Fated To Not Just One, But Three

#Chapter 221: A Miracle - Read Fated To Not Just One, But Three Chapter 221: A Miracle

Chapter 221: A Miracle

Olivia's POV

"Olivia."

The voice was so familiar.

I opened my eyes slowly, blinking away the blur.

And there she was—sitting right beside me in the backseat of the moving car.

Her.

The older woman who looked exactly like me.

The one I saw on the rooftop.

The one from my dream...

She was here again.

But somehow... I already knew this wasn't real.

"This is a dream... isn't it?" I whispered, barely able to speak the words.

She gave a small nod, her eyes calm. "Yes."

I swallowed hard, my heart racing even though I wasn't awake. "Why do you keep showing up? Who are you?"

She didn't answer right away. Her eyes turned to the window, watching the road pass in silence. Then she said quietly, "You escaped your first death, Olivia... and that alone is a miracle."

My breath caught in my throat. First death?

She looked at me again. "But don't think you're free. The life you're living now... this path you're on... is your punishment."

"Punishment?" I echoed, confused.

"Your life has already been plotted before you were born," she said, her voice almost like the wind. "For the secrets that surround your bloodline. You may not have asked for any of it, but the price still follows you."

I frowned. "I don't understand."

"You will," she replied softly. "But you need to grow up, Olivia. You can't keep seeing the world as black and white. Nothing is ever that simple. Look deeper. Look past what you've been told. And you'll find your answers."

I stared at her, wanting to ask more—but she was already fading. Her voice echoing like it was being carried away by the wind.

"Keep your eyes open, Olivia. The truth is closer than you think."

And then—

She was gone.

Just like that.

And I woke up with a small gasp, still in the back seat of the moving car... Alpha Damien beside me, eyes forward, like nothing had happened.

I swallowed hard and slowly leaned my head back against the seat.

What was happening?

What was all this?

Why did she keep coming to me?

Why did she look just like me?

And what did she mean about my life being "plotted before I was born"?

Nothing made sense anymore.

Suddenly, the car slowed... then stopped.

I lifted my head and looked out the window, blinking in surprise.

We were on a private airstrip.

And parked right in front of us was a sleek, silver private jet—its lights glowing softly in the darkness.

Alpha Damien opened the door and stepped out first. I followed him slowly, the cool air brushing against my skin as I stepped onto the tarmac. His men were already around, silently checking everything. One of them nodded to Damien, signaling all was clear.

Without saying a word, Alpha Damien led me toward the stairs.

I paused at the bottom, taking one last look at the world behind me—one I was about to leave behind.

Then I climbed up.

Inside, the jet was quiet and luxurious. Cream leather seats, warm lighting, and the low hum of soft air-conditioning filled the space.

I sat near the window and glanced at the small digital clock near the ceiling.

2:04 AM.

Alpha Damien sat across from me, giving quick instructions to someone over a headset.

And just like that... the engines roared to life.

The plane began to move.

I closed my eyes, feeling it lift off the ground.

Tears stung my eyes, but I didn't let them fall.

"My witch lives in my pack. We'll stop there first... she's already completed the ritual. All that's left is for you to arrive so she can perform the final part," Alpha Damien said casually.

I didn't respond, I didn't even open my eyes. I just closed them tightly, hoping that when I opened them, I'd realize all this was just a long nightmare.

For a moment... I let myself imagine another life.

A life where I didn't have to get a new face...

Where no one wanted my head cut off.

A life where no forged letters were sent to the triplets.

A life where they didn't hurt me like they did.

I pictured myself back home.

In the triplets' arms.

Louis hugging me tightly, whispering jokes in my ear just to make me laugh.

Levi brushing my hair behind my ear and kissing my forehead like I was the most precious thing in the world.

Lennox holding my hand firmly, protectively, like nothing could ever hurt me again.

I saw us sitting under the moonlight, our laughter echoing through the trees as we talked about silly things—about the future, about pups, about growing old together.

I imagined us dancing in the rain.

No enemies.

No witches.

No pain.

Just us.

Happy.

Together.

And for a few minutes... it felt real.

So real, I could almost feel Lennox's heartbeat against mine.

Almost hear Levi calling my name.

Almost see Louis' goofy grin.

My lips curved into the smallest smile as sleep pulled me deeper into that beautiful lie.

But then—

"Wake up."

The voice was calm, low... firm.

I blinked groggily, the dream still clinging to me.

Alpha Damien stood over me, already up and alert.

"We've arrived," he said.

I sat up slowly, rubbing the sleep from my eyes, and looked out the small window.

The plane had landed.

The door was open, stairs already lowered, and outside... I could see cars already waiting for us.

Pushing myself up, I left the comfort of the seat and followed Damien out of the jet.

I stepped down from the jet, the cool midnight breeze brushing against my skin. The sky was still dark, it should be around 4 AM.

Alpha Damien didn't say a word—he just walked ahead, and I followed.

The car waiting for us was already running. We got in quickly, and the drive began almost in silence. Trees lined both sides of the narrow path, tall and quiet, like they were watching us pass.

We didn't drive for long.

After about ten minutes, the car slowed and turned into a small clearing.

That was when I saw it.

A small, lonely building sat at the edge of the woods. It wasn't much—just a little stone house, barely one floor high, with vines creeping up the sides. A single lantern burned outside the door, casting an orange glow against the misty air.

"That's it," Alpha Damien said, nodding toward the house. "She's inside."

My heart started pounding again, and I didn't know why. Maybe it was fear. Maybe it was the finality of it. Once I walked into that house, everything would change.

My name.

My face.

Damien stepped out first and signaled his men to stay back. He turned to me, his face calm but unreadable.

"You're sure about this?"

No.

I wasn't sure about anything.

But I still nodded.

Because it was either this... or death.

And right now, living with a new face felt safer than dying with my real one.

I stepped out of the car slowly and walked beside him as we approached the witch's small building. Each step I took made my chest feel tighter.

When we reached the door, Damien didn't knock. He just opened it.

And inside... a woman was already waiting.

Chapter 222: New Face

Olivia's POV

I nervously stepped into the room. Alpha Damien followed close behind and quietly shut the door behind us. The room was dimly lit, the walls lined with shelves full of jars, herbs, strange stones, and things I couldn't name. The smell was sharp—earthy and strange, like dried plants mixed with smoke and something older.

Seated on the floor in the center of the room was the witch. She was old, with long silver hair tied back loosely. Her eyes were strange—too dark, too deep—and they watched me like they could see every part of me, even the parts I didn't want anyone to see.

"Sit," she said, her voice low and rough like sandpaper. She didn't raise her head, just motioned to the small cushion in front of her.

I hesitated, glancing once at Alpha Damien, but he gave me a small nod.

Slowly, I stepped forward and sat down in front of her.

She began chanting in a language I didn't understand. Her voice was firm, loud, and the air in the room seemed to shift with each word she spoke. I could feel it—like the air was pulsing around me.

Then she stopped.

Her eyes opened and looked directly into mine.

"You must give consent," she said. "Without it, nothing I do will work. Your body must accept the spell willingly."

I stared at her, frozen. My mouth felt dry. Every part of me wanted to run, to scream, to tell her no.

But I couldn't.

I nodded slowly. "I give my consent for a change of appearance only for a year," I whispered.

The witch didn't say anything else. She just stood and pointed to the small bed in the corner of the room.

"Lie down," she said.

I swallowed hard and took a shaky step back.

The bed was small, plain, with faded covers and a pillow that looked ancient.

"Will it hurt?" I asked, turning to her.

"No," she said softly. "It's only for a year. You'll wake up with a new face, but the old one will still be there... waiting to return."

That didn't comfort me much.

But I did as she said, walking slowly to the bed and lying down. I closed my eyes and took a deep breath, trying to calm my racing heart.

I heard her footsteps come closer.

Then, she placed something warm and thick over my face.

It was a clay pot. I could feel the heavy rim of it resting against my forehead and chin.

And then—darkness.

Total, complete darkness.

The witch began to chant again, louder this time, her voice echoing in my ears. I could feel something moving... not just around me—but inside me. Like my face was shifting, like something old was being peeled away and something new was settling in.

Suddenly, the chanting stopped.

I felt the pot lift off my face.

And then she let out a strange laughter.

"It's done," the witch said proudly. "It was a success."

My heart pounded in my chest.

I reached up, hesitating as I touched my face. It felt... the same.

But I knew it wasn't.

My breathing quickened.

Alpha Damien walked over to me with a relieved look on his face, and in his hand was a mirror. When he reached the bed, he stretched out the mirror to me.

With trembling fingers, I reached out and took the mirror from Alpha Damien's hand.

My chest rose and fell in rapid, uneven breaths as I slowly lifted it toward my face. A thousand thoughts raced through my head—What if I didn't recognize myself? What if I looked like a monster? What if... this was all a mistake?

I slowly lifted the mirror.

And froze.

The face staring back at me wasn't mine. It was the face of an Indian lady.

She was beautiful—undeniably so—but she wasn't me.

Her skin was smooth, slightly darker than mine, glowing with an even tone. Her lips were full and slightly arched at the corners, like she carried a secret. Her nose was delicate, perfectly shaped. And her eyes... they were a shade of deep brown, almost black, framed by thick lashes I didn't recognize.

But the most shocking thing?

She looked older.

Not by much—but enough.

I no longer looked like an eighteen-year-old girl.

This face... it belonged to someone in her early twenties. An Indian woman, she looked so Indian that merely looking at her face you need not ask of her tribe.

Now I didn't look innocent anymore.

I looked... like someone who had seen the world and learned how to survive it.

And in some ways... maybe I had.

Still, the sight of her—of me—left me breathless.

"I..." I began, but the words caught in my throat.

Alpha Damien studied me carefully, his gaze unreadable. "She did well," he said. "You look completely different. No one will recognize you now."

My hands trembled as I slowly lowered the mirror to my lap.

"You will have to dye your hair to its natural color... take off the blonde... remember it was only your face that was changed... nothing else," the witch instructed while I remained silent. Everything still felt like a dream to me.

Alpha Damien turned to her. "Thank you."

She gave a quiet, raspy laugh. "Hope you've kept your promise."

Alpha Damien turned to the witch and gave her my clothes. "Yes. The lands are now yours," he said. "As promised, do the last work and hand it over to my men."

The witch gave a small, satisfied smile. "Good," she said with a raspy voice. "I'll do it quickly and hand it over to your men."

I sat still, holding the mirror in my lap, unable to tear my eyes away from the reflection that no longer felt like mine.

Was this really who I was now?

This wasn't just a disguise—it was a whole new identity.

Alpha Damien turned back to me. "Let's go."

I blinked and looked up at him.

That was it?

Just like that?

I stood, my legs a little shaky, and followed him toward the door. One last glance at the mirror in my hand made my heart twist painfully.

This new face will be me for the next year, I would have to live with it.

We walked in silence back to the car.

The night air was cooler now, and I pulled the jacket tighter around my body as I climbed into the back seat. Alpha Damien slid in beside me, closing the door without a word.

The engine started, and the car began to move, humming softly beneath us.

I kept the mirror in my lap, still unable to look away from the stranger staring back at me.

This face...

It was mine now. At least for a year.

But it didn't feel like mine.

It felt borrowed—stolen.

I turned slowly to Alpha Damien. "Whose face is this?" I asked quietly.

He didn't answer right away.

His gaze stayed locked on the window, like he hadn't heard me—or was pretending not to.

I waited a beat. "Do you... know her? The woman this face belonged to?"

Still, no reply.

That made my stomach tighten.

"Is it just some random face?" I pressed, watching him closely. "Or was she... someone?"

This time, he shifted slightly—just enough for me to notice.

But he didn't meet my eyes.

"It's nothing to worry about," he said simply, his voice calm and even. "The witch did what she was paid to do. That face is yours now, Olivia. No one will recognize you. That's all that matters."

Nothing to worry about?

That wasn't an answer.

But I didn't push further.

Maybe I didn't want to know.

I leaned back against the seat, the mirror still in my lap, my new reflection staring up at me in the dim light.

An Indian woman.

That's what I looked like now.

Whoever this woman was... I had a feeling she wasn't just "random."

Chapter 223: Missing

Lennox's POV

I checked the time again—5:00 AM. I couldn't take it anymore. The weight on my chest was suffocating, and the restlessness clawing at my insides had reached its limit. I stormed out of my room, crossed the hallway, and knocked hard on Levi's door.

No answer.

I didn't wait. I turned and knocked on Louis's door next.

Both doors creaked open almost at the same time. Levi had dark circles under his eyes, and Louis looked like he hadn't even tried to sleep. But they were already dressed, like me.

I didn't waste time. "I can't wait any longer... Let's go."

I didn't give them the chance to speak. I turned and walked off.

They followed without a word. They didn't have to ask where we were going.

We knew.

The Seer.

If anyone could tell us what the hell was going on with Olivia... it was her.

We got into the car. Levi drove, his knuckles white on the steering wheel. Louis sat silently in the back, bouncing his leg the way he always did when he was anxious.

None of us spoke during the ride.

The silence was loud—filled with the questions we were too afraid to voice.

What if something's happened to her?

What if she's really...

I shook my head. No. No, she wasn't.

She couldn't be.

The moment we pulled up to the Seer's cottage tucked deep in the woods, my heart began to pound harder. The place was always unsettling, but right now... it felt dead quiet.

Too quiet.

We rushed to the door.

I knocked once. Then again—harder.

Nothing.

I rattled the handle. Locked.

Levi moved to the side window and peeked in. "She's not home," he muttered, his voice tight with frustration.

Louis checked around the back, came back shaking his head. "No sign of her anywhere."

My chest clenched.

Why wasn't she here?

Why now?

Something was wrong. We could all feel it.

I stepped back, looking at the closed door like it was mocking us.

"Where the hell is she?" I muttered under my breath.

Levi groaned and kicked dirt from the grass. I paced around, scared and worried. "I can't take it... I'm going to the Forest Pack... I need to see her," Louis spat as he stormed to the car.

I exchanged glances with Levi but didn't say a word. As much as I wanted to respect Olivia's decision of not wanting to see us, I just wanted to be sure she was okay.

"I'm going too," I said and followed Louis while Levi did the same.

We got back into the car, and this time Louis drove as we began our journey to the Forest Pack, which was probably an hour's drive.

The drive to the Forest Pack was quiet.

Louis kept his eyes on the road, jaw tight. Levi sat still, staring ahead, lost in thought. And me? I couldn't stop my mind from spinning. My gut told me something was wrong. I needed to see Olivia. That was it.

We reached the Forest Pack border just as the sun started to rise.

The guards saw us from a distance. Three of them came forward quickly, looking tense. One of them held out a hand.

"Alpha Lennox? Why are you here so early?" he asked, clearly nervous.

I stepped out of the car and looked him straight in the eye.

"We're here to see someone," I said. "Move."

They froze for a second, then one of them tilted his head—clearly mind-linking someone.

Another guard stepped forward. "Alpha Gabriel said no one from your pack—"

He stopped, eyes going blank again as he got another message.

After a short pause, he looked at us. "Alpha Gabriel said... let them through."

The guards stepped aside quickly.

Without saying another word, we got back into the car and drove past the gates.

We drove straight to Gabriel's mansion.

The Forest Pack lands were quiet—too quiet. The usual patrols and activity were there, but everything felt tense.

When we pulled up to the mansion, Alpha Gabriel was already outside, waiting.

He stood on the front steps with his arms crossed, dressed in a simple black shirt and pants, his expression unreadable.

I stepped out of the car first and inhaled deeply, trying to catch something—anything.

Then I caught it.

Olivia's scent.

Faint.

Almost gone.

She'd been here... but not recently.

She wasn't here now.

"She's not here," I muttered, more to myself than anyone else. "I can barely smell her."

Levi stepped forward. "Where is she?"

Gabriel's eyes moved to us. He looked tired, like he hadn't slept either.

"She left yesterday afternoon," he said simply.

My heart dropped.

"What?" Louis stepped closer, his voice sharp. "Why?"

"She said she felt you three would come looking for her," Gabriel replied. "She didn't want to see you. She said she was going to her mother's pack."

I clenched my jaw.

"And you let her go?" Levi asked, his voice rising.

Gabriel didn't flinch. "I begged her to stay," he said. "But Olivia made up her mind. She said this was something she had to do."

I turned away, biting back a curse as I ran my hands through my hair. I knew Gabriel wasn't lying. Olivia wasn't here. If she was, I could have sensed it. My heart raced with fear as I wondered if she was okay. Why was she so damn stubborn? She should've stayed. Gabriel should've stopped her."

I turned back to Gabriel, my fists clenched.

"If anything happens to Olivia," I said, voice low and firm, "we'll come back and burn this whole damn pack to the ground."

Levi stepped forward too, eyes blazing with anger. "We don't care who you are, Gabriel. You should have stopped her."

Louis didn't speak—he just stood there, breathing heavily, holding himself from attacking Gabriel.

Gabriel frowned and took a step toward us, his face cold but his voice filled with pain.

"You think I don't care?" he said, his voice sharp. "You think I just let her leave because I wanted to? I love her."

My chest tightened.

"What?" I growled.

"I love Olivia," Gabriel said again, clearer this time. "More than anything. And I would never let her go if I didn't have to. But she chose this. She didn't want to see you. She didn't want to stay here. She wanted to leave, and I respected that."

I stared at him.

I saw it.

The truth.

It was in his eyes—the way they burned when he said her name. The way his voice cracked just slightly when he talked about letting her go.

He loved her.

Really loved her.

And that made my blood boil.

I stepped closer, nose to nose with him.

"You can love her all you want," I said tightly, "but she'll never be yours."

His jaw twitched, but he didn't reply.

I gave him a deadly glare before turning around and storming back into the car.

Louis started the engine and drove off in silence.

"I'm making a mind-link to Olivia's mom," I said suddenly, breaking the silence. My voice was hoarse.

My brothers nodded.

I closed my eyes and reached for the connection.

"Mrs. Parker... is Olivia with you?" I asked, trying to stay calm. "Please, just tell us the truth. We just want to be sure she's safe."

There was a pause.

Then her voice came—shaky and confused. "No, she's not here. I thought she was still in Forest Pack..."

My heart dropped.

"You mean... Olivia is not with you?" I asked again, louder this time.

"No," she said again, panic creeping into her voice. "She's not here. What's going on? Is Olivia missing?"

I didn't reply. I couldn't.

My heart thudded wildly in my chest.

Then—just as I opened my mouth to speak again—I got a new mind-link.

One of our border guards.

"Alpha! You need to come quickly. Please. It's... it's Luna Olivia."

My blood turned cold.

"What about her?!" I shouted through the link.

"We can't say it over link," the guard said, voice cracking. "You need to see it for yourself."

"Louis, drive faster!" I snapped.

His foot slammed down on the pedal.

None of us spoke.

We didn't breathe.

The drive felt like hours even though it was just minutes.

When we reached the border, I saw them.

Guards gathered in a circle... silent.

Too silent.

My heart pounded as I jumped out of the car and ran toward them.

Then I saw it.

A body.

Lying in the grass.

Covered.

No one moved.

No one spoke.

"Move!" I shouted, my voice cracking.

The guards stepped aside slowly, their eyes filled with sorrow and fear.

I dropped to my knees and pulled the cover back.

And my world stopped.

My soul left my body.

It was Olivia.

Her chopped head... was placed beside her.

Her body... cold and still.

Headless.

Lifeless.

Her blood soaked into the grass, dark and already drying. The scent was unmistakable—hers.

"No..." I whispered.

Then louder. "NO!"

I screamed so loud it shook the trees.

Louis collapsed beside me, his hands over his mouth, tears streaming.

Levi let out a broken roar and punched the ground until his knuckles bled.

This couldn't be real.

This wasn't real.

Chapter 224: Denial

Lennox's POV

"No!" I growled, my voice breaking, pain pouring out from my chest. My wolf's cry mixed with mine, echoing through the trees in pure agony.

I dropped to my knees and pulled her headless body into my arms. Blood was still dripping from her neck, soaking into the earth beneath us—but I didn't care. I held her tightly, rocking back and forth, refusing to let go.

"This can't be real..." I whispered. "It's a dream... just a nightmare. I'll wake up. I have to wake up."

But her scent filled my nose.

It was her.

Olivia.

That soft, warm scent of nutmeg mixed with honey I knew better than my own. It clung to her dress, to her skin... even now.

I looked down at the body again, and my eyes moved to the head lying next to it.

My chest squeezed painfully.

It was her face.

Olivia's face.

Peaceful, eyes closed like she was sleeping. Her lips slightly parted.

I knew that face. I had kissed that face. I had watched her smile, cry, scream...

And the dress she wore—I knew it. I had seen it on her before.

It was really her.

"Olivia..." I whispered, my voice shaking. "Please wake up..."

Then I heard a scream behind me.

It was Louis.

He pointed, panicking. "Levi! Lennox—look at Levi!"

I turned fast—and my heart dropped again.

Levi had fallen flat on the grass. His mouth opened and closed like he was trying to breathe, but no sound came out.

His hands clawed at his chest. He was gasping, eyes wide and terrified.

"Levi!" I shouted, rushing to him and grabbing his shoulders. "Breathe! Please, breathe! Don't do this!"

Tears filled my eyes again.

Louis dropped beside us, also shouting his name.

I held Levi tightly, trying to ground him, trying to pull him back.

His body shook, then after a few seconds, his breathing came back in short, painful gasps. He clutched my shirt as he sobbed, hard and loud, like the sound was tearing out of his soul.

"She's gone..." he cried. "She's really gone..."

I couldn't speak.

I turned my head slowly toward her body again and shook my head... I refused to believe it... I refused to believe that my Olivia was gone...

I refused to believe this is her... no... it must be some kind of trick... it's a trick... it has to be.

I let go of Levi and rushed back to her body.

I dropped to my knees and leaned closer. My hands trembled as I touched her arm again. It was cold—so cold. The blood was still warm, but her skin was ice.

Her scent still clung to the fabric of her dress. That same nutmeg and honey that always made me feel calm...

But this time, it didn't.

This time, it made me sick.

I looked at the dress again—yes, I remembered it. She wore it before. But as I stared harder, something felt... off.

Yes, the body was hers.

Yes, the scent was hers.

But something was wrong.

I couldn't explain it, not even to myself. My wolf was in pain, howling inside me like someone had ripped him apart—but a small voice, deep in my gut, whispered something different.

Something didn't feel right.

I looked at the head again, then back at the body. My breathing slowed.

It looked like her.

It smelled like her.

But it didn't feel like her.

Not fully.

Was I just losing my mind? Was I in denial?

Everything said it was Olivia.

But my heart screamed something else.

Why did it feel like this wasn't her?

Was I imagining things... or was something else going on?

Louis knelt beside me, silent now, just staring.

Even he looked confused.

And Levi—he wasn't crying anymore. He just sat there, dazed, looking at the body like it was a ghost.

Tears rolled down my cheeks, and I didn't stop them.

I turned to the border patrol guard, my voice hoarse and shaky.

"Who did this?" I asked, barely able to speak. "Who did you see?"

The guard looked shaken. His hands were still trembling as he stepped closer.

"No one, Alpha," he said. "We didn't see anyone. A patrol team was making rounds near the east woods. They just found... her. Just like this."

"Found?" I repeated, my voice rising. "She didn't just fall here and die! Someone did this!"

He bowed his head. "I'm sorry... we saw no scent trail. No sign of a fight. Just her... lying there."

I groaned and clenched my fists, blood boiling in my veins. My wolf pushed forward, taking control as a deep, broken howl ripped from my throat.

I howled loudly in pain and Levi joined, so did Louis. We all three howled loudly in pain, announcing to the pack that something was wrong.

We kept howling, so loud that the trees shook, and the air felt heavy from our howls.

I was in pain... my wolf was in pain, but I was still in denial...

I stared at Olivia's—no, this body's—face one more time.

And whispered, almost to myself, "What if this isn't her?"

Louis lifted his head. "What?"

Levi's eyes snapped up too.

I looked at them both. "What if... someone made this? What if this isn't Olivia?"

Louis frowned. "But the scent—"

"I know," I said. "I know it smells like her. I feel it's her. But my soul... it's not accepting it."

Levi furrowed his brows as fresh tears slid down his cheeks. His gaze stayed fixed on the severed head. "I feel it too... yes, I'm hurting, but something feels... off."

Louis nodded slowly. "We need to see the Seer."

I didn't hesitate. "Get a stretcher," I barked at the guards. "Take the body to the pack house. Lock down the borders. No one gets in or out without my permission."

They scrambled to obey.

We walked back to the car in silence, heavy with confusion and fear. Levi got in the front passenger seat this time. I sat in the back while Louis drove. No one said a word as we drove off toward the Seer's cottage.

The road felt longer than usual.

The forest around us was quiet, too quiet, like it was mourning with us.

We reached the small, vine-covered home just as the morning sun pushed higher through the trees.

She was there—standing at her porch with a basket in hand, as if she'd been waiting for us.

"Where were you?" Louis asked, jumping out first.

"I went to gather herbs in the deeper woods," she answered calmly, placing the basket down. "I returned not long ago."

I tried to speak, but she lifted a hand gently.

"I know," she said softly. "I know why you're here. Forgive me, Alphas... there was nothing I could do."

I stepped forward, my eyes filled with fear. " Tell us that body isn't Olivia's. Please. Tell us this is some trick, some illusion. Tell us she's alive."

The Seer's pitiful eyes met mine. Her lips trembled just a little.

Then she whispered, "I'm sorry, Alpha Lennox... but that body is Olivia's."

She paused—just for a heartbeat—then added, "She's really gone."

And in that moment... my world stopped.