

Fated To Not Just One, But Three

#Chapter 31: pushed her - Read Fated To Not Just One, But Three Chapter 31: pushed her

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Levi's POV

"Alphas... you need to go in... Lady Anita is bleeding."

I exchanged confused gazes with my brothers, but we didn't say a word or ask further questions before making our way back into the hall. We pushed our way through the panicked pack members.

"Move!" I barked, shoving past a frozen omega blocking the doorway. My brothers were right behind me, equally confused.

And then I saw her.

Anita was on the floor, her dress stained with blood. It seeped from her thighs, pooling under her, her face contorted in pain. She was sobbing, her entire body trembling.

Louis cursed under his breath and rushed forward, dropping to his knees beside her. Lennox and I followed, my mind struggling to process the sight.

"What the fuck happened?!" I growled, my voice sharp with concern.

Anita's tear-filled eyes locked onto mine. "I—I wanted to surprise you three," she gasped through her cries. "I was going to tell you—I'm pregnant."

Silence.

My breath caught in my throat. My entire body went still. Pregnant?

Lennox swore under his breath. Louis let out a sharp exhale, his hands hovering over Anita's blood stained thighs, unsure of what to do.

"I was going to tell you all tonight," Anita continued, her voice breaking. "I wanted it to be a happy moment, but she—she pushed me!"

She turned her head, her tear-streaked face filled with pain as she pointed a shaking finger at Olivia.

My gaze snapped up, and I found Olivia standing a few feet away, her face blank, unreadable. The pack members who had remained in the hall stared at her in shock, whispering amongst themselves.

She didn't move. She didn't deny it. She simply stood there, staring at Anita with a confused but guilty look.

Rage exploded inside me.

"You pushed her?" My voice came out low, lethal.

Olivia flinched, her eyes widening. "I—I didn't know," Olivia finally stammered, her voice trembling. "I didn't know she was pregnant. I didn't even push her that hard. She tripped! I swear, I wasn't trying to—"

"She tripped?!" Lennox hissed, stepping forward, his eyes blazing with anger.

"She's bleeding, Olivia!" Louis snapped, his voice rough with panic as he pressed his hand to Anita's thighs, trying to slow the bleeding. "You call that a trip?!"

Tears welled up in Olivia's eyes, but she stood her ground. "I was just trying to walk past her! She blocked my way and grabbed me. I—I only shoved her arm off. I didn't even think—" Her voice cracked. "I didn't know she was pregnant! Why would I ever hurt her?"

I clenched my fists, my wolf silent.

Anita whimpered on the floor, clutching at Louis. "She did it... she pushed me," she repeated weakly, her voice frail and trembling.

The pack murmured louder now, heads turning from Olivia to Anita.

I stared at Olivia, my emotions a tangled storm inside me. Olivia wasn't the type to cause harm—everyone knew that. But there was a tendency that she might do it.

Louis growled. "Get the healer! NOW!"

Olivia's lips parted like she wanted to say something else, but nothing came out. She just stood there, tears streaking down her cheeks as she watched us cradle Anita.

The pack's whispers grew. From where I stood, I didn't even know what to feel.

And then another realization hit me like a punch to the gut.

Anita was carrying our pup.

Our pup.

Shit. It was possible—so possible. Most of the time, we used protection. But there were nights we hadn't. Nights where instinct and need had taken over.

I looked at Lennox. He met my gaze with the same horrified, conflicted look in his eyes.

The healer arrived, rushing to Anita's side, pressing gentle hands against her stomach. The tension in the air was suffocating.

And then... her frown deepened.

I saw it in her face before she even spoke.

A heavy silence fell over the room as the healer whispered the words that made my world tilt.

"She was pregnant," she confirmed, voice laced with sorrow. "But... the pups are gone."

Olivia gasped, her hands flying to her mouth.

Anita let out a broken sob as she continued shaking her head in denial.

The murmuring grew, but Olivia shook her head. "I didn't do it!" she shouted, her voice cracking. Tears streamed down her face as she turned in desperation, looking at me, then Lennox, then Louis. "I swear on my wolf, I didn't push her like that! It wasn't—"

"You did it, Luna," a she-wolf accused from the gathered pack. "We saw it."

Murmurs of agreement rippled through the crowd.

"You shoved her!"

"She lost the Alphas' pups because of you!"

"You wanted this, didn't you?"

"No!" Olivia shouted, stepping back as the pack's whispers turned to accusations. "I didn't—!"

Louis shot to his feet. His head snapped toward Olivia, his eyes blazing with anger.

"You expect us to believe this is just a coincidence?" he growled, voice laced with anger.

"I didn't mean for her to fall!" Olivia's voice was hoarse with desperation. "She grabbed me first, but I just pulled away!"

Lennox took a slow step forward, his expression unreadable. "Why were you even near her?"

"I—" Olivia hesitated, glancing around as if realizing she was alone in this. "I was trying to leave the hall... she—she stood in my way and grabbed my arm. I didn't even push her that hard!"

Lennox's jaw tightened. "But you did push her."

A fresh wave of murmurs spread through the pack.

"I—I—" Olivia's breath came faster, panic setting in as the judgment in the room thickened. She looked at me then, her eyes pleading. "Levi, you know me. You know I wouldn't—"

I wanted to believe her. But Anita was lying on the ground, covered in blood, our blood. The life we didn't even know we'd created... gone.

My wolf growled low in my head, restless.

"She lost our pups, Olivia," I said, my voice coming out hollow.

Olivia flinched like I had struck her.

"I didn't—" she choked out, taking a trembling step toward me, but before she could reach me, someone else grabbed her arm.

A warrior.

I stiffened as I realized what was happening.

"She should be punished," another voice rang out from the pack. "She killed the Alphas' heirs."

"No! No, I didn't!" Olivia struggled, but more warriors stepped forward, surrounding her.

Chapter 32: Cell

Olivia's POV

I could see the hate, the anger, in the eyes of the pack members. They all had one wish in their eyes, and that was punishment—for me to be punished for a crime I didn't even commit.

It was strange, so strange.

All I did was shove Anita out of my way when she refused to let me pass. It wasn't even a hard push, nothing that would send someone to the ground. But Anita threw herself to the floor, and she hit her stomach on the arm of a chair.

That was how it happened.

The next thing I saw was blood trailing down her thighs. And now, I just heard she was pregnant—but lost the pregnancy just like that? How?

My mother stepped forward, pressing her palms together in a pleading gesture as she faced the triplets. "I beg of you, believe me—Olivia didn't push her that hard. She didn't even know Anita was pregnant," she said, her voice trembling with desperation.

"Really?" Anita's mother strode forward, eyes burning with anger. "Are you saying my daughter threw herself to the floor? That she caused her own miscarriage?"

Mother's expression darkened. "We are both mothers. We have carried children in our wombs. You know as well as I do that a simple fall like that cannot cause a miscarriage."

Lennox growled at my mother, his patience thinning. "What are you saying?" he asked, irritation clear in his voice.

Mother turned to him, her frown deepening. "What I am saying is that such a light fall shouldn't have caused a miscarriage. Something else caused this miscarriage, not my daughter."

A wave of anger surged through the crowd.

"How dare you!" one woman hissed, stepping forward. "Are you calling Lady Anita a liar?"

"She's blaming the victim!" another man snarled. "How shameless!"

"Your daughter pushed a pregnant woman!" someone shouted. "And now she's trying to deny it?"

"You should be ashamed!" an elder spat at my mother. "Your daughter is nothing but a murderer!"

"She should be punished!" another voice called from the back.

"Lock her up!" an elder demanded.

"Throw her in the cells where she belongs!" another snarled.

The crowd grew more restless, their voices rising in anger, their faces twisted with rage and disgust. My mother tried to speak, but no one would listen. The insults continued to pour in, a storm of hatred crashing down on us.

These were people who once adored us, people my mother had treated while working in the pack hospital, people my father fought for, protected, and today, they were all screaming for me to be punished, punished for a crime I didn't commit.

"Enough!" Levi's voice boomed through the hall, silencing the pack. His eyes were dark, filled with restrained anger.

Lennox's jaw was clenched, and Louis stood with his arms crossed, his expression unreadable. But I could see the way his fingers tightened over his biceps, as if holding himself back.

Louis turned to the guards standing by the entrance. "Take her to the cells."

My breath caught in my throat. "What?"

The murmurs in the crowd turned into cheers of approval.

"You can't do this!" My mother gasped, stepping forward. "You know my daughter isn't at fault!"

"We will investigate," Lennox said coldly. "Until then, Olivia will remain in the cells."

The guards moved toward me. I took a step back, my heart pounding against my ribs. "No—"

Rough hands grabbed my arms, yanking me forward.

"Mother!" I cried, my voice breaking.

She rushed toward me, but a warrior stepped in front of her, blocking her path.

"Let her go!" she screamed, desperation in her voice.

"Take her away," Louis ordered.

The guards dragged me toward the exit, their grips like iron. My mother's cries echoed behind me as she struggled to get to me.

As I was being taken to the cell, my wolf growled inside me, urging me to shift into her and tear this guard apart, but I chose not to do it. I was already in big trouble; attacking the guards would worsen my situation.

The guards dragged me down the hallway. My wolf growled inside me, begging me to fight back.

"Let me out. Let me tear them apart." She urged.

But I couldn't.

Fighting would only make things worse.

We reached the underground prison beneath the pack house. It was cold, damp, and smelled like mold. One of the guards yanked open a heavy iron door, and before I could react, they shoved me inside.

I stumbled forward but caught myself before hitting the filthy stone floor.

Clang!

The cell door slammed shut behind me.

Laughter echoed from the corner.

I turned and saw a woman sitting on a small cot, smirking at me. She leaned forward, her eyes filled with amusement.

"Well, well, well," she said. "Look who it is."

I didn't reply. My heart was still racing.

"Isn't that Olivia?" she mocked. "Our dear Luna?"

More laughter came from the nearby cells.

"The mighty Luna," someone sneered. "Locked up like a common criminal. How sad."

The woman in my cell grinned. "So, what did you do? Kill someone? Betray the pack?" She asked, tilting her head.

I clenched my fists, forcing myself to stay quiet.

I wouldn't let them see how much this hurt.

How much it hurt that my pack had done this to me.

That my mates had thrown me in here without a second thought.

The woman sighed. "Oh, ignoring me? That's fine. You're stuck here now. Might as well get comfortable."

I turned my back to her, closing my eyes.

This was never how I imagined my life—to be accused and thrown into a cell, and my mates, the same men the Moon Goddess deemed fit to be my mates, sent me here without a second thought.

For hours, I remained on the cold floor of the cell, my mind blank. My three other cellmates kept taunting me, but I ignored them and remained where I sat.

Hours passed, and it was night. The guards came with four plates of food and shoved each to us. It was an unhealthy meal, but the three other women picked theirs up and began eating. Mine was left untouched.

"Dear Luna, aren't you eating? Or do you want us to set a table for you?" one of the prisoners, a lady in her early thirties, teased.

I sighed. "You can have it, I'm not hungry," I said, and immediately, the three women rushed to the plate of food and began fighting each other for it.

I curled up in the corner of my cell, shutting my eyes against the dim flickering light from the hallway. The cold seeped into my bones, but I didn't move. My stomach twisted in hunger, but I still couldn't bring myself to eat.

The sounds of the other women fighting over the food slowly died down, replaced by their quiet murmurs. Time dragged on. I didn't know how many hours passed, only that my body ached from the hard floor.

Then, footsteps echoed in the corridor.

I lifted my head slightly as the iron door creaked open. Three guards stepped in, their faces shadowed under the dim light. The other women in my cell immediately perked up, their taunts and hostility toward me vanishing in an instant.

One of the guards, a tall man with a scar running down his cheek, leaned against the bars. "Missed us?" he said, smirking at the women in my cell.

The one who had mocked me earlier—Marla, I thought her name was—stood and stretched, arching her back like a cat. "You took too long," she purred, walking toward him.

The other two women giggled, moving to their own guards.

I stiffened.

But before I understood what was happening, the guards started kissing the ladies, and the ladies responded eagerly.

I scowled. "What the hell is going on here?"

Marla turned and looked my way with a grin. "Sit tight, Luna, and enjoy the scene, or you can as well go to sleep." She smirked and went down on her knees, beginning to unbuckle the guard's belt.

Chapter 33: Cell Mate

Olivia's POV

Where I sat, I remained dumbfounded as I watched the scene before me. The guards and the three women began taking off their clothes, totally ignoring the fact that I was seated right there in the cell.

Once the guards were naked, the three prisoners went on their knees before them and began pleasuring them with their mouths.

My brows furrowed. Was this normal? Were the guards allowed to fuck female prisoners? The strangest part was that the women seemed to enjoy it more than the men.

Soft grunts and muffled moans soon filled the air as the guards thrust into their mouths with brutal force, their hands gripping the women's hair, controlling their movements. The rough pace made it clear they didn't care if they choked.

Feeling uncomfortable, I looked away and squeezed my eyes shut, but it was pointless. I was forced to open them, especially when I noticed the opposite cell being unlocked. I saw two guards walk in, and the two ladies in that cell happily welcomed them with a heated kiss.

My frown deepened.

What the hell was this?

These men were supposed to guard the prisoners, uphold order in the mansion. And yet, here they were, using the women like playthings. Did the triplets know about this? Did they allow it?

A loud spank pulled my attention back to my own cell, and that was when I noticed Marla was bent over and a guard was fucking her from behind, slapping her ass.

"Fuck! Yes!" she moaned, pressing her palms against the iron bars for balance.

I darted my eyes away and noticed the other cellmate with short brown hair was pinned against the cell wall, her legs wrapped around the guard as he shoved inside her and began moving.

I frowned and moved my gaze to the other lady with short black hair. Her partner was lying on the floor on his back while she straddled him, riding him with breathless moans as he gripped her hips, guiding her movements.

I swallowed hard, forcing myself to look away, but the sounds filling the cell made it impossible to ignore. The grunts, the moans, the wet, slapping sounds of flesh against flesh—it was all too much.

Disgust churned in my stomach, but beneath that was something else. Confusion. Unease.

Was this normal?

Did the triplets know their guards were doing this? Did they allow it?

The thought made my blood run cold. I had spent years believing in them, trusting that, despite their flaws, they were strong and just leaders. But if this was happening under their command...

A loud cry echoed through the cell, pulling me from my thoughts. Marla's voice.

"Harder!" she moaned, pressing her hands against the bars of our cell as the guard pounded into her from behind. He grunted, gripping her hips so tightly that red marks bloomed on her pale skin.

I clenched my jaw and turned toward the opposite cell again.

The women there were just as lost in their pleasure, their bodies moving frantically against the guards. It was as if I didn't even exist in their world—like I was invisible, a ghost trapped in a nightmare I couldn't escape.

I wrapped my arms around myself, pressing my back against the cold stone wall. I wanted to close my eyes, to block out the depravity unfolding around me, but I couldn't.

And then, a horrifying thought gripped me.

What if one of the guards turns their attention to me?

My pulse pounded in my ears.

No. That wouldn't happen.

Would it?

I'm still their Luna. Mate to the Alphas. No matter what, they wouldn't dare.

Marla's voice rang out again, panting between words. "Don't look so scared, Luna," she mocked. "You might enjoy it if you let loose a little."

I didn't respond.

Another woman giggled breathlessly. "She thinks she's too good for this," she sneered. "You'll learn, Luna. This is what happens to bitches like us."

I gritted my teeth, my nails digging into my palms.

I didn't know how long this would last. I didn't know what kind of hell I had been thrown into. But one thing was clear—

I needed to get out of here.

The clapping of skin against skin and the loud moans continued until they all released, and the guards pulled out of them.

Irritated, I watched as the guards kissed them heatedly before shoving them away like rags and began dressing up, while the women, who were still naked, fell exhaustedly to the ground.

I glared at the guards as they turned their smirking faces toward me.

"Did you enjoy the show, Luna?" one of them mocked.

I ignored him.

They chuckled.

"We can do better than the Alphas," another sneered.

I lifted my head slowly, locking eyes with him, my expression blank but my wolf growling inside me.

"Try it," I said, my voice ice-cold. "And I swear you won't leave this cell in one piece."

The smirk wavered for a brief second before he scoffed and turned away.

They left the cell and locked it. I glanced at my cellmates, their naked bodies sprawled out on the filthy floor, too exhausted to stay awake.

Sighing heavily, I closed my eyes but received a mind-link from my mother.

"Olivia, are you okay?" she asked worriedly.

"Mother, I'm fine. Don't worry about me. Go to bed," I said and quickly ended the mind-link. I didn't want to hear her worried voice and cries.

The night dragged on, and despite my exhaustion, I couldn't sleep. I stayed awake, waiting, dreading whatever would come next.

By the time the first light of morning filtered through the barred window, I was still sitting in the same position.

I looked around. My cellmates remained fast asleep, their naked bodies curled into themselves.

Ignoring them, I rose to my feet and walked toward the iron bars of the cell door. My hands curled around the cold metal as I peered down the dimly lit corridor. The air was heavy with the scent of sweat and something fouler—something rotten.

Then I heard it. The sound of heavy boots against the stone floor.

Two guards approached, dragging a woman between them. Her wrists were bound, her clothes torn, and her face was streaked with dirt and bruises. She looked exhausted, but the moment her eyes met mine, something in her expression changed. Her lips parted, her breathing hitched.

"You..." she whispered, her voice hoarse.

I frowned. "What?"

She took a shaky step forward, staring at me as if she'd seen a ghost. Then, barely above a whisper, she said, "You're Parker's daughter."

The world seemed to tilt. My fingers tightened around the bars as my chest constricted.

"Yes," I answered slowly. "I am."

The woman inhaled sharply, her gaze softening with something I didn't quite understand. Pity? Regret?

"I was in the same dungeon as your father," she said, her voice thick with sympathy. "I... I'm so sorry for your loss."

My breath caught in my throat.

"What?" I whispered.

Her face fell. "You don't know?"

A cold shiver crawled up my spine.

She hesitated, glancing at the guards before lowering her voice. "Your father tried to escape two months ago. The guards caught him... and they were ordered to kill him."

Chapter 34: Accused

Lennox's POV

"All she needs is rest, and she will be fine," the healer said as she put a crying Anita to sleep. I exchanged glances with my brothers, but none of us said a word.

"I will stay with her," Anita's mother said softly, while I nodded in acknowledgment.

"I'll be back to check on her," I added before stepping out of Anita's room.

Arriving back in my chambers, I poured myself a glass of whiskey and took a long sip of it. The harshness of it burned my throat, but I continued sipping.

I moved over to the window and stared into the night. I couldn't believe that Anita was pregnant with our child and had just lost it. I didn't know what to feel about it—I had just lost a child, a child I didn't get to know, and my emotions were just... there. I didn't feel the anger and pain I was supposed to feel in losing a child. Perhaps it was because I didn't really want a child with Anita.

The door creaked open, and my brothers, Levi and Louis, stepped in. They said nothing, merely pouring themselves drinks.

The three of us stood in silence, waiting for one another to speak first, until finally, Louis spoke.

"What do we do about Olivia?" Louis asked, breaking the heavy silence.

I sighed. The moment her name was spoken, my wolf growled, restless and furious. Keeping her locked in that cell was tearing me apart.

"We should get her out," Levi spoke. "She is our Luna, no matter what. What will the other Alphas think of us if we keep her caged like a criminal?"

"I agree," Louis added. "Instead of keeping her in the cell, we can confine her to her room."

I nodded at Louis's suggestion, knowing he was right. Olivia was our Luna, and even though she had made a huge mistake, keeping her in the cell wasn't right. My wolf snarled in agreement, demanding that we bring her out immediately.

Before I could say anything else, the door burst open, and one of the guards rushed in, looking frantic. He bowed his head slightly before speaking.

"Alpha Lennox, Alpha Levi, and Alpha Louis! Luna Olivia is yelling for you," he reported, barely able to catch his breath.

"What?" Levi growled, immediately pushing off the wall, his drink forgotten.

"She's causing a scene, demanding to see all three of you. She... she's furious," the guard stammered.

I exchanged a glance with my brothers, a mix of curiosity and worry settling in. Olivia rarely showed her temper, and if she was this enraged, something must have pushed her past her limit. Without a word, we all strode out of my chambers, making our way to the cells.

As we approached the cell, her voice grew louder. "Where are they? Let me see them!" she demanded in anger.

When we arrived, Olivia stood at the cell gate, her hands gripping the bars. But it wasn't just anger radiating from her, it was pain.

She was crying.

The moment she saw us, her gaze hardened. "You monsters! You ordered the killing of my father!" she spat, and my brow furrowed.

What was she talking about?

"What are you talking about?" Louis asked, voicing my confusion.

More tears fell down her cheeks, and where I stood, I felt my heart clenching. Even after everything, her tears still had the power to break me.

"You three act like you don't know what I'm talking about!" she shouted, tears flowing down her cheeks.

"That is because we don't know what you are talking about," Levi snapped, sounding frustrated.

Olivia glared at us, her tear-filled eyes holding both pain and anger, making me feel so uncomfortable.

"I hate you three," she spat in anger.

I growled. "Olivia, what are you talking about?"

My wolf growled angrily, fighting against my restraint, desperate to comfort her and demand answers at the same time. Levi looked just as shaken, his fists clenched, while Louis narrowed his eyes, trying to piece together what she meant.

Before I could say anything, Olivia moved suddenly, catching us off guard. In a swift motion, she reached through the cell bars, grabbing the hilt of the sword strapped to the guard's side. He yelped in surprise, too stunned to react, and she pulled it free, pressing the blade to her neck before any of us could take a step forward.

"Don't move!" she shouted, her voice cracking but authoritative. The guard stumbled back, terrified, while my wolf thrashed violently within me, howling at the threat to our mate.

"Olivia!" I barked, but she only pressed the sword harder against her skin, a thin line of blood appearing. I felt my breath hitch, and Louis took a cautious step forward, but she glared at him, her gaze wild and threatening.

"Stay back! I swear, I'll do it!" she warned, her hands trembling.

"Olivia, put the sword down," Levi said cautiously, his voice surprisingly gentle despite the tension coiling in his muscles. "Just talk to us."

"You killed my father!" she screamed, tears spilling freely, her knuckles white against the hilt. "You ordered his death! Why? Why would you do that? He was innocent!"

Shock shot through me like a lightning bolt. Her father? Executed? None of us gave that order. I exchanged a quick look with Louis, whose face was a mask of confusion, and then Levi, who looked equally lost.

"Olivia," I started, keeping my tone steady despite the tightness in my throat. "We didn't order anyone to kill your father. Who told you that?"

Her grip faltered just a little, uncertainty flickering in her eyes before the fury returned. "Stop lying! I heard it! My father was loyal to this pack, and you killed him like he was nothing!"

I took a careful step closer, but she immediately pressed the blade deeper, and I froze, my heart pounding so hard I thought it would break my ribs.

"Please, Olivia," Levi spoke again, his tone almost pleading. "Someone must have lied to you. We didn't do it. We would never kill your father—"

"You expect me to believe that?" she hissed. "You three are monsters! I hate you! You took everything from me!"

"Olivia!" I growled, fear gripping me, my heart pounding rapidly inside me.

"Drop that sword, and let's talk," I pleaded.

"No!" She shook her head, more tears flowing rapidly.

"I hate you three... I hate you three so much!" she spat in anger, and my heart clenched. I knew she hated me, but hearing her say it with so much pain made me realize how much we must have hurt her.

"I... Olivia Parker, reject you three as my mates."

"We reject your rejection," we said in unison, without having a second thought about it.

Olivia's words hung heavy in the air, and I felt a pain I couldn't describe—like claws digging into my soul. Rejection. She wanted to reject us. My wolf howled in anguish, clawing at my insides as if trying to rip out the agony I felt. I could see Levi and Louis tense beside me, their faces pale and their eyes clouded with pain.

"Olivia..." Levi whispered, his voice shaking.

She glared at us, the sword still pressed to her neck, more blood trickling down her skin. Her eyes were hollow, lost, filled with nothing but agony and hatred.

"Maybe... maybe death is the only way I can be free from you three," she muttered, her voice raw and broken.

My eyes widened, and I surged forward without thinking. "Olivia, no!"

But it was too late. In one swift motion, she sliced the blade across her throat, blood blooming instantly against her pale skin.

"NO!" Louis shouted, darting forward, but the cell bars stopped him.

My knees hit the ground as I watched her collapse, blood pouring from her wound, her body trembling and eyes fluttering. My hands gripped the bars so tightly that they hurt, and my wolf let out a mournful howl that echoed through the halls.

"Open the cell! Now!" Levi barked at the stunned guards, his voice filled with fear.

Chapter 35: speak to her

Levi's POV

The moment the guard unlocked the cell, I stormed inside, scooping Olivia's unconscious body into my arms. Panic clawed at my chest as I lifted her, her blood dripping onto the cold stone floor from the deep wound in her neck.

"Get the healer!" Louis shouted as he ran behind me, while Lennox stood frozen, his expression blank with shock, as if his mind couldn't process what was happening.

My heart pounded in sync with my wolf's frantic howling. Ignoring the slick warmth of Olivia's blood soaking into my clothes, I carried her straight into the pack house and up to her room. I laid her on the bed and pressed my trembling hand to her bleeding neck, desperately trying to stop the flow.

"Fuck," I choked out, staring at the blood pooling between my fingers. It wasn't slowing. It wasn't stopping.

"Where is the fucking healer?" Louis shouted at the top of his lungs, and just then, the door pushed open, and the pack healer rushed in along with Olivia's mom.

The healer hurried to the bedside, her eyes widening as she took in Olivia's condition. Olivia's mom followed closely, gasping at the sight of her daughter drenched in blood.

"What happened?" the healer demanded, dropping to her knees beside the bed.

"She stabbed herself," I stammered, my voice thick with fear.

The healer's hands glowed with a soft, golden light as she hovered them over Olivia's neck, murmuring an incantation. I held my breath, hoping to see the bleeding slow or stop altogether. But nothing changed. The blood kept pouring, staining the sheets beneath her.

The healer frowned, her hands trembling as the light flickered and faded.

"What's wrong?" Olivia's mom cried, her face stricken with terror.

"I—I don't understand," the healer whispered, sweat beading on her forehead. "She's resisting my ability. It's as if... she doesn't want to be healed."

"What the hell do you mean she doesn't want to be healed?" I snapped, barely containing the growl rumbling in my chest. "She's unconscious! She doesn't even know she's hurt!"

The healer shook her head, clearly just as confused as the rest of us. "Sometimes... it happens when the spirit is rejecting life—when the will to survive is weakened. But I've never seen it this strong before. It's like... her body is consciously fighting against my healing."

Louis cursed under his breath, pacing by the door, while Lennox stood frozen in shock. Olivia's mother sobbed, clutching her daughter's hand.

"Do something!" I pleaded, my throat burning. "There has to be something you can do!"

The healer closed her eyes, taking a deep breath. "I'll try another method. But if her spirit doesn't cooperate, it may not work. Someone needs to speak to her—call out to her. Sometimes, hearing a loved one's voice can remind the soul why it needs to stay."

Louis scoffed, running a hand through his hair, clearly fighting his own frustration. He stepped closer to the bed, his jaw clenched tight.

"Olivia," he muttered, his voice softer than before, almost reluctant. "I swear, if you die on us now... after everything... I'm gonna kick your ass in the afterlife. You're not allowed to just leave like this. You think you're the only one hurting? You're not. So stop being a stubborn little brat and wake the hell up. I don't want to be a widower yet."

Lennox cursed under his breath, hesitating before stepping forward as well. He looked away, his voice low and strained. "You always act like you're some lone wolf, like you don't need anyone. It pisses me off. But you know what? You've got people who care about you—people who'd tear the world apart to keep you safe. You can't just give up now... not when we're still here, fighting for you. Stop being selfish and open your damn eyes."

He hesitated, his throat bobbing as he swallowed hard. "Look, Olivia... you always act like you don't care about anything, but I know you're not that heartless. If you're just giving up now, then you're proving us right—proving that you're too weak to handle this shit. Don't be that coward. Prove us wrong for once."

He rubbed his hand over his face, trying to hide the crack in his voice. Louis just shook his head, pretending to be annoyed, but I saw the guilt in his eyes. They wouldn't admit it, but they were hurting just as much as I was.

I swallowed back the tightness in my throat and leaned in close to Olivia, brushing her hair from her face. "Hear that, Olivia? They're worried about you... even if they're too damn stubborn to say it right. You're not allowed to give up on us. We're not giving up on you. So come back... please."

Faint glow flickered over Olivia's wound, and the healer gasped.

"She's responding."

The healer's hands glowed even brighter, and I finally saw the wound start to fully close. Relief washed over me as Olivia's breathing steadied, her chest rising and falling more evenly.

Louis let out a shaky breath, mumbling under his breath, "Damn idiot... scared the hell out of us."

Lennox just stood there, looking torn between relief and frustration, muttering, "You better wake up soon. Don't make us go through this crap again."

I squeezed Olivia's hand gently, whispering, "You did good, Olivia. Just keep fighting. We'll be right here..."

Soon, the healer sighed in relief and looked at us. "Alphas, she is out of danger but will be unconscious for a few hours," the healer announced, and I nodded, staring at Olivia, whose dress was stained with her blood.

The healer left, but Olivia's mother stayed behind, running her fingers through her daughter's hair, whispering soft words of comfort.

"Did you know that her father, your husband, is dead?" Lennox threw the question at Olivia's mom, who swallowed hard and nodded.

My frown deepened. "And Olivia is not aware of it?" I said through gritted teeth.

"She thinks we ordered the killing of her father—something we had no idea about," Louis spat in anger.

Olivia's mother hesitated, biting her lip as she stroked Olivia's hair. "I couldn't tell her," she whispered, her voice shaking. "She... she doesn't know the truth."

I glared at her, barely holding back my growl. "Why?"

She glanced at Olivia's pale face, wiping away a tear before turning to me. "Her father... he was killed on your father's orders. I... I couldn't bear to tell her. She wouldn't be able to take it."

Louis scoffed, running a frustrated hand through his hair. "And now she thinks we did it. She stabbed herself because of it."

Olivia's mom lowered her gaze, shame coloring her cheeks. "I thought it would protect her. She adored her father... if she knew the truth, it would've destroyed her. I didn't realize how much it would hurt her in the end."

My hands clenched into fists at my sides, struggling to control my anger.

A loud knock on the door interrupted us, and a maid timidly stepped inside, bowing her head. "Alphas, Lady Anita has woken up, and she is requesting your presence."

I turned around, my temper snapping. "We don't fucking care. Get out!" I roared, making the maid flinch and scurry away without another word.

Chapter 36: Never stopped Loving her

Lennox's POV

I looked at Olivia, whose breathing was normal, though she was still unconscious. The fact that she had tried to kill herself more than once was becoming alarming. Was she so desperate to die?

Today, we had almost lost her again. The mere thought of it was enough to drive me insane.

"I'll be back. I need to see Father," I muttered to my brothers before storming out of the room.

My wolf was still growling in pain at the thought of Olivia dying, and I groaned, simply making my way to Father. Sniffing the air, I caught a whiff of his scent and realized he was in his chambers.

Reaching his door, I knocked once.

"Come in," he called.

I entered to find him reclining in his chair, a glass of wine in hand. He had recently stepped down as Alpha, and for the first time in my life, he looked truly at ease.

"Lennox," Father greeted, his sharp gaze assessing me. He could already tell I was in no mood for pleasantries.

"Father, did you order the killing of Olivia's father?" I asked, going straight to the point.

Father sighed and set down the glass of wine in his hand, fixing me with a calm but wary look. "What brought this up all of a sudden?"

I clenched my fists, fighting to keep my voice respectful. "Olivia tried to kill herself again today. She almost bled out in front of us. The healer barely managed to save her."

His eyes narrowed slightly, but his expression remained stoic. "And what does that have to do with me?"

I growled, barely restraining my wolf. "She thinks we killed her father. That Louis, Levi, and I gave the order. But we just found out that you were the one who ordered his death. Is it true?"

Father leaned back in his chair, letting out a slow breath. "Yes."

The simple admission hit me like a punch to the gut, and I had to grip the edge of his desk to keep from lunging at him. "Why?" I demanded, my voice laced with anger. "Why the hell would you do that?"

He didn't flinch, didn't show even a shred of guilt. "Because he tried to escape."

"So?" I spat angrily. "He was your closest warrior, more like a friend to you. How could you order his killing?"

Father scoffed, picking up his wine again. "Sentiment doesn't rule a pack, Lennox. Strength does. He tried to escape jail. Letting him live would've made me look weak. You'll understand that one day."

My hands shook with barely controlled rage. "You didn't have to kill him. You could have punished him in some other way. Increased his sentence, made him work off his debt—anything but killing him. He didn't betray the pack or hurt anyone—he just stole. And because of that, Olivia is heartbroken."

Father eyed me, a sly smirk tugging at the corner of his mouth. "You're acting like you actually care about that girl. Last I checked, you and your brothers hated her. Treated her like dirt. So why the sudden change of heart?"

I froze, his words slicing through me like a blade. For a moment, I couldn't respond. The guilt clawed at me, choking me with memories of how we had treated Olivia. The pain we had caused her.

Father arched an eyebrow, clearly amused. "So what is it, Lennox? Feeling guilty? Or did you finally realize that you never stopped loving that girl?"

I stiffened. My frown deepened, but I couldn't deny it. He was right. I had never stopped loving Olivia.

Grunting angrily, I left his room and stormed back to Olivia's. My brothers were still there, along with her two personal maids.

I exchanged a brief glance with Louis and Levi before shifting my gaze back to Olivia.

My heart clenched painfully as I took in her pale face, still unconscious on the bed. The wound had been sealed, but her skin was still sickly pale, her breathing shallow. My

wolf whimpered, pacing restlessly within me, desperate to see her open her eyes. I swallowed hard, the guilt gnawing at me from the inside.

I hated how things had turned out—how I had let my anger and bitterness consume me. Back then, she was my little sunshine, always trailing behind me with that wide, adoring smile. I was her hero, her protector. She used to look up at me like I could do no wrong, like I hung the moon just for her.

A memory hit me so suddenly that my heart clenched even more.

She couldn't have been more than eight years old, running around the garden with a crown of daisies she had made herself. I was thirteen then, training with Father, bruised and aching from a rough sparring session, but she didn't care. She darted right into the training ground, her tiny arms stretched wide as if to catch me.

"Lenny!" she had squealed, her black hair wild around her face. I couldn't help but smile as she crashed into my legs, barely making me budge.

"Careful, Liv," I warned, ruffling her hair. "What are you doing here?"

Her big, bright eyes looked up at me with pure adoration. "I made you a crown! 'Cause you're the strongest and bravest!" She lifted the daisy crown, tiptoeing to reach my head. I bent down, letting her place it there, feeling foolish but oddly proud.

Father had scoffed, muttering something about weak sentiment, but I didn't care. I had picked her up, swinging her in a circle just to hear her laugh. I had never forgotten how she had wrapped her arms around my neck, whispering, "You're my hero, Lenny. I want to be brave like you one day."

A shuddering breath left me as I looked at her now—so fragile and broken. I had become the exact opposite of what I had promised her that day. Instead of protecting her, I had been part of the reason she felt so helpless and alone.

"She'll be okay," Levi muttered, breaking me out of my thoughts. I glanced at him, noticing the worry etched into his features. Louis remained silent, his jaw clenched as he stared at Olivia's still form.

Suddenly, the door burst open, and we all turned toward it to see Anita barging in.

Chapter 37: More Important

Louis' POV

Anita stormed in angrily, her gaze flicking between my brothers and me before landing on Olivia, who still looked unconscious.

"So, because of this bitch, you refuse to come see me?" she spat in anger, and my frown deepened.

"Anita, you should be in bed resting," Levi said.

Anita scoffed bitterly, her glare shifting to him. "And you three should be by my side, not by hers. I'm the one who just had a miscarriage. I lost your babies because of her, and instead of staying with me, you're here with her?" Her voice cracked with anger.

My wolf growled angrily inside me. "Can't you see Olivia almost lost her life—"

"Is her life more important than the ones I just lost?" Anita said disrespectfully, and my frown deepened.

Lennox, who had been silent since she walked in, moved closer to her. His jaw clenched as he stared down at Anita, his arms still folded across his chest. His voice was low and calm, but there was a dangerous edge to it.

"Why did you allow yourself to get pregnant in the first place?" he asked, his tone cold but filled with anger.

Anita's eyes widened, and she looked at him as if he had just slapped her. "W-What?"

"You lied to us, Anita," Lennox continued, his gaze hardening. "You knew we always wanted to use protection, but you insisted it was your safe period. You deliberately deceived us just so you could get pregnant."

Anita's face flushed with a mix of anger and shame, and she scoffed, turning away. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"Don't play dumb," Levi snapped, his eyes narrowing. "We trusted you. You wanted to trap us, didn't you? Did you ask us if we were ready to have kids?"

Anita glared at Levi, her lips trembling. "I just wanted to give you something—someone—to bind us together."

I couldn't help the growl that rumbled from my chest. "So, you thought manipulating us into fatherhood was the way to do it?" I snarled, taking a step closer. "You didn't care about our choice or what we wanted—you just wanted to secure your place in our lives."

Anita's face fell with guilt. "You all act like I'm some villain! I just wanted to be important to you three!"

"You wanted to force us into fatherhood," Lennox cut in harshly. "And you thought using pregnancy as leverage would work. But you lied and betrayed us, Anita. You put your selfish desires above everything else."

Her shoulders trembled, and for a moment, I thought she might break down. Instead, she sneered at Olivia, who was still lying weakly on the bed, her eyes barely open.

"I still lost my babies because of her," Anita hissed. "And I'll never forgive her for that."

Levi stepped forward, his tone deadly calm. "We are not sure about that yet."

Anita's mouth opened and closed as if searching for a comeback, but she had none. With one last hateful glare at Olivia, she spun on her heel and stormed out of the room, slamming the door behind her.

Silence settled over us, and I let out a slow, frustrated breath. Lennox rubbed his temples, looking just as drained as I felt. Levi approached Olivia and stood close to her, his eyes softening.

For several minutes, we didn't say a word; we just kept staring at her, each of us lost in our own thoughts.

Levi reached out and brushed Olivia's hair away from her face, his touch surprisingly gentle despite how much I thought he hated her.

I sighed, running a hand through my hair as a memory resurfaced—one I hadn't thought about in years.

"Do you guys remember that day Olivia's dad came to the pack house for training, and she wasn't with him?" I asked, breaking the silence.

Lennox looked at me, his brows furrowing. "Yeah... wasn't that when she got sick?"

I nodded, a small smile tugging at my lips despite the heaviness in the air. "Yeah. She was about ten at the time, and we were fifteen. We were so used to seeing her tag along with him everywhere, always hanging around and getting into trouble. When he showed up alone, it just didn't feel right."

Levi's eyes softened as he glanced down at Olivia. "I remember that. We asked him where she was, and he just sighed and said she was too sick to come. I swear, the three of us didn't waste a second—we bolted out of the pack house and raced down to their house."

A smirk formed on Lennox's lips as he folded his arms, clearly remembering. "You mean I raced down to the house while you two tried to catch up," he corrected with a hint of pride.

I snorted. "Keep dreaming, Lennox. I was the first one to get there. You tripped over a tree root halfway, and Levi stopped to make sure you didn't break your leg."

Levi let out a low chuckle. "Yeah, and by the time we made it to the house, you were already banging on the door like a maniac, yelling her name."

I couldn't help but laugh at the memory. "Her mom opened the door and looked like she'd seen a stampede. She was like, 'Calm down, boys, she's just got the flu!'"

Lennox smiled faintly, his eyes still on Olivia. "We didn't calm down, though. We pushed past her and ran straight to Olivia's room. She was lying on the bed, looking pale as hell but still managed to give us that tiny smile like she wasn't dying."

Levi nodded, his expression softening even more. "She tried to sit up just because we were there, even though she could barely keep her eyes open. I remember I sat on the bed and held her hand, and she just smiled at me like I was some kind of hero."

I grinned, nudging Levi with my elbow. "You wish. She smiled at me first. I even brought her that stupid stuffed wolf she liked—what was it called again?"

"Milo," Lennox answered without missing a beat. "You gave it to her after she started crying because she thought it ran away. You kept that secret for years, you know—how you accidentally tossed it onto the roof."

Levi chuckled, shaking his head. "Yeah, because Louis here tried to prove he could throw it higher than I could. Ended up getting stuck."

I rolled my eyes, ignoring their teasing. "She was so happy when I handed it back to her. She kept hugging it like it was some kind of treasure."

Lennox snorted. "That's because she thought you saved it, not knowing you were the one who got it stuck in the first place."

A warmth spread through my chest as I glanced back at Olivia, her breathing even and soft.

"We argued the whole time about who was her favorite," I said quietly. "Back then, I was so sure it was me. She always used to pull on my arm and ask me to teach her to fight. But then I'd catch her giving you two those wide eyes like you hung the moon, and I'd get pissed off all over again."

Levi smiled faintly, brushing his thumb gently over Olivia's knuckles. "She never picked, did she? Just kept giggling and making fun of us for being so competitive."

Lennox hummed, his voice almost wistful. "That's Olivia for you. Always making us feel like idiots without even trying."

A comfortable silence fell over us as we remained by her side, each of us lost in the memory. It was strange how something so simple from the past could feel like an anchor now, reminding us just how much she meant to us back then.

Back then, we cherished her.

But now?

She broke me.

I don't know what she did to my brothers, but she shattered my heart into pieces.

Chapter 38: No More Weakness

Olivia's POV

I looked around, realizing I was standing in the pack house backyard, decorated with twinkling lights and colorful ribbons. It was beautiful, almost magical, and my heart swelled with happiness.

My thirteenth birthday.

The triplets stood near the picnic table, their faces lit up with proud grins. Lennox was struggling to keep a banner from tangling while Levi arranged a plate of cupcakes shaped like little wolves, and Louis was busy lighting a small bonfire. The scent of roasted marshmallows filled the air, making my stomach growl.

"Come on, Nox, you're gonna strangle yourself," Levi teased, laughing as Lennox glared at him.

"Shut up and help me before Olivia sees this mess!" Lennox snapped back, huffing as he finally managed to get the banner straight.

Louis looked over his shoulder and caught sight of me, his eyes lighting up. "Well, too late. Birthday girl's already here."

All three of them turned, and I couldn't help but laugh at how flustered Lennox looked. They grinned at me, their faces softening as I stepped closer.

"You guys did all this for me?" I whispered, glancing around at the effort they'd put in—the decorations, the snacks, the little makeshift stage where they'd set up a karaoke machine.

Levi shrugged casually, but his smile was warm. "Of course. You deserve the best, Liv. You only turn thirteen once."

Louis came up behind me and wrapped an arm around my shoulders, giving me a playful squeeze. "Plus, we figured you'd appreciate a party just for you. No adults. Just us and you."

I looked between them, my heart pounding strangely in my chest. They'd always been there—my protectors, my friends, the ones who would do anything to make me smile. But tonight, something felt different. My cheeks heated as I realized how handsome they'd become—taller, stronger, and more confident.

Lennox stepped closer, offering me one of the wolf-shaped cupcakes. "Happy birthday, pup," he said with a smirk, using the nickname that used to annoy me but now just made my stomach flutter.

I accepted the cupcake, my hands trembling slightly. "Thanks, Nox," I murmured, biting into it and savoring the sweetness.

Levi pulled me toward the little dance area, turning on some music. "Come on, birthday girl. Dance with me," he insisted, grabbing my hand and twirling me around. I laughed, feeling dizzy but happy as he spun me.

Not wanting to be left out, Louis cut in, pulling me away from Levi with a grin. "You've had your turn," he teased. "Now it's mine."

Lennox rolled his eyes, but his lips twitched into a smile. "You two are gonna make her sick. Let her breathe."

I found myself giggling as Louis guided me into a slower dance, his hands on my waist, his eyes holding mine. I'd never noticed how intense his gaze was—how his lips curved just slightly when he looked at me like that.

My heart pounded as I glanced between them, a sudden realization crashing over me. These boys—the ones who'd always been like older brothers—were starting to make my heart race. I didn't know what it meant or why it scared me, but I couldn't deny it anymore.

I was falling in love with them.

The thought made my cheeks burn, and I quickly looked down, hoping they wouldn't notice how flustered I'd gotten. Levi caught my chin, tilting my face up to meet his smirk.

"What's with that look, Liv?" he asked softly.

"Yeah," Louis added, giving me a curious glance. "You look like you've seen a ghost."

I swallowed hard, shaking my head. "Nothing... I'm just really happy. Thank you."

Lennox ruffled my hair like he always did, but this time it made my stomach do weird flips. "Dork," he muttered, but his tone was gentle.

We spent the rest of the night dancing, singing horribly off-key, and eating way too many sweets. They made me feel special—like I was the only girl in the world. When the bonfire crackled and the night grew colder, they wrapped me in one of their jackets and sat around me, their warmth and presence making me feel safe and cherished.

And despite how confused I felt about my own heart, I knew I didn't want this feeling to end.

Suddenly, the dream faded like smoke, and I blinked my eyes open, the soft glow of morning light filtering through the curtains. My room came into focus, and my heart skipped when I saw them—Louis, Levi, and Lennox—all sitting near my bed, looking exhausted.

I stared at them, my heart pounding as reality set in. The dream had been so vivid, so real, and waking up to see their faces made my chest ache. But something was different—their expressions were hard, their jaws clenched, and their eyes colder than I'd ever seen.

Levi was the first to speak, his voice rough. "What the hell were you thinking, Olivia?" he snapped, his glare pinning me in place.

Lennox scoffed, crossing his arms over his chest. "Are you out of your damn mind? You thought it was a good idea to pull a stunt like that?"

Louis didn't say anything at first, just ran a hand through his messy hair, his eyes blazing with anger and fear. When he finally spoke, his voice was low and tight. "We didn't kill your father... we had no idea he was dead until now."

Tears pricked at my eyes, pain seeping into my bones as I lowered my gaze. Of course, my father was dead. I couldn't escape the pain of it.

Louis gritted his teeth, stepping closer to the bed. "We've known you since you were a kid. You're supposed to be stronger than this. Hell, we've always seen you as unbreakable, Liv. But you went and tried to... to end it. Without thinking about anyone else. Your mother?"

His voice cracked on the last word, and it hit me like a punch to the gut.

Levi scoffed bitterly, his hands fisting at his sides. "You ever try something like that again, I swear you will get punished for it. Do you hear me? Never."

Lennox stepped forward, his voice low and threatening. "You're not allowed to pull that kind of shit ever again. You hear me, Olivia? I don't care what's going on in that head of yours—you can't die until we say so."

I opened my mouth to respond, but the door burst open, and my mother rushed in, her eyes wide with worry. "Olivia!" she cried, rushing to my side and cupping my face. "Oh, baby, thank the Goddess you're awake."

She pulled me into a tight embrace, and I felt more tears spill down my cheeks, overwhelmed by the love and guilt crashing into me. How could I be so foolish to want to end my life? Why didn't I think of my mother? She lost her mate, her husband, and now I wanted to kill myself, making her lose her only child.

The triplets stayed silent for a moment before Levi let out a harsh breath and rubbed the back of his neck. "We're done here," he muttered, glancing at his brothers.

Louis gave me one last look, his jaw clenched, before turning away. Lennox didn't say anything, just glared at the floor as they filed out of the room, leaving me with my mom.

She stroked my hair softly, whispering soothing words, but I couldn't stop the hollow ache in my chest. I hated myself for being weak.

I clung to my mom, trying to silence the sobs wracking my body. This is the end. I will never allow myself to try to kill myself again. I will never be weak anymore. Right now, I live for myself, for my mother, and to prove my father's innocence.

Chapter 39: Respect

Olivia's POV

It has been a week since I got the news of my father's death. My mother claimed she kept it from me because she knew I wouldn't be able to handle it, and maybe she was right. But that didn't make the betrayal any easier to swallow.

She also told me that the triplets had no knowledge of my father's death—that it was their father, the former Alpha, who had given the order. And deep within my heart, I hated him. I hated him for condemning my father to death. How could he order the execution of a man who had been his closest ally? His strongest and most loyal warrior?

For the past week, I had locked myself away in my room, drowning in grief, mourning the man who had been my protector, my guide—my father.

I had not seen the triplets in all that time. Not Anita either. And I was grateful for it. But my solitude had come to an end. Today, I had to resume my duties as Luna, even though the pack refused to see me as one.

Standing before the mirror, dressed in a simple black gown, I stared at my reflection and inhaled deeply. My once-bright eyes were dull, swollen from the countless tears I had shed. My cheeks were hollow from the days I had spent barely eating. But I couldn't afford to appear weak today.

"Are you nervous?" my wolf asked.

I exhaled slowly. "Not really."

Smoothing down my dress, I forced myself to look into my own eyes, finding the strength I needed within them. Enough hiding. Enough mourning. I had already spent a week grieving alone in my room, mourning the loss of my father—the man who had given everything to this pack, only to be killed on the Alpha's orders.

My chest tightened with anger and pain, but I couldn't stay locked away forever. My mother had practically dragged me out of bed this morning, reminding me of my duties as Luna—even if the pack didn't regard me as one. They still expected me to show up and maintain some semblance of leadership, no matter how broken I felt.

Straightening my shoulders, I wiped the stray tear that escaped and headed for the door.

The walk to the pack hall was suffocating. Every step felt like trudging through quicksand, my feet heavy with reluctance. When I finally reached the grand doors, I hesitated, swallowing down the tightness in my throat. Taking another deep breath, I pushed the doors open and walked inside.

The chatter in the hall quieted immediately, and countless eyes turned to me—some filled with disdain, others with indifference. The room was filled with she-wolves, but one face caught my attention almost instantly, and that was Anita. She sat in the front row, her posture regal and confident, dressed in an extravagant emerald green gown that hugged her curves like a queen flaunting her power. Beside her sat a few of her friends, snickering behind their hands.

I bit back the urge to glare at her. Of course, she would be front and center—acting like she was the Luna. I forced myself to hold my head high and moved further inside, ignoring the whispers and murmurs that followed me.

As I made my way to the seat reserved for me on the stage, I caught Anita's mocking smirk and heard her whisper to one of her friends, loud enough for me to hear, "I guess the fake Luna finally decided to show her face."

I ignored her, keeping my expression blank.

"Don't you know how to greet your Luna, or has a cat stolen your tongue?" I snapped, my loud voice echoing through the hall.

Murmurs rose in the hall, and I could feel their reluctance. Of course, I wasn't who they wanted as Luna, but they had no choice now.

One by one, they forced themselves to their feet, bowing their heads in begrudging respect.

"Greetings, Luna," they murmured in unison.

Ignoring them, I fixed my gaze on Anita. She was still seated, legs crossed elegantly, casually inspecting her perfectly manicured nails as if I didn't exist. A joke to her, thinking I was still that weak Olivia she could trample upon.

Clearing my throat, I addressed her directly, my voice loud enough to carry through the entire hall. "Anita," I called, and the murmurs died down instantly. "Have you forgotten your place? Or are you simply too arrogant to greet your Luna?"

She didn't even bother looking up, just gave a dismissive wave of her hand. "I don't see why I should. After all, I'm the Alphas' woman, just like you. We're no different."

A hush fell over the hall, and I could feel every gaze shifting between us, eager to see how I would respond. I took a step forward, my chin held high, and allowed a cold, bitter smile to curl my lips.

"You must be confused, Anita," I said icily, my tone laced with authority. "You are nothing but a concubine—a mere plaything. I, on the other hand, am the Luna. The queen of this pack. Their mate. You may flaunt your status all you want, but it will never change the fact that you are beneath me."

Her head snapped up at that, her eyes blazing with anger, but I didn't stop. I took another step closer, towering over her even from the stage.

"This is my court," I continued, my voice authoritative. "And if you do not respect me as your Luna and show the proper courtesy, then you can get out. I will not tolerate disrespect from someone of your lowly status."

Anita's lips parted, and I saw the way her hands curled into fists, trembling with barely contained rage. She forced herself up from the chair and gave a stiff, reluctant bow, her jaw clenched tight.

"Greetings, Luna," she ground out through gritted teeth.

A smirk of satisfaction tugged at my lips, and I gave a slight nod, turning my back to her and addressing the rest of the pack.

"Let this be a lesson to all of you," I said firmly. "I may have been an Omega. The daughter of a thief, as you all call me. But that does not give anyone permission to

forget who I am now. As long as I am your Luna, I expect the respect and loyalty that comes with the title. Do I make myself clear?"

"Yes, Luna," the pack members chorused, some more enthusiastically than others, but I didn't care. I had made my point, and Anita's sullen, humiliated expression was proof that I had won this round.

Satisfied, I took my seat on the stage, forcing my heartbeat to slow down as I tried to ignore the eyes still on me.

"Now, let's get to the business of the day."

Chapter 40: Compliant

Olivia's POV

I signaled one of the guards at the door to step forward. He gave me a respectful nod before addressing the hall.

"Any she-wolf with a matter to present before the Luna, step forward now," he announced.

For a moment, no one moved, and I could sense the hesitation rippling through the crowd. Then, a young she-wolf, probably no older than eighteen, nervously made her way to the front, her hands trembling slightly.

I offered her a gentle nod. "Speak freely," I encouraged, softening my tone to ease her nerves.

She hesitated for a moment before speaking. "L-Luna, I... I wanted to report that my mate has been refusing to provide for our pup. He spends his time drinking and gambling instead of working, and we're running out of food. I've tried speaking to him, but he just... gets angry."

Anger flared inside me at the thought of a mate neglecting his family, but I kept my expression calm. "What is his name?"

"Troy, Luna."

I glanced at the guard, giving him a curt nod. "Write down his name. I will meet with him after this meeting. A mate's duty is to protect and provide for his family, and neglecting his pup will not be tolerated. You and your child will be taken care of, and I will ensure he fulfills his responsibilities—or faces punishment."

The she-wolf's eyes widened in surprise and gratitude. She bowed deeply. "Thank you, Luna."

"Go to the kitchens and get food for you and your pup," I ordered gently. "One of the omegas will assist you."

She nodded, her face lighting up with relief, and quickly hurried out.

Before I could address the next matter, another she-wolf stepped forward, her gaze filled with pain. "Luna, I need justice. My mate struck me in a fit of rage yesterday. I'm tired of his temper and fear for my safety."

My frown deepened as I recalled the first and only time Lennox had slapped me. It had been painful, yes, but even worse was the heartbreak of being hurt by the man who was supposed to protect me, and I would not watch another she-wolf go through that countless times.

"What is his name, and where is he now?"

"Logan, Luna. He's probably at the training grounds."

I turned to the guard writing. "Write down his name. Any male who harms his mate will answer to me personally."

Anita released a mockery scoff, but I ignored her.

The she-wolf gave me a grateful bow, tears brimming in her eyes.

One by one, more she-wolves came forward with their concerns—some about neglectful mates, others about disputes over property or pups being bullied. I listened to each of them, giving orders to address the issues and ensure justice was served.

Through it all, Anita sat there, glaring. I knew she wished she were the one in my position. But I ignored her. My focus was on those who truly needed me.

When the last case was heard and the guards had their orders, I finally stood and addressed the hall again. "I will not tolerate mistreatment or neglect of mates and pups within this pack. If any of you feel unsafe or uncared for, you may come to me directly. I will make sure justice is done."

Murmurs of agreement and cautious approval filled the room. I knew it wouldn't be easy to gain their loyalty, but at least they were beginning to see that I wasn't just a figurehead to be ignored or disrespected. I was their Luna, and I would protect them—even if they didn't think I deserved the title.

Dismissing the gathering, I watched as the she-wolves slowly filed out of the hall, some with newfound hope in their eyes.

Anita rose from her seat and strode toward me.

"Don't get too comfortable, Olivia. Very soon, I'll take this position from you, and you'll go back to being an Omega—the daughter of a thief."

I smirked. "I'm not surprised you like my leftovers."

Anita's eyes darkened with anger. "Enjoy it while it lasts," she hissed.

I stepped closer, lowering my voice just enough that only she could hear. "And you enjoy watching from the sidelines because that's where you'll always be."

I didn't wait for her response. Turning on my heel, I strode past her, the list of names clutched in my hand. I had real matters to handle, and wasting time on Anita's petty jealousy wasn't one of them.

The training ground was buzzing with activity when I arrived. Warriors sparred in the open field, the sharp clang of weapons filling the air. My gaze swept over the space until I found the one I was looking for.

Logan.

He was a tall, broad-shouldered wolf with a smug expression, his arms crossed as he watched two younger warriors duel. His eyes flickered with amusement as if the entire world existed for his entertainment.

I approached without hesitation, stopping just a few feet from him. "Logan."

He barely spared me a glance. "What?"

"You were reported for striking your mate yesterday," I stated, my tone leaving no room for argument. "That won't be tolerated in this pack."

At that, he turned fully to face me, looking me up and down with a sneer. "And who the hell do you think you are to tell me what to do?" His lip curled. "You may be playing Luna now, but don't forget who you really are—a daughter of a thief, an Omega in stolen robes."

I clenched my jaw but remained composed. "That's not the issue here. The issue is that you put your hands on your mate, and you will answer for it."

Logan let out a short, harsh laugh. "Answer to you? You're not my Luna." He took a step closer, towering over me. "You're just a rejected mate the Alphas don't even want. How dare you—"

I cut him off with a sharp slap to the face, my wolf snarling inside me.

Logan's head snapped to the side. A dark scowl crossed his face as he turned back to me, his rage boiling over. Before I could brace myself, his hand lashed out, striking me hard across the face.

The pain was unbearable, But before I could react, the familiar furious voice of Lennox roared through the training grounds.

"How dare you!"

His voice was pure rage, shaking the very ground beneath us.