

Fated To Not Just One, But Three Chapter 4 - sharing

Lennox's POV

An uncomfortable silence hung in the air as neither my brothers nor I spoke. The tension was thick, almost suffocating. An uneasy feeling settled in my chest as my thoughts drifted to Olivia—to the pain she might be going through. A part of me wanted to stop the punishment, to let it go. But if I did, it would show weakness, a soft spot for her. And I didn't want that. I couldn't afford that. Not after what she did to me.

5

"I wonder what she plans to do with all the things she stole," Levi spat, his voice sharp with anger, breaking the silence.

I turned to look at him, noticing the anger in his eyes. He was just as pissed as I was.

"Maybe she has a boyfriend she plans to give them to," Louis grunted.

The mere thought of that sent a sharp, uncomfortable pain through my chest, but I shoved it down and stood abruptly. "Tell the guards to search her things. Perhaps they're still in her room."

Without waiting for a response, I left the room, heading back to mine.

The mess I had created in my earlier frustration still littered in my room—broken glass, overturned furniture, scattered papers. I ignored it and walked straight to the minibar, grabbing a bottle of whiskey. Uncorking it, I took a long swig, feeling the burn slide down my throat.

With a sigh, I sank onto the bed, but no matter how hard I tried, my thoughts kept drifting back to Olivia. The punishment she was enduring on the rooftop. I glanced at the window—the sun was scorching.

"If you're so worried about her, then stop the punishment." My wolf's voice rumbled in my head.

I clenched my jaw. "Why should I? Did she think about how I felt years ago when she hurt me? When she said those things?"

2

The door to my room pushed open, and Anita stepped inside. Her brows furrowed as she took in the mess in my room before her gaze landed on the whiskey bottle in my hand.

"Lennox, are you drinking because of the missing necklace?" she asked, concern lacing her voice.

I swallowed hard. No. The necklace wasn't why I was drowning myself in whiskey. It was Olivia. But I couldn't say that to Anita.

"Yes. It was a gift for you," I murmured instead.

Anita sighed and walked closer, kneeling before me. Gently, she took the bottle from my hand and placed it aside before looking directly into my eyes.

"You don't have to do this to yourself over a necklace. You can always get me another one, right?" she said, her voice soft, comforting.

3

And she was right. Money wasn't the issue. My brothers and I were the sons of the richest Alpha in the world and soon to be Alphas. A stolen diamond necklace shouldn't be enough to put me in this mood.

"Or..." Anita tilted her head, her gaze searching mine. "Is there something else bothering you?" Anita asked, raising a suspicious brow.

I quickly shook my head.

She studied me for a moment before a slow smirk curled her lips. "I know exactly what you need."

Before I could ask what she meant, she reached for the hem of her dress and pulled it over her head, letting the fabric fall to the floor. My gaze traveled over her exposed skin, the smooth curves of her body.

"Come on," she whispered, her voice sultry. "Let me help you take out your frustration."

I said nothing as she unclasped her bra, letting it slide off her shoulders. Then, she moved closer, pressing her body against mine. Her hands traced down my chest, her fingers slowly unbuttoning my shirt before pushing it off.

"Use me, Lennox," she breathed, tilting her head up to meet my gaze. "Pour all your anger into me. Take what you need."

A dark hunger stirred inside me—the need to lose myself, to forget everything—even if just for a moment. I grabbed the back of her neck, pulling her into a bruising kiss. She gasped against my lips, but I didn't slow down. I pushed her back onto the bed, climbing over her, my body pressing her into the mattress. I ran hungry and angry kisses all over her body before pulling away and standing before her.

Anita lay back on the bed, her legs spread, her body on full display for me. Her smirk was teasing, her eyes dark with anticipation. She knew what I wanted—what I needed—and she was more than willing to give it to me.

I didn't waste time. My belt hit the floor with a sharp clink, and I shoved my pants down, my cock already hard and aching. I crawled onto the bed, grabbing Anita's ankles and yanking her closer, making her gasp in surprise.

"So rough, so dominant," she purred, but I wasn't in the mood for her teasing.

I wrapped my fingers around her throat, squeezing just enough to make her gasp. "Shut up," I growled, watching her eyes widen with excitement.

Her lips parted, her breath hitching as I tightened my grip just a little more. "Yes, Master," she whispered.

That sent a dark thrill through me. I released her throat and grabbed her hips, flipping her onto her stomach in one swift motion. She barely had time to brace herself before I yanked her up onto her knees, positioning her exactly how I wanted.

I ran a hand down her spine, feeling her shiver under my touch. "You're wet already," I noted darkly, dragging my fingers through her slick folds.

She whimpered, pressing back against me, silently begging for more.

But I wasn't feeling generous tonight.

I grabbed a fistful of her hair, yanking her head back as I aligned myself with her entrance. "Beg for it," I commanded.

She moaned, her fingers gripping the sheets. "Please, Master," she gasped. "I need you."

That was all I needed.

With one hard thrust, I slammed into her, making her cry out. I didn't give her time to adjust—I didn't want to. I set a brutal pace from the start, pounding into her relentlessly. The bed frame creaked beneath us, the sound of skin slapping against skin filling the room.

Anita moaned loudly, her body rocking forward with every thrust, but I pulled her back against me, keeping her exactly where I wanted. My grip on her hips was bruising, my nails digging into her flesh as I took her hard and rough, just the way I needed.

"Who do you belong to?" I growled, yanking her head back again.

"You, Lennox," she panted, her voice breaking with pleasure. "Only you."

2

I smirked darkly. "Damn right."

I released her hair and pressed her chest down onto the mattress, driving deeper into her. My control was slipping, my wolf growling as I fucked her like an animal.

She was screaming now, her body shuddering beneath me, but I didn't stop. I couldn't stop. Not until I had taken everything I wanted from her.

And I wasn't done yet.

Anita's body trembled beneath me, her moans filling the room as I drove into her relentlessly. But no matter how hard I took her, no matter how much she screamed my name, it wasn't enough.

Because it wasn't her.

2

I clenched my jaw, trying to push the thought away, but it was useless. My mind betrayed me, painting a different picture. It wasn't Anita's dark hair spilling over her shoulders—it was Olivia's. It wasn't Anita's moans filling my ears—it was Olivia's breathless whimpers, the way I knew she'd sound if I ever had her like this.

"Lennox..." Anita gasped, her voice breaking with pleasure as she arched her back, pressing against me. But for a moment, I didn't hear Anita. I heard Olivia.

A violent need surged through me. I pulled out of her suddenly, making her whimper at the loss. Before she could protest, I flipped onto my back and grabbed her by the waist, pulling her over me.

"Ride me," I ordered, my voice rough with need.

Anita grinned, straddling me eagerly. She reached down, positioning herself before sinking onto my cock with a moan. Her head fell back, her nails digging into my chest as she took me deep.

I gritted my teeth, my hands gripping her hips tightly as she began to move. But I wasn't watching Anita anymore.

I was watching Olivia.

In my mind, it was her above me, her red lips parted in breathless pleasure. It was her soft skin beneath my hands, her tight pussy wrapped around me.

"Fuck," I growled, my grip tightening. I drove my hips up hard, making Anita cry out. But all I saw was Olivia.

How would she look like this? Would she be shy? Would she try to fight the pleasure, or would she surrender to it completely?

I imagined her whimpering my name, her nails dragging down my chest as she came apart for me.

A low, possessive growl rumbled from my chest. Olivia wasn't supposed to be in my head like this. She wasn't supposed to be the one I craved. I hated her. She had hurt me, but I couldn't stop thinking about her.

And no matter how hard I tried, no matter how many times I fucked Anita or anyone else, no one could take her place.

Anita's pace quickened, her nails scraping against my chest as she rode me harder, chasing her release. My grip on her hips was firm, guiding her movements, but my mind was elsewhere.

Not here. Not with her.

With Olivia.

I could almost see her—imagine the way her body would tremble above me, the way her lips would part in a gasp as she took me deep. My control slipped at the thought, my grip tightening as I thrust up into Anita with brutal force.

"Lennox—" Anita gasped, her body tensing. She was close.

I was too.

With one last punishing thrust, I sent her over the edge. Her body clenched around me as she cried out, shuddering in pleasure. The sensation pushed me past my limit, and with a low growl, I let go.

Pleasure ripped through me, my release spilling into the condom as I buried myself deep inside her. My breathing was heavy, my chest rising and falling as I rode out the aftershocks.

For a brief moment, silence filled the room, broken only by Anita's soft panting.

Then, without a word, I reached down and pulled out of her. My body was still humming with satisfaction, but the moment was already fading.

Because it wasn't Olivia.

It never was.

Anita stretched beside me, her fingers lazily trailing down my chest. "Damn, that was hot," she breathed.

I didn't respond. Instead, I reached over and pulled her into my arms. For a moment, we didn't say a word until the door opened and Levi and Louis walked in.

"So you two were having fun without us," Louis said, and Anita, loving the attention, giggled softly.

1

"Move away, Lennox," Levi grumbled.

I sighed and rolled out of bed as Levi and Louis positioned themselves beside Anita, wasting no time before devouring her like hungry animals.

1

I moved away from the bed, walking into the bathroom and turning on the shower. As I stood under the cold water, I could still hear the muffled moans coming from my room.

My brothers and I did practically everything together. We shared everything—so sharing Anita, or any other woman, was nothing new. But we also competed against each other.

Who was the best fighter.

The strongest wolf.

The fastest shifter.

Sometimes, it even came down to who fucked better. Who Anita enjoyed more.

And most importantly—who would end up being her mate.

We all knew that on her eighteenth birthday, she would be mated to one of us. And if fate was cruel enough, to all three of us.

And whoever she was mated to would be Dad's favorite. The pack's favored Alpha.

So, in a way, we were all competing for her.

But that didn't mean we didn't love each other.

Sighing heavily, I thought of Olivia, of the good memories I had of her. Of how I fell in love with her even as just a little boy of twelve. How I competed with my brothers, assuming they liked her too.

As we grew older, I thought she liked me too.

But I was wrong. So damn wrong.

1

Turning off the shower, I tied a towel around my waist and walked back into the room.

Back in my room, I found Levi and Louis fucking Anita dominantly. She was on her knees, Levi's cock in her mouth while Louis fucked her from behind.

Their moans filled the air, but I ignored them, walking over to grab a pair of simple track pants. I needed a run. I needed to clear my head.

I pulled them on and left the room without another word.

But just as I stepped into the hallway, a female servant rushed up to me, looking panicked.

"Young master, Olivia just fainted on the rooftop," she announced, her voice trembling.

My breath caught. Panic surged through me, but I forced myself to stay composed.

"Then wake her up and send her back in," I said, sounding nonchalant as I hid my worry.

"That's the problem," the servant insisted.

"We've tried waking her, but she's not responding."

I furrowed my brow, my frown deepening. "What do you mean?"

She swallowed hard, her eyes wide with fear. "She's not breathing."