can't Leave

Olivia's POV

I sat anxiously on my bed, my mind racing with thoughts of how to tell Gabriel that I would be leaving tomorrow. Ever since my encounter with him last night, I hadn't been able to sleep. I felt like I was suffocating... like if I dared to close my eyes, someone would attack me. That was how terrified and panicked I had become. I couldn't explain it, but these dark, dreadful thoughts wouldn't leave my mind.

"Pack your things and leave... you don't have to inform him first," my wolf urged.

Agreeing with her, I stood to my feet, ready to pack my few belongings. But then a knock came at my door, and my heart leapt into my throat. I caught the scent instantly and knew it was Gabriel. Strange... when had I started panicking at his presence?

He knocked again, and I swallowed hard, forcing my mouth to open.

"Come in," I whispered, my voice trembling. "The door's open."

The door pushed open and Gabriel stepped in, holding a massive bouquet of red roses in one hand and two elegantly wrapped gift boxes in the other. He looked calm, like nothing really happened last night.

"I came to apologize," he said gently, closing the door behind him. "For the way I spoke to you yesterday... I was angry. But I had no right to take it out on you."

I stared at him, my lips pressed tightly together. I was supposed to feel something... gratitude, forgiveness... but I felt nothing. Just a cold, suffocating feeling that wouldn't lift.

He moved a little closer, holding out the roses. "These are for you."

I didn't reach for them. I didn't even move.

"I need to leave," I said quietly.

His hand froze mid-air. "What?"

"My mother wants me back in her pack," I lied, forcing the words out without letting my gaze meet his. "She said she needs me there."

A heavy frown carved itself deep into his face.

"You're lying."

My eyes held his, and my breath caught at the sight of the anger in his eyes.

"I can feel it," he said, his voice low but filled with annoyance. I didn't answer. I didn't need to. The silence was loud enough.

Gabriel stepped back, the flowers still in his hand, now wilting from the way his grip tightened.

"I won't let you leave," he said finally, his voice colder now. "Not like this. Not while you're angry with me. Not when I know you have nowhere else to go. You really think I'd let you run off and endanger your life?"

He walked over to the small table by the window and placed the gifts and bouquet down carefully.

"I'll give you time," he said without looking at me. "But you're not going anywhere, Olivia."

Then without another word, he turned and walked out, closing the door behind. With a pounding heart, I stared at the door, already feeling like a prisoner.

My wolf growled angrily inside me.

"Olivia, we have to leave now... tell him you can take care of yourself."

Nodding my head, I quickly packed my few belongings. My heart was racing, my panic was increasing... I felt that strange feeling that something wasn't right.

I grabbed my bags and hurried down the stairs to the living room—only to freeze as I spotted Gabriel giving quiet orders to a group of men. His brows knitted when he noticed me with my bags, but before either of us could speak, I heard a soft chuckle to my right.

I turned and saw Abigail wheeling herself toward us.

"And where do you think you are going?" she asked, sounding angry. My brow furrowed. Why was she sounding this way? I thought she was supposed to be happy I was finally leaving.

"I'm leaving. I thought that's what you wanted..." I began, but she cut me off.

"How stupid of you to think that is what I want," she spat, her voice trembling with anger.

My brow furrowed as I tried to understand her sudden anger, but deep down, a ripple of fear twisted through my stomach. Still, I forced myself to stand tall. I wouldn't show it. I wouldn't let them see me afraid.

Gabriel stepped between us, his eyes filled with annoyance. "That's enough, Abigail!" he barked. "I told you I will handle this my way."

But she scoffed bitterly and rolled forward a few inches more, glaring up at him. "Your way? I'm tired of waiting for your way, Gabriel!" she hissed. "Look at you! You've already fallen in love with her. You're weak now. A man in love is a fool."

My heart jumped. What?

Gabriel frowned, his jaw tightening. "Stop it!"

"That is the truth," she cut in, her eyes now wild. "She's got you wrapped around her little finger, and you're too blind to see it. But I see it, and I won't let this weakness destroy everything we've worked for!"

My breath caught in my throat. Everything they've worked for? What was going on?

I opened my mouth, confused and trembling with fear. "What are you talking about—?"

"GUARDS, GRAB HER!" Abigail suddenly shouted.

Panic shot through me.

I stumbled back, but it was too late. Four guards surged forward at once. I turned to run, my instincts screaming to shift, but before I could even begin the transformation, something cold and metallic locked tightly around my neck with a sudden click.

Pain seared down my spine.

A magic collar.

My knees buckled.

My wolf let out a guttural, furious growl inside me, but then, silence. Numbness. She was gone. Muted. Disconnected. The magic worked instantly, suppressing my wolf and paralyzing the bond between us.

"No—no, no, no—" I gasped, reaching up to claw at the collar, but the enchanted metal burned against my skin.

"Stop it!" Gabriel shouted furiously, stepping toward me, but Abigail raised a trembling hand.

"This is what we should've done the moment she stepped into this house," Abigail hissed.

I looked at him with wide, terrified eyes, unable to speak. Betrayed. Confused. My body trembling as the guards pinned me in place like I was some wild creature.

"Gabriel..." I choked.

He stood frozen. Our eyes locked, and then slowly, painfully, he turned away from me.

Chapter 215: Why?

Olivia's POV

"Where are you taking me!" I yelled in panic, but the guards yanking me forward didn't respond. Neither did Abigail, who wheeled herself behind us.

They dragged me through a part of the house I had never seen before. The walls grew darker, colder... and the air heavier. My heart pounded as the hallway narrowed, then opened into a dim, stone-walled chamber.

The dungeon.

"No—wait... what is going on here!" I screamed at the top of my lungs, thrashing harder in their grip. But it was useless. With my wolf subdued, I was nothing more than a powerless human being dragged by two massive wolves.

One of the guards swung open a thick iron gate.

"No! Stop—please!" I cried out, but they shoved me inside like I was filth.

I stumbled and hit the ground, scrambling to my feet to chase after them, but the gate shut just before I reached it.

They began locking it.

Click. Click. Clang.

"No! Let me out!" I screamed, gripping the cold bars until my fingers ached.

Abigail wheeled closer until she sat directly in front of the gate. Her face was twisted with something between triumph and hatred.

"What is the meaning of this?! Why are you locking me in here?" I cried desperately. "If you don't want me near your brother, then just release me—I'll leave, I swear—please!"

She tilted her head with a cruel smirk. "You're a fool, Olivia. A big, blind fool."

My heart dropped.

"You should have stayed in the Full Moon Pack where you belonged," she snapped, her voice rising with anger. "But no... you were too stubborn. Too confident in your decision. And now—you'll pay for it with your life."

My blood ran cold.

"What are you talking about?" I whispered, my voice trembling.

Abigail's eyes glinted with hate. "This was never just about you and Gabriel. This was our plan—my plan and his—for years. To pull you out of your pack. To sever your bond with those triplets. And you made it so easy."

Tears welled in my eyes. "No..."

"Oh yes," she hissed. "You rejected them, didn't you? All on your own. We didn't even need to try. You handed yourself over. You came to us willingly, like a lamb to the slaughter."

I gripped the bars tighter, feeling the weight of her words crush into my chest.

"You fool," she repeated with a mocking laugh. "Now they can't feel your pain. They won't know you're suffering. You cut the bond—and gave us exactly what we needed."

My throat tightened. My chest burned.

"Gabriel..." I whispered. "He lied to me?"

Abigail sneered. "He played you like a violin."

My legs gave out, and I collapsed to my knees. Everything felt like it was spinning.

"My brother never loved you or wanted you... the plan was to make you fall in love with him so he could convince you to leave the triplets and come to him," she said, then let out a triumphant, mocking laugh. "But you—you fool—you didn't even make it hard. He didn't need to beg. You rejected them all on your own."

Tears blurred my vision as I stared at Abigail sitting before the cell door, her smile as wicked as ever. My chest ached with confusion and pain. What was this really all for? What did I ever do to deserve this?

I slowly pushed myself off the cold stone floor, my body trembling. Stepping up to the iron bars, I gripped them tightly and looked her dead in the eyes.

"What is all this?" I asked, my voice raw. "All this plan... for what?"

Abigail tilted her head and gave me a look of pity. "Simple," she said. "We're going to kill you."

My heart stopped.

"What?" I whispered.

"Why?" I choked out, my voice cracking. "What have I done?"

She shrugged casually. "Nothing. You did absolutely nothing. But you're still going to pay."

"For what?" I cried. "Tell me—what sin did I commit to deserve this?"

Abigail's smile disappeared, replaced by a hard, cold expression, filled with hate. "It's not your sin, Olivia. You're just the one chosen to carry the punishment. It's not about what you did—it's about who you are and whose blood runs through your veins."

Before I could ask anything else, she spun her wheelchair around and began wheeling herself away.

"Wait—what are you talking about?!" I shouted, slamming my hands against the bars. "Abigail! Tell me what you mean!"

She didn't stop.

"I deserve to know... tell me!" I yelled.

She ignored me and continued wheeling herself. But just before she reached the end of the corridor, she turned her head slightly and responded, her voice echoing through the walls of the dungeon:

"If I were you, I'd start preparing myself for death. Beg the Moon Goddess for forgiveness... and ask her to accept your soul."

Then she left with the guards.

My knees weakened, and I collapsed to the ground... I wanted to cry, but I realized I was even too shocked for that.

I thought of what she said... what does she mean by saying:

"You're going to die."

"You did absolutely nothing. But you'll still pay."

"It's not your sin—it's your blood."

I didn't understand.

I didn't understand any of it.

My mind spun faster with questions, and my chest tightened with panic. I needed help. I needed them.

The triplets...

If they could just hear me, they would come. I knew they would. They always protected me, even when they were angry, even when things fell apart, I knew they wouldn't let me die like this.

I closed my eyes and reached for the bond.

Louis... Levi... Lennox...

I tried again.

Harder.

Please... please hear me...

But nothing came.

There was only silence. Emptiness.

I couldn't feel them.

I couldn't reach them.

A lump formed in my throat as I touched the collar around my neck. The cursed thing numbed everything—my wolf, my strength, and even my pack bond with them.

"No... no, no," I whispered, shaking my head desperately. "I have to find another way. I have to—"

Then it hit me.

The bracelet.

The one they gave me before I left. It was supposed to be a connection, a small link in case something happened. Maybe... just maybe it could help.

I scrambled to my feet and rushed to check my wrist.

But my heart dropped.

It wasn't there.

My wrist was empty.

"No..." I breathed.

That's when the memory came rushing back.

I had taken it off.

That day I arrived here. The day I told myself I wanted nothing to do with them anymore.

I left it on the bed.

"I'm so stupid," I whispered, slamming my fist against the wall. "Why did I take it off."

Tears filled my eyes now, blurring my vision.

I was trapped now.

Alone.

No wolf. No strength. No connection.

Just fear... and a ticking clock counting down to my death.

Chapter 216: Nightmare

Lennox's POV

"No!" I yelled, jerking up from my sleep. My chest rose and fell in rapid bursts as I fumbled for the light on the nightstand and switched it on. Sweat clung to my forehead, my hands trembling.

My heart wouldn't stop pounding. The images from the dream wouldn't leave my head.

Olivia beheaded. Her blood everywhere. Her lifeless, headless body lying in a pool of her own blood. It felt so real, too real. Even now, I could still feel the cold shiver crawling down my spine.

I shut my eyes tightly and tried to mind-link. I reached for her in the only way I thought I still could.

"Olivia..."

But nothing came.

It was blank. Empty. Silent.

As if... she had blocked me.

I clenched my jaw. Maybe she didn't want us to reach her anymore.

Still shaking, I picked up my phone and dialed her number. It rang once.

Twice.

Three times.

Then it ended.

Not even voicemail.

Instead, a message popped up on my screen.

"What do you want at this time of the night?"

I stared at it.

My chest tightened.

I quickly typed back:

"Please pick up my call. Just for a second."

Her reply came in seconds:

"No. I don't want anything to do with you or your brothers."

I swallowed hard, my throat dry. My fingers moved quickly as I typed:

"Olivia, please... just be careful. I had a dream about you. Something was wrong—really wrong."

But instead of concern, her response hit me like a slap:

"If this is one of your tricks to make me scared, it's not going to work. I'm fine. I'm happy here with Gabriel, and maybe I'll start a new life with him. So leave me alone. I'm blocking your number."

And just like that... she did.

The screen went silent. My messages stopped delivering.

Blocked.

I stared at the last message, my chest aching like someone was tightening a rope around it. I wanted to throw the phone. Scream. Go find her.

But I had to respect her decision.

But something... something in her messages didn't feel right.

Sure, she was angry.

Sure, she hated us right now.

But Olivia—my Olivia—even when she was upset, her words always had warmth... or at least pain.

These texts?

They felt cold. Robotic.

I'd known her since she was seven. We'd been through so much together—fought, laughed, cried. I could tell when her words were really hers.

And these?

They didn't feel like her.

Still... I shook my head.

Maybe I'm overthinking. Maybe she really does want to move on...

I forced myself to lie back down, but my chest kept tightening with every second that passed.

Something wasn't right.

And deep down, I knew—

That dream wasn't just a nightmare.

It was a warning.

Suddenly, a loud knock hit my door.

Before I could ask who it was, I caught the scent.

It was Louis.

I sprang up instantly and yanked the door open.

Louis stood there, breathless, his eyes wide with fear. And just behind him, Levi appeared, looking just as worried as Louis.

"I had a dream," Louis said, his voice raw and shaky.

"Me too," Levi added, his face pale.

I didn't need to ask what kind of dream. I already knew.

Without a word, I turned and walked back into my room, leaving the door open. They followed close behind and shut the door.

Louis sat on the edge of my bed, while Levi paced slowly near the wall, running a hand through his hair.

"She was on the ground..." Louis began, voice low and filled with fear. "There was blood—so much of it. I saw her head... just lying there, separate from her body. It was like she was—"

"Dead," Levi finished for him, his voice barely above a whisper. "I saw it too. Exactly the same thing. Olivia... lifeless."

I swallowed hard and looked down at the floor.

"I had the same dream," I said quietly.

They both froze and stared at me.

"She was beheaded," I continued. "Lying in her own blood. I woke up in a panic. I tried mind-linking her—but it didn't work."

Levi frowned. "She blocked you?"

I nodded.

"I called instead. She didn't pick up. Just sent a message telling me to leave her alone."

Louis sat up straighter. "What did she say?"

"She said she's happy with Gabriel. That she's planning to start a new life with him," I said bitterly. "Then she blocked my number."

Both of them looked stunned.

Levi shook his head. "She is moving on so quickly? That is unlike her."

Louis nodded slowly. "Even when she was angry at us, she still loved us... you could always feel it in her voice, her words. But this..."

"It felt off," I agreed. "Cold. Distant. Like someone else typed those messages."

For a long moment, none of us said a word. The room was heavy with silence.

Then Levi spoke. "What if it wasn't just a dream?"

"What if it's a warning?" Louis added, his voice tight.

"I think it is," I said firmly. "And we can't just sit here and ignore it."

"So what do we do?" Levi asked.

I took a deep breath. "Tomorrow morning, we visit the Seer."

Both of them nodded immediately.

I walked to the bar, grabbed a bottle of whisky, and poured myself a glass. My hands were still trembling. I downed the drink in one go, the burn doing nothing to ease the knot in my chest.

"We never knew Gabriel had any real interest in Olivia," Louis muttered, breaking the heavy silence. He ran a hand down his face, his eyes dark and full of suspicion. "Not until the day she followed him to his pack. That was the first time he ever showed anything more than polite distance."

Levi sighed from where he stood by the wall. "I've never heard a bad report about Gabriel. Not from anyone. He's always been known to keep to himself... respected... cautious." He shook his head. "But that doesn't mean we should trust him. Just because he's quiet doesn't mean he's clean. Especially now—when someone clearly wants Olivia dead."

I gritted my teeth, setting the empty glass down with a loud thud. My jaw clenched so tightly it ached.

"It's too convenient," Louis continued, rubbing the back of his neck. "Olivia runs to him after everything that happened here. And now all three of us dream of her dead in the exact same way? Beheaded? What the hell are the odds of that?"

Levi nodded slowly. "Maybe Gabriel's not the threat. But maybe someone close to him is."

"Should we contact him?" Louis asked hesitantly. "Reach out, warn him? Maybe make him keep Olivia close... watch her better until we figure out who's after her?"

Levi crossed his arms, thinking. "It's risky... but it could throw whoever's after her off balance if Gabriel's on alert. It might keep her safer... assuming he's not part of this."

"Don't," I said sharply, cutting them both off. My voice came out hard and final. They both turned to look at me.

"We're not reaching out to him. Not yet," I continued, my gaze burning into theirs. "I don't trust him. I don't trust anyone outside this room when it comes to Olivia. For all we know, he could be the danger himself—or working with whoever wants her gone. If we tip him off, it could make things worse."

Levi frowned. "But Lennox—"

"No," I said firmly, my hand curling into a fist against the bar. "First, we visit the Seer. At dawn. She'll know what this dream means... if it really is a warning or just our fears playing tricks on us."

Louis nodded reluctantly. "Alright. Seer first."

Levi sighed, running a hand through his hair again. "But if the Seer confirms it's a real danger... then what? We can't reach Olivia directly. She's blocked us all. If Gabriel's the only way to get to her—"

"Then we'll find another way," I snapped. "But I'm not risking a warning to him until we know exactly who or what we're dealing with."

The room fell silent again, tension thick in the air.

But deep in my gut... I knew we were running out of time.

Chapter 217: A Vow

Olivia's POV

I didn't bother crying—what good would it do? Tears wouldn't save me now. So I just sat there, in the dimly lit dungeon, hoping for a miracle. Because honestly... that was all I had left. With no wolf and no abilities, I was helpless.

The choker wrapped around my neck felt so magical... like a very dark magic was specially used to make it. I could feel its dark energy creeping into my soul. It felt like it was slowly draining the life out of me, little by little.

Suddenly, I heard the echo of footsteps, and I panicked... who was coming this time? Was this my death?

I sat frozen, staring at the shadowed corridor ahead, waiting for whoever it was to appear. A familiar figure appeared, and from the shadow, I could tell it was a lady, but I couldn't see her face unless she came closer. And when she did, I realized it was Dalia.

I forced my trembling body off the cold stone floor and dragged myself to the bars. Dalia stood there, her face drawn with pity, a tray of food in her hands. She hesitated before setting it gently on the ledge.

"They asked me to bring you this," she said softly.

I didn't touch the food. I just looked at her. "You knew, didn't you?" I asked, my voice trembling. "You knew I was going to be killed?"

Her eyes widened. "No!" she whispered quickly. "I didn't know anything, I swear. I'm just a servant, Olivia... I don't know what's going on in the Alpha's mind."

"So... you're surprised I'm locked in here?" I pushed.

She nodded, her face tightening. "Yes. I mean, Alpha Gabriel seemed to like you. We all thought..." Her voice trailed off. "I never imagined something like this."

I stepped closer, gripping the bars between us. "Then help me," I whispered, desperation choking my words. "Please, Dalia. I need your help."

She hesitated, panic flashing in her eyes. "If it's to help you escape... or tell the triplet Alphas about you—I can't. Olivia, I'd be beheaded. And not just me—my family, too. You don't understand the kind of people you're dealing with. They don't forgive betrayal."

"No, no, not that," I said quickly, shaking my head. "Not escape... not yet."

She looked confused, but I kept going. "There's a bracelet. A gift from my mother." I lied... there was no way I would tell her the truth. At this point in my life, I trusted no one. "That bracelet is really dear to me... if I am to die, I want to die with it on my wrist..." I

choked on my words and continued. "I left it on the bed the day I arrived... it might've fallen. Please, Dalia... if you can just look for it. Bring it to me. That's all I ask. Please."

Dalia stared at me for a long moment, torn and confused. Then slowly... she nodded.

"I'll try," she whispered. "But if anyone asks, it wasn't me."

And with that, she turned and walked away.

I collapsed back to the ground and stared at the meal... I didn't have an appetite because food was the least of my worries.

Drawing in a shaky breath, I murmured a quiet prayer, hoping Dalia would find the bracelet and bring it back. I knew that once the bracelet was clasped around my wrist, the triplets would sense the signal—they would know I was in danger—and come for me.

For several minutes I waited, hoping Dalia would show up, but she didn't... my panic set in... had she not found it yet or did she get scared and decided not to help? I lifted my head up as I stared at the tiny window, through it, I could tell it was night already, and I wondered what the morning had for me.

Suddenly, I heard the echo of footsteps and I scrambled to my feet. My heart racing... that should be Dalia, she must have found it. The footsteps were getting closer.

Please let it be Dalia. Please let her have the bracelet.

But as the figure stepped out of the shadows and into the torchlight...

My heart sank.

It wasn't Dalia.

It was Alpha Gabriel.

He stopped just a few feet from the cell, arms folded behind his back, his expression unreadable. The torchlight danced across his sharp features, casting shadows that made him look more like a phantom than a man. I took an involuntary step back and frowned at him.

For a moment none of us said a word as we just stared at each other... I wanted to ask him why? Why did he turn out this way? I thought he liked me... I thought he had feelings for me... I thought... well, I was wrong. He never did. It was all a lie. But it was hard—so hard—to believe that the perfect Alpha Gabriel could be this cruel.

I noticed his eyes moved away from me and got settled on the plate of food on the floor.

"You should eat," he casually spoke, his eyes still settled on the food like he was avoiding my gaze. "You will need all the strength for tomorrow... because by tomorrow you will be..." He paused, then slowly lifted his eyes to meet mine. "Beheaded."

My eyes widened, but I swallowed hard and composed myself... I won't let him see me weak.

So rather than crying or pleading for mercy, I took a step forward to him until the cell bar separated us.

Our eyes interlocked, and I saw it... that look in his eyes... it wasn't the cold, empty stare of a heartless killer. He didn't look like those cruel villains in one of those stories... no, he didn't look at me the way Abigail did... in Gabriel's eyes, I could see pain... regret and worry, which made me wonder—was he really having second thoughts about doing this? Was he forced to do this?

For a moment, I was confused. But then... I knew.

He didn't want this.

He didn't want to do this.

So I decided to feed on that weakness. Push it. Press it. If there was even a crack in his armor, I would break it wide open.

"You know," I said, my voice low but sharp, "I thought you loved me."

His jaw tightened slightly.

"I thought I meant something to you," I pushed on. "All those nights talking. The way you said you liked me."

I pushed further, feeding off his weakness—his hesitation. "You made me believe you cared... you made me feel safe around you. You said I mattered. Was that all a lie, Gabriel? Were you lying when you touched me? When you looked at me like I was the only thing that mattered?" My voice trembled, not from fear this time—but from the pain of betrayal... Gabriel was like my knight in shining armor...

His lips pressed into a thin line. His jaw tightened.

"Tell me you lied," I dared him softly. "Look me in the eye and tell me every word you ever said to me was a lie. That you never wanted me. Never... felt anything."

His silence was suffocating.

I felt my heart pound as I stepped even closer. "You can't, can you? Because you meant it, Gabriel. You felt it. And you still do."

"Stop." His voice was rough, low... but trembling.

But I didn't stop.

"Admit it, Gabriel," I whispered fiercely. "You're not evil. You don't want me dead. You said you liked me... you said I was special. Or was that just another one of your tricks to make me lower my guard?" My voice cracked. "I thought you were different. I trusted you."

His hands curled into fists behind his back.

"I never lied to you," he snapped. My heart stopped.

"Everything I told you... everything I did... was real. I meant it. Every word. I—" he shut his eyes tightly for a moment, breathing hard, "—I do care about you, Olivia. More than you can understand."

"Then why?" I choked out, tears blurring my vision, no matter how hard I tried to hold them back. "Why are you killing me, Gabriel? If you meant all of it—why are you doing this?"

His gaze finally met mine, filled with pain. "Because I have no choice." His voice was thick, pained. "Because I made a promise. A vow on my mother's grave... a promise I cannot break."

Chapter 218: My Death

Olivia's POV

I blinked, confused. "What?"

He stepped closer now, the shadows of the cell falling across his face. His voice dropped low, rough with emotion.

"On her grave," he said. "I promised her I would avenge what was done to her... and that vengeance starts with you."

My heart twisted. "Me? What did I do?" I snapped, my voice sharp with disbelief.

Gabriel shook his head slowly. "You did nothing, Olivia. The only crime you committed was being born the daughter of that woman." he spat.

The hate in his eyes made me shudder.

My frown deepened as I tried to put his words together.

I held his gaze. "My mother? Did she do something terrible?" I asked, confused. When and how did my quiet Mother hurt Gabriel and his family?

Gabriel nodded. "She destroyed my family," he said with spite, "and you are destined to pay for it."

My brow furrowed deeper. My mind scrambled, confused, desperate to make sense of his words. I shook my head... "There has to be some mistake...Are you sure you are not making a mistake, Gabriel? I might not be the one you think I am... my mother is Benita, she is just a nurse..."

"I know who your mother is, Olivia!" he snapped, cutting me off. "I'm not confused. I did my research. I spent years digging through files, tracing bloodlines, hunting for proof. And I found you."

I shook my head in disbelief. "Gabriel, no—this is wrong. You're making a mistake. This has to be someone else. Please—"

"It is not!" he growled, his voice thundering through the dungeon. He suddenly took a sharp breath and turned away from me, running a hand down his face, as if the very act of looking at me made everything harder.

"Prepare yourself. You will be beheaded tomorrow," he said and turned to leave, but I yelled, stopping him.

"At least tell me how," I begged. "What did she do to you? To your family? I deserve to know that much before I die!"

Gabriel didn't turn around. He stood there in silence for a moment... then spoke without looking at me.

"Tomorrow," he said. "Before your execution. I'll answer all your questions then."

And with that, he walked away.

As soon as the silence settled again, I collapsed to the ground. My legs couldn't hold me anymore. Tears blurred my vision as I closed my eyes, my fingers clutching the cold stone beneath me.

I reached... desperately, blindly... for the bond.

For them.

Louis... Levi... Lennox...

I tried again, harder this time, pushing past the numbness in my body.

Please. Please hear me...

I clenched my fists, pressed them against my chest, and begged them in my heart.

You promised you'd always protect me... remember? You said no matter how mad we were, you'd still come for me if I was ever in danger.

Have you forgotten? Have you stopped caring?

I'm still yours.

The collar around my neck pulsed again, like it was laughing at me. It was cutting off every last link I had to them.

But I didn't stop.

I couldn't stop.

Please... just get the signal. Any signal. Something. Anything. Just feel me. Come for me.

I curled up against the wall, still whispering the words in my head over and over like a prayer. I stared at the ceiling until my eyes grew too heavy.

I didn't mean to fall asleep.

But at some point, the darkness took me.

And the last thing I whispered before sleep swallowed me whole was—

"Please... find me."

Suddenly, I found myself standing in a cold room. Not the dungeon. No... this was different. There were no chains, no stone walls. The room was spacious, but eerily quiet, and the air was heavy with tension. Everything was pale... washed in gray, like I was trapped inside a dream that didn't know it was a nightmare yet.

A small crowd stood before me. Their faces were blurred. But not all of them.

Because right in front, seated proudly in her wheelchair like a queen on a twisted throne, was Abigail.

Her eyes sparkled with cruel satisfaction, lips curled in a victorious smile.

She looked... happy.

My stomach twisted.

And then I saw him.

Alpha Gabriel.

He sat on a large chair, his throne.

His eyes didn't even meet mine as he stood up slowly.

"All preparations are in place," a faceless guard beside him announced.

"Then let it be done," Gabriel said without hesitation, his voice calm, hollow.

I tried to move.

Tried to scream.

But I couldn't.

I looked down and realized my hands were bound. My knees hit the floor, and I couldn't rise. My heart pounded in my chest like it knew the end was near.

"No..." I whispered. "Please..."

But no one listened.

The crowd didn't flinch.

Abigail only grinned wider.

A man stepped forward—the executioner. Tall, dressed in black, with a heavy axe gripped in both hands.

He walked behind me.

Panic gripped my throat. I struggled, but my body refused to move.

This isn't real, I told myself. This is just a dream—

But it felt real. Too real.

The floor under me was cold.

The breath on my neck was real.

And the axe?

It rose.

Gabriel's voice echoed. "Execute her."

The blade came down.

I felt it.

My head left my shoulders, rolling to the floor as my body crumpled beside it.

I woke up with a loud gasp, my body shaking all over. I was sweating and breathing fast, like I'd just run for miles.

My hands flew to my neck, terrified I'd feel blood, that maybe the dream was real.

But I was still alive.

It was Just a dream... but it had felt so real.

I blinked rapidly, trying to calm my heart, and that's when I realized...

I wasn't alone.

Someone was in the cell.

I froze.

Slowly, I looked up.

And there, leaning against the far wall of the cell like he owned the place, was a face I clearly recognized and never expected to see again.

"Long time no see, Olivia." he smirked, revealing his devilish smile.

My mouth went dry.

Chapter 219: The Deal

Olivia's POV

"Alpha Damien!" I blurted out, completely shocked to see him standing there.

His familiar smirk slowly stretched wider across his face, full of mischief and confidence.

"Did you miss me?" he asked, his voice laced with teasing amusement.

My eyes widened, but I forced myself off the floor and moved closer to him. Confusion swirled in my mind. What was he doing in my cell? How did he even get in here? I glanced toward the cell gate and realized it was wide open. My heart skipped a beat.

Turning quickly back to Alpha Damien, who was still casually leaning against the wall, I furrowed my brow as a hundred questions flooded my head.

"How did you get in here?" I asked, baffled.

He scoffed, shaking his head. "Is that really what matters right now?" he countered smoothly.

I swallowed hard. He was right. Escaping this place should have been the only thing on my mind. Before I could open my mouth to speak again, Alpha Damien cut me off.

"I will get straight to the point," he said, sounding serious like a man about to strike an important deal.

I nodded slowly. He sighed, pushing himself off the wall and stepping closer so I could see his face more clearly. For a moment, an awkward silence hung heavy in the cell before he finally broke it.

"I have a deal for you, Olivia. If you agree to it, you'll leave this place with me... alive." He paused, letting his words sink in.

I swallowed, wondering what kind of deal could possibly be worse than death. But hell, this was Alpha Damien. I hadn't forgotten what he'd done... but did I really have a choice here?

I looked him straight in the eye, refusing to show my fear or worry. "And what is this deal?"

Alpha Damien stepped closer until our faces were just inches apart.

"I've already made a deal with Gabriel," he said calmly, like he was talking about the weather. "He agreed to let you go."

My eyes widened. "What?"

He nodded slowly. "You heard me. Gabriel has agreed to let you live. But now... it's in your hands. You'll only walk out of here alive if you agree to my request."

I stepped back a little, unsure what to expect. "Go on."

His smirk faded. His eyes turned serious.

"From this moment on," he said, "Olivia Parker is dead."

I blinked. "What?"

"We're going to fake your death. No one must know you're alive—not your friends, your parents and definitely not my nephews, the triplets."

I stared at him, my heart pounding. "Fake my death? But why—?"

"I'll take you to my pack," he continued. "But not just that. I'll take you to a witch—one who will change your face. Don't panic—it's not permanent. Just for one year. Just long enough for everyone to believe you're truly gone."

My eyes widened as my hands instinctively reached for my face. What was he planning?

"And after that?" I asked, eager to know more.

"After that," he said, "you will have a new identity because for the next one year, you'll live in my pack... as my wife."

I felt like the ground shifted under me. "Wife?" I repeated, my voice shaking a little.

He nodded again. "Don't worry, we won't be legally married. I'll simply tell my people that we had a small, private ceremony," he added smoothly.

I shook my head and took a step away from him... what is he asking me to do? Change my face... get a new identity and be his wife for a year? How can I do that?

As if seeing the hesitation and panic in me, Alpha Damien continued. "Relax. You won't have to perform any wifely duties in the bedroom. My people have been pressuring me to marry and produce an heir, which I can't..." His voice turned bitter and my eyes widened.

He nodded grimly. "Yes, I can't father a child..." He paused, letting the weight of his words hang in the air. My heart raced and my head spun.

But he wasn't finished.

"That's why you're the perfect candidate. I don't want to marry some woman I'll disappoint when I can't give her a child. And even if I tried to make this arrangement with someone else, I wouldn't trust her to keep it secret. But you... I know you will."

I struggled to breathe. Everything he was saying... it was too much.

Change my face?

Pretend to be dead?

Be his wife?

I pressed my back against the wall, trying to steady myself.

Then I asked the only question that came to my mind.

"My wolf... will she be released?"

Alpha Damien shook his head slowly. "No. Not yet."

My heart sank.

"If your wolf is released, the triplets will sense you immediately. They'll come looking for you. And this entire plan will fall apart."

He took a step closer, lowering his voice.

"But I'll take off that cursed choker," he said, his gaze fixed firmly on me. "Instead, my witch will create something new—a bracelet. It'll serve the same purpose as the choker, masking your scent and suppressing your wolf, but without the appearance of captivity. No more heavy chains around your neck... no more looking like a prisoner. You'll be able to move freely, blending in with my people without raising suspicion. No one will even think to question you."

He paused, watching me closely. His expression softened just a little.

"So... what do you choose, Olivia?" he asked quietly. "You accept my deal—let the world think you're dead, change your face for just one year, live in my pack as my wife and Luna in name only... and after one year, you're free to go."

He took another step toward me.

"Or... you refuse. And by sunrise tomorrow, Gabriel will take your head."

Silence fell between us.

The air felt too still. Too tight.

I stared at him, my lips parting... but no words came out yet.

Chapter 220: The Decision

Olivia's POV

Alpha Damien stood still, waiting for my answer. He didn't rush me, didn't pressure me, he just waited. But the silence between us felt so loud, so suffocating.

I turned my back to him and faced the cold, cracked wall of the cell. I closed my eyes, trying to breathe, but it was hard. My chest felt too tight.

What choice did I even have?

If I said no... by tomorrow, I'd be dead. My head on the ground, just like in that horrible dream. Gabriel wasn't bluffing—I saw it in his eyes.

And the triplets?

I tried reaching them... again and again. But nothing. The choker was doing its job. And even if they did feel something was wrong, by the time they figured it out—it would already be too late.

No one was coming.

No one was saving me.

So maybe... maybe Alpha Damien's deal was the only way out.

A fake death.

A new face.

A life in hiding.

Being his wife in name only.

Just for one year.

I let out a shaky breath and slowly turned back to face him. His eyes met mine, calm but serious.

"I'll do it," I said, voice low but firm. "I'll accept the deal."

His face didn't change, but I saw a small spark of relief in his eyes.

"But..." I raised a finger. "You have to promise me—swear it—that after one year, you'll let me go. You'll give me my life back. My face back."

"I swear," he said without hesitation. "After one year, your face will be restored, and you'll be free to leave. I'll even remove the bracelet myself."

I studied him, looking for any hint of a lie... but he looked serious.

I slowly nodded.

"Then we have a deal."

He stepped forward and held out his hand. And with a deep breath, I placed my hand in his. We shook, and I pulled away with a hard swallow, my chest tightening with dread. I didn't know what I was getting myself into and if I should trust Alpha Damien by his words, but what other choice did I have... anything was better than my head being chopped off... I don't want to experience such a painful and brutal death.

"Take off your clothes," he suddenly said.

I blinked, confused. "What?"

Alpha Damien rolled his eyes like it should've been obvious. "I have to fake your death, remember? My witch needs your clothes—something fresh, something with your scent. That way, when the triplets see them, they won't doubt it's real."

A cold wave washed over me.

He was right... but still, hearing it like that hit differently. I glanced down at the clothes I was wearing. They weren't much, but they still felt like the last thing tying me to who I was.

"How are you going to fake it exactly?" I asked, my voice barely above a whisper.

He looked at me, his eyes unreadable. "That's not your worry. Just know it'll be convincing. No one will question it."

I gave a slow nod. Maybe it was better that way. The less I knew, the better.

But even as I reached for the hem of my shirt, my heart tightened painfully in my chest. My mind drifted to the triplets—Louis... Levi... Lennox.

What would they feel?

Would they cry? Break?

Would they hate themselves for not saving me?

Would they think they failed me?

Would they blame themselves?

I bit my lip hard, forcing back the tears. I didn't want this. I never wanted to hurt them. I just hoped... they stayed safe. That they wouldn't do something reckless out of guilt.

Levi and Louis... they could mourn in quiet agony for months. But Lennox... I knew him too well. What if he...?

I shook my head, forcing the scary thoughts away.

With shaking hands, I stripped off my clothes and quietly handed them to Alpha Damien. He took them carefully, folding them in his arms.

Then, without saying a word, he pulled off his jacket and handed it to me.

"Wear this," he said softly. "Let's get you out of here."

I slipped it on, clutching it tightly around myself.

He looked at me. "Are you ready?" I nodded but didn't speak.

"Follow me," Alpha Damien ordered gently, turning toward the cell door.

Obediently, I trailed after him

The hallway outside the dungeon was dark and cold, just like the cell. Every step I took felt unreal, like I was walking through someone else's nightmare. My bare feet hit the rough floor, and Damien's jacket hung loosely around me, the sleeves swallowing my hands.

As we turned the corner, I saw two men standing guard at the end of the hall. They were tall, dressed in black, and armed. When they saw Alpha Damien, they bowed slightly and followed us.

We stepped out into the open yard behind the mansion. The cold night air brushed against my skin, making me shiver. My heart was pounding again, not from fear, but from the weight of everything.

A row of black SUVs waited in the yard.

One of Damien's men opened the back door of the closest car.

He gestured for me to get in, but just as I placed my hand on the door handle... I felt it.

A chill ran down my spine.

Like someone was watching me.

I slowly turned around, and my eyes locked onto a figure standing in the shadows of the upper balcony.

It was Alpha Gabriel.

He stood tall, arms crossed over his chest, just watching... saying nothing.

His face was unreadable, but his eyes—

They didn't hold hate.

They didn't hold anger.

Just silence.

And something else I couldn't name.

Regret?

Guilt?

Pain?

I wasn't sure.

Our eyes stayed locked for a second longer. Then he turned and walked away, disappearing into the mansion without a word.

I turned back to the car, my throat tight. I didn't know what to make of that. What deal had Alpha Damien struck with him? How did Alpha Damien even know I was about to be killed? But most importantly, I really wanted to know what had my mother done to make all of this happen?

"Get in," Alpha Damien said gently.

And I did.

As the door closed behind me, I knew that from this moment on...

Olivia Parker was gone.