

Fated To Not Just One, But Three

#Chapter 41: A Furious Lennox - Read Fated To Not Just One, But Three Chapter 41: A Furious Lennox

Chapter 41: A Furious Lennox

Olivia's POV

Before Logan could react, Lennox was already there, moving so fast it was almost a blur. One second, Logan was standing tall, and the next, he was on the ground, Lennox's fist driving into his face with inhuman force.

The air filled with the sickening crack of bone as Lennox hit him again. And again.

"You dare lay a hand on my mate?" Lennox's voice was a deadly growl, his wolf barely subdued.

Logan tried to scramble away, but Lennox grabbed him by the throat, slamming him back down into the dirt. Blood dripped from his nose, his eyes wide with panic now.

"Luna or not, she is mine." Lennox's voice was low, dangerous. "And I will not tolerate anyone disrespecting her, let alone hitting her."

I touched my cheek, feeling the lingering sting, but my focus was on Lennox. His fury was almost palpable, his entire body tense as he loomed over Logan, ready to rip him apart.

Lennox lifted Logan up from the sand and slammed his face into the wall. Gasps filled the air. I swallowed hard as I watched the scene before me. Lennox's anger was suffocating—no one dared to go near.

"I'm... sorry... Alpha..." Logan tried apologizing, but Lennox hit his face against the hard wall again. His face was already damaged, and I knew I had to do something before Lennox killed him.

"Lennox." I called his name softly, stepping closer.

"Stay back!" Lennox snapped at me and punched Logan in the face. Logan fell to the ground and collapsed. Lennox moved to pick him up again, but I ran and blocked him. I knew Lennox—if no one stopped him, he would kill Logan right here.

"Stop it, please," I pleaded desperately.

Lennox, whose green eyes were now gray, glared at me. I could see he was doing his best not to push me aside and attack Logan again.

Growling animalistically, he turned away from me, his hands trembling with rage.

My heart pounded as I watched Lennox's shoulders rise and fall with his ragged breaths. The raw fury rolling off him made it difficult to breathe, but I forced myself to stay between him and Logan's bloodied, motionless body.

As I stared at the enraged Lennox, a memory resurfaced in my mind.

It was three years ago. I was fifteen. My father had just been accused of stealing, and my mother and I were demoted to the rank of Omegas. It was another day at school, and I had just gotten a new sketchbook—a gift from Mama. I was so proud of it, clutching it tightly to my chest as I hurried down the hall, eager to draw during lunch break.

But then, they showed up—three older boys, probably the same age as the triplets, who always found pleasure in picking on the weaker students. Their leader, Jax, grinned wickedly when he saw me.

"Hey, thief's daughter!" he sneered, grabbing my sketchbook from my hands.

"No! Give it back!" I protested, reaching for it, but he just held it higher, laughing as I jumped and missed.

"Oh, look at her! Desperate little Omega," one of his friends taunted.

"Maybe she stole it," another one chimed in.

My heart pounded, and I bit back tears, trying not to let them see how much it hurt. Jax flipped through my sketches carelessly, his dirty hands smudging the pages.

"These are trash," he mocked before tearing out a page and crumpling it.

"Stop!" I cried, shoving him in a desperate attempt to get my sketchbook back. He barely moved but looked down at me with a glint of anger in his eyes.

"You dare push me?" His hand lashed out, shoving me so hard, I stumbled back and fell on my hands and knees. I barely had time to process the pain when he moved closer, raising his fist to hit me.

But he didn't get the chance.

A low, menacing growl froze everyone in place. Lennox stepped into the hallway, his eyes blazing with unrestrained rage.

"What the hell do you think you're doing?" His voice was deadly calm, and the boys paled instantly.

Jax tried to put on a tough front. "Just teaching the thief's brat a lesson—"

He didn't finish the sentence. Lennox's hand shot out, grabbing Jax by the throat and slamming him against the lockers so hard the metal dented.

"You think it's brave to pick on someone weaker than you?" Lennox snarled, his grip tightening. Jax gasped and clawed at Lennox's hand, his face turning red. The other two boys scattered, too scared to help their leader.

"Please... Alpha's son... let me go..." Jax wheezed.

Lennox's lips curled into a snarl. "You're pathetic." With one swift motion, he threw Jax to the floor. Jax scrambled to his feet and bolted down the hall, not daring to look back.

I stayed on the floor, still shaken, clutching the crumpled sketch in my hands. Lennox knelt beside me, his expression softening as he looked me over.

"You okay?" he asked, his voice gentler than I'd ever heard since my father was accused of being a thief.

I nodded, wiping away a stray tear. "You saved me..."

His jaw tightened. "You need to train. Stop being weak." He spat the words before rising to his feet and walking away.

Where I sat, I wondered what had happened to him and his brothers—why the sudden change in attitude toward me? But I concluded then that it was because my father was no longer a respected warrior but now carried the tag of a thief, and I was an Omega. They didn't want to associate with someone like me.

The memory faded, and I was back in the present.

I glanced at Lennox now, his back to me as he fought to control his anger. He was trembling, fists clenched, jaw tight. It seemed that despite how much he hated me, he still had that protective trait in him.

"Alpha Lennox," I whispered.

He didn't turn around, but I could feel his tension ease slightly.

"I'm okay," I said softly. "Thank you."

He let out a shaky breath, and finally, his shoulders relaxed. Slowly, he turned to face me, his eyes no longer wild with rage but filled with something I couldn't name.

For a long moment, we just stared at each other.

Then I broke the silence. "I'll be going now." I turned to leave, but his hand closed around my wrist, stopping me.

His touch sent a wave of warmth and shivers through me, and my wolf stirred inside of me.

"Come. Let me take care of that face."

Chapter 42: Still Protective Of Her

Lennox's POV

It had been a week since I last saw her, a week of avoiding her. And now, when I finally laid eyes on her again, it was to witness one of my own warriors laying his fucking hands on her.

Logan had dared to slap Olivia. The sight of those red marks marring her face made my blood boil. My wolf snarled in my head, demanding that I turn back and rip him apart. And I would have. But Olivia stopped me.

She had grabbed my wrist, shaking her head, her damn pleading eyes locking onto mine. And for some reason, I listened.

I hated that I listened. I hated that I let that bastard walk away with his life.

I swear by the Moon Goddess, if she hadn't stopped me, I would have killed him—and it would have been justified. It would have been a warning to everyone who dared to lay a hand on her. Only my brothers and I had the right to speak down to her. Even then, we had no fucking right to touch her. I had hit her once before, and I still hadn't forgiven myself for it. And yet some bastard had the audacity, the utter lack of fear, to strike the mate of his Alphas.

No respect.

When we reached the pack house clinic, I pushed the door open and stepped inside. Olivia hesitated for a moment before following.

The clinic was empty except for a pack nurse, who immediately stood and bowed her head in respect.

I exhaled sharply and turned to the nurse. "Leave."

The nurse hesitated for a second before nodding and hurrying out of the room.

Olivia sat on the examination table, silent, her fingers curled into the hem of her shirt. She was trying to act unaffected, but I saw the slight tremor in her hands, the way she avoided looking at me.

"I can handle it myself," she muttered, reaching for the first aid kit on the counter.

I snatched it before she could touch it. "No."

Her head snapped up, eyes flashing with defiance. "Lennox, I don't need your help."

I ignored her, pulling out antiseptic and cotton. The anger simmering in my chest made my hands rougher than necessary as I grabbed her chin, forcing her to look at me. She flinched slightly, and guilt curled in my gut. I had hit her once before, and I could see she hadn't forgotten.

Damn it.

"Hold still," I said, softer this time.

She did, though her shoulders were tense. I dipped the cotton into the antiseptic and pressed it against the red marks on her cheek. She hissed but didn't pull away.

"I should've killed him," I muttered under my breath.

Olivia let out a humorless laugh. "And then what? You think that would make things better?"

"Yes."

She sighed. "You can't solve everything with violence, Lennox."

I scoffed. "And what? Let them think they can put their hands on you and walk away? That's not happening. You're my—" I cut myself off, jaw clenching.

Her expression hardened. "I'm your what?"

I didn't answer. I focused on cleaning her wound, my fingers brushing against her skin. She felt warm beneath my touch, too warm, and I hated the way my body reacted to it. I hated that I still wanted her despite everything.

After a moment, she exhaled and looked away. "You don't have to do this."

"I know," I said, bandaging the area. "But I am. After all, you are my wife whether I like it or not."

Silence stretched between us. She watched me carefully, as if trying to figure me out, but even I wasn't sure what the hell I was doing anymore.

Finally, I stepped back. "It's done."

Olivia touched her cheek lightly, her lips pressing together. "Thanks."

I nodded, shoving the first aid kit onto the counter. My chest felt tight, my anger still boiling inside me.

She slid off the examination table. "Thank you."

I stared at her. She wouldn't be fine. Not in this damn pack where everyone thought they could treat her like shit. She hasn't done anything to offend them. She only offended me and perhaps my brothers, so they had no right to treat her like shit.

"They won't touch you again," I said firmly. "I'll make sure of it."

And I meant it.

Olivia raised a confused brow at me, seeming confused, but without saying a word, she turned and walked away, and my eyes involuntarily fell on the curves of her ass in that fitted dress of hers!

Damn it! I swallowed hard and looked away, feeling discomfort between my legs.

Shaking off the silly thoughts in my head, I left the clinic and walked down to the training ground, where hundreds of warriors were training—some in their human forms, while others in their four-legged form.

"Attention, everyone." I roared, my loud voice cutting through the noise.

The warriors stood in rigid silence, the weight of my anger pressing down on them. My knuckles still ached from beating Logan, but it wasn't enough. My anger hadn't cooled, and I wouldn't be satisfied until every single one of them understood that Olivia was off-limits.

Louis and Levi arrived, their presence commanding immediate attention. Levi looked me over, his sharp gaze narrowing. "What the hell happened?"

"Logan slapped Olivia."

"What?" Louis growled in anger, his rage snapping instantly. Well, it seemed Logan was lucky my brothers weren't around.

"Fucking hell, he didn't." Levi snarled in anger.

A murmur rippled through the warriors. Some shifted uneasily, while others kept their heads bowed. None of them dared to meet my gaze.

Levi exhaled sharply, rubbing a hand down his face. "And where is he now?"

"Somewhere, perhaps receiving treatment. He's barely breathing." My voice was devoid of remorse. "If Olivia hadn't stopped me, he'd be dead."

Louis growled. "You could have killed him and painted the walls of the mansion with his blood."

Logan was damn lucky.

I turned to face the warriors. "I want every single one of you to understand something." My voice was steady, but the threat beneath it was unmistakable. "Olivia is the mate of your Alphas. She is off-limits. If any of you so much as think about disrespecting her, you will not get the mercy Logan got."

Silence. Heavy and thick.

"Do I make myself clear?" I growled.

A chorus of "Yes, Alpha" echoed across the training ground.

"Good." My gaze swept over them, ensuring the message sank in. "Now, get back to training. And train harder, because if another mistake like this happens, you'll be fighting me next."

The warriors immediately obeyed, returning to their drills with renewed focus.

"Where is she?" Levi asked softly, his voice full of concern.

Despite how much we claimed to hate her for different reasons, we had one thing in common—one trait that had never left us, even after all these years.

We were still protective of her.

Chapter 43: No Children

Olivia's POV

Today had been exhausting. From meeting with the she-wolves to my heated encounter with Logan, then dealing with Lennox fussing over my injury, and finally attending to pack matters—it had been one thing after another. All I wanted was to collapse onto my bed and sleep, but tonight was a family dinner. And not just with the triplets and Anita. Their parents would be there too. I had no choice but to attend.

As I arrived at the dining table, a small smile formed on my lips when I saw my mother seated. It was comforting to see her eating at the same table as me. She had been through so much, and now that I was royalty, she was, too.

"Good evening, everyone," I greeted.

Mother responded warmly, and the triplets' parents acknowledged me, but the triplets themselves remained silent. Across from me, Anita sat glaring.

"I heard you officially started your duties as Luna today," Lady Fiona, the triplets' mother, said.

I nodded. "Yes, ma'am."

She gave me an encouraging smile. "Being a Luna is demanding, but I believe you can handle it. And if you ever need guidance, don't hesitate to come to me, okay?"

I nodded, but deep down, I knew that was never going to happen.

Don't get me wrong—Lady Fiona was a good woman with a kind heart. But to me, she had been a terrible Luna.

She had been there when my father was accused of stealing, yet she never used her position to prove his innocence. She had been Luna when my mother and I were demoted to Omegas when the she-wolves shunned my mother and banned her from their gatherings, and she had done nothing to stop it. She had been there when we were treated like trash, when my mother fell into depression—and what did she do? She turned a blind eye.

And worst of all, she had been there when her sons, the triplets, treated me like garbage. As their mother and as the Luna, she could have brought them into line.

I couldn't help but wonder—did she know her husband had ordered my father's execution? An innocent man murdered. And if she had known... why didn't she stop it?

Dinner was served, the clinking of cutlery filling the silence that stretched awkwardly between us. The triplets still hadn't said a word to me. Not even Lennox, who had been surprisingly gentle earlier when tending to my wound. Louis stared at his plate like it held the secrets of the universe, while Levi occasionally glanced up, only to look away the moment our eyes met.

And Anita? She was still glaring like she wanted to set me on fire with her eyes.

"So," Sir Phillip, the triplets' father, began, breaking the silence. "How was your first day handling pack duties?"

I straightened in my seat, swallowing the bitterness rising in my throat. "Challenging, but manageable."

He nodded approvingly, but his gaze held a subtle weight, as if assessing my every word. "Good. You will do well," he said, as if praising me, and I fought the urge to glare at him. I hated him. I hated him and would never forgive him.

"Thank you, sir," I murmured, offering a tight smile. He didn't notice the hollowness behind it—or maybe he chose not to.

He hummed in response and turned back to his food.

My mother reached out under the table and gently squeezed my hand. I almost lost it. I almost snapped at him, wanting to demand why he would order my father to be killed like that. But that simple gesture from my mom, the warmth of her fingers—anchored me and stopped me.

"Stay calm," she whispered softly enough that only I could hear.

My throat tightened, and I quickly nodded, not trusting myself to speak.

Across the table, I caught Levi watching the exchange. There was a flicker in his eyes—something like concern. Maybe regret. But then he dropped his gaze again, and the wall between us rebuilt itself in an instant.

They were all good at that—building walls.

The silence stretched as we ate, tension thick in the air. My mother's hand was still gently wrapped around mine under the table, grounding me, keeping me from saying something I would regret.

Then Lady Fiona's voice cut through the silence, light and casual—too casual.

"So, Olivia..." she began, setting her fork down gracefully. "When should we expect grandchildren?"

I froze.

The triplets stilled instantly. Louis, who had been quietly cutting his food, stopped mid-slice. Levi exhaled sharply, his grip on his glass tightening. Lennox, who had been the most silent so far, let out a low scoff.

Then, in perfect unison, they spoke—cold and firm. "Never."

The word rang out, final and absolute.

I swallowed. My fingers curled into fists under the table.

Lady Fiona blinked, looking at them in surprise. "What?"

Louis set his knife down, his jaw clenched. "It's not happening. Ever."

Levi's expression was unreadable, but his voice was sharp. "There will be no children between us."

Lennox leaned back in his seat, his arms crossed. "Not with her."

The words stung more than they should have. My grip on my lap tightened, nails digging into my palm. I should have expected this—I did expect this. So why did it hurt?

My mother tensed beside me, her gaze flickering between me and the triplets, concern flashing in her eyes.

Lady Fiona, on the other hand, frowned. "Don't be ridiculous, boys. Olivia is your mate. She's your Luna. This is your duty—"

"I don't care about duty," Louis cut her off, his voice low but firm. His eyes met mine for a brief second before looking away. "There will be no children."

Something inside me cracked, but I forced a smile, refusing to show weakness.

Then, out of nowhere, a memory surfaced.

I was twelve. Sitting under the old willow tree, surrounded by the triplets, who were at the time seventeen.

"Do you want to get married when you grow up?" Louis had asked me.

I had laughed, kicking at the dirt with my small feet. "Of course! Don't all girls want to get married someday?"

"To who?" Levi had teased, grinning.

I had beamed at them, innocent and unknowing of the future. "To all of you."

They had laughed, thinking I was joking.

But I hadn't been.

I had sat there, telling them about the future I had imagined. "I'll give birth to boys, just like you. Three of them! They'll be strong and smart and—"

Louis had smiled, reaching over to tug my braid. "You'd want to marry all three of us?"

I had nodded enthusiastically. "Yes! Why choose when I can have all of you?"

They had laughed again, and at the time, it had been an innocent fantasy.

Now, sitting at this table, their rejection ringing in my ears, I realized how foolish I had been.

That childhood dream had turned into my worst nightmare.

I wasn't the little girl under the willow tree anymore. And they weren't the boys who had once teased me, who had once cared.

I swallowed down the lump in my throat and met Lady Fiona's gaze with a soft smile.

Lady Fiona still looked mildly frazzled, as if she couldn't believe her sons had just flat-out rejected the idea of children—with me, at least. Her eyes darted between each of them, maybe hoping one would soften, take it back, or say they didn't mean it.

None of them did.

That silence—their silence—was deafening.

And then Anita, who had been quiet sat straighter in her seat, brushing invisible lint off her dress, her voice suddenly sweet, sugary.

"Well," she said, letting out a delicate sigh, "if Olivia won't be giving you grandchildren, I will."

My head snapped toward her, but I held my expression neutral, refusing to give her the satisfaction of seeing me react.

"I've always imagined having a big family," she continued, glancing toward Lady Fiona with a coy smile. "Strong boys. Just like the triplets." Her eyes sparkled with something ugly. "And I wouldn't mind giving you a few."

Lady Fiona's mouth opened slightly, clearly caught off guard. But it wasn't her reaction I was watching.

It was the triplets'.

Lennox didn't even blink. Levi's jaw ticked—but he said nothing. And Louis? He kept eating like he hadn't even heard her.

But not one of them denied it. Not one of them said no.

They didn't look at her. They didn't look at me.

They just sat there. Silent.

And that silence was all the answer I needed.

Anita smirked, clearly taking their lack of protest as permission. She turned her gaze to me, her voice laced with cruel sweetness.

"Don't worry, Olivia. Some of us know how to fulfill Luna duties properly. Even if we aren't Luna by title."

My lips twitched into a small, cold smile.

"Oh, Anita... You never told me that apart from being a concubine, you also want to be a breeder—a baby factory machine! Wow! Go girl."

Her smirk disappeared, anger etching itself onto her makeup-filled face. I wondered how she couldn't go a day without putting on heavy makeup.

"You can offer your womb all you want, give them as many children as you want," I continued, my voice low and razor-sharp, "but remember this—you're still not me. And no matter how many sons you promise them, you'll always be second. You are not their mate. I am. Their mate. Their Luna. Even if they hate me."

I swiftly pulled my seat away. "Please excuse me, I'm full," I announced respectfully before leaving the table.

Chapter 44: Combat Ground

Olivia's POV

"No need for a dress. I'm going to the combat ground," I said to Nora and Lolita, who were already laying out gowns across the bed for me to wear. I hated those heavily beaded dresses, but I often had no choice. As Luna, I was expected to appear in them, no matter how uncomfortable they were. The triplets were lucky—they could wear whatever they wanted when attending official meetings.

"I'll need long pants and a shirt. I'm going to the combat ground," I repeated to my personal maids, the closest people I had to friends. They treated me like a Luna should be treated, unlike the other staff who still struggled to accept me as their Luna.

"Alright," Nora said as she made her way to the closet, which held a wide variety of clothes. Being the Luna of one of the largest packs in the world came with its privileges. I had shoes, clothes, bags—you name it. I didn't request them, nor could I afford them. It was all Lady Fiona's doing—the triplets' mother. She'd told me that every month,

wardrobe management would bring in new sets of clothes and bags, and the old ones I could either keep or give away. I found it all a bit too extravagant, but she insisted it was part of my privileges as Luna. She even told me that starting this week, I would receive a weekly allowance—and I couldn't wait. As soon as I got it, I planned to hire a private investigator to reopen my father's case. I already knew it was Anita's father who had set him up. All I needed now was the evidence to expose that bastard—and I couldn't wait.

"Here you have it, Luna." Nora returned with a pair of fitted black combat pants and a crisp white shirt. She handed them to me, and I slid them on. I packed my now-blond hair into a ponytail. I had dyed my hair two days ago. Lolita handed me a pair of black boots, which I slid on before nodding to them.

"No need to follow me. Go rest. I'll send for you if I need assistance," I told them before leaving my room.

I made my way down the hallway, the sound of my boots echoing against the marble tiles. Guards stationed at various points bowed their heads in respect, something I still wasn't used to. I nodded stiffly in return, putting on a forced smile. These days, I'd nearly forgotten how to smile.

As I stepped outside, the crisp morning air kissed my skin. The sun was just beginning to rise, casting golden streaks across the training field. The scent of sweat, earth, and fur was thick in the air. My eyes scanned the massive open area, and I couldn't help the small smile tugging at my lips. I used to come here with my father when I was as young as seven. I'd sit proudly and watch him train the other warriors. He was so good—arguably the best. It was here that I first met the triplets. I frowned, pushing thoughts of them from my mind.

I scanned the field. There were more than a hundred warriors already gathered, males and females alike. Some were mid-shift, the cracking of bones and the stretching of limbs echoing around the field. Others stood in their human forms, either fully dressed or naked, readying themselves for training. Nudity was never taboo among us; we were werewolves, and shifting was a part of who we were. We undressed and stayed naked before each other without shame or hesitation.

Some were sparring in their wolf forms, growling and snarling, rolling through the dirt in fierce mock battles. Others trained in their human forms, fists meeting flesh, sweat glistening on their toned bodies.

Warriors paused briefly when they noticed my presence, offering respectful bows or nods before resuming their training. It seemed Lennox had already passed a message with what he did to Logan.

I crossed my arms and walked along the edge of the field, observing everything. My mind was alert, catching techniques, evaluating strengths and weaknesses.

"Luna Olivia!" a voice called out, pulling me from my thoughts. I turned to see Captain Maddison, the head of the warrior unit, jogging toward me with a clipboard in hand. His dark hair was damp with sweat, and there was a slight cut on his brow that he hadn't bothered to wipe off.

"You came," he said with a surprised grin. "Wasn't expecting to see you out here this early."

Maddison and I had known each other since way back. His father had been a warrior, just like mine, and like me, he used to accompany him to training.

"I said I'd be involved, and I meant it," I replied calmly. "What's the training schedule for today?"

Maddison's grin widened. "Combat rotations, pack formation tactics, and endurance drills. I could assign you a partner if you want to join in."

I arched a brow, smirking slightly. "Give me your best."

He chuckled but didn't argue. "Alright, Luna. Let's see what you've got."

Just as Maddison disappeared to fetch a partner for me, a strange sensation prickled at the back of my neck, and my wolf stirred. I caught a whiff through the musky scent of sweat and wolf musk—a familiar smell laced with earthy spice. My heart gave a traitorous thump.

Louis's smell.

I knew his scent like I knew my own. I didn't expect him—or any of the triplets—to be here this early. I turned my head slightly, and sure enough, there he was near the far edge of the training ground. His tall, muscular frame towered over most of the warriors. He was shirtless, his body glistening with sweat, black sweatpants riding low on his hips as he moved with the grace of a true Alpha.

But beside him stood Anita.

The air left my lungs for a second. She was laughing, light and carefree, her hands gesturing animatedly as she spoke. Louis was correcting her stance, his hand gently brushing her waist to reposition her. My stomach twisted.

That used to be me... years ago. I bit the inside of my cheek.

She threw a punch, and he caught it mid-air, giving her a slow nod of approval. She beamed, and his lips curled into the faintest smile—the same smile that once made my heart melt.

I took a step back, the ache in my chest building. It was foolish to feel anything. After all, they'd made their choice, hadn't they? I was the Luna in name, nothing more. The bond meant nothing to them.

Before I could look away, his head snapped toward me, as though he sensed my presence. Our eyes locked.

For a split second, neither of us moved. His expression shifted—just barely—but I caught it.

I straightened my shoulders and tore my gaze away, pretending I hadn't noticed. I wouldn't give him the satisfaction of knowing he still affected me.

"Luna Olivia," Maddison called out as he returned, a tall, broad-shouldered warrior at his side. "This is Jarek. He'll be your sparring partner."

Jarek gave a respectful bow, but I could feel Louis's eyes still on me. My heart pounded harder than it should have, but I forced my attention to Jarek.

"Let's begin," I said simply, slipping into a fighting stance.

Chapter 45: Spar With Levi

Olivia's POV

Jarek and I began sparring in our human forms. He was good—more than good, actually. His movements were sharp, controlled, and fast. He read my footwork and anticipated my punches, but still, something was off. He wasn't hitting me. He was holding back. I could see it in the way he pulled his strikes at the last second, in the way he didn't follow through with his kicks.

After another blocked punch, I stepped back and narrowed my eyes at him.

"You're holding back," I said, folding my arms. "Why?"

Jarek hesitated, clearly caught off guard. "You're the Luna," he said simply, with a small bow of his head. "I don't want to get into trouble for hitting you."

I frowned, biting back my frustration. "So what?" I asked, stepping closer. "You think I can't handle it? You think I'm weak?"

"No! Not at all," he said quickly, raising his hands in defense. "It's just... you're our Luna. I don't want to hit you."

I sighed and was about to tell him to treat me like a normal she-wolf, like a warrior—not some porcelain doll—when a deep voice cut through the air behind us.

"You can leave, Jarek. I'll take over from here."

I froze.

Jarek immediately turned and gave a slight bow. "Yes, Alpha," he murmured before stepping away.

I turned slowly and saw Levi standing there—completely naked, his skin glistening with sweat. Steam still clung to his body from the shift, his muscles tense, chest rising and falling steadily. His sea-blue eyes were unreadable, locked directly on me.

There was an edge to his posture, to the way his fists were clenched loosely at his sides, as though he was barely holding something back.

He must have been training in his wolf form and had just shifted. His dark hair was tousled, sticking to his forehead, and his jaw was set like stone. And then my eyes trailed to his cock... he wasn't hardened, but damn it, it was huge.

I swallowed hard and stood my ground, trying to ignore the fact that the man I had a massive crush on was standing naked right in front of me.

"Alpha Levi, is there a problem?" I asked, sounding clearly annoyed to see him. He could have just gone on with his training and ignored me—or better still, joined Louis in training Anita, who will never learn anyway.

"Not at all, mate," he replied, his voice low and rough.

I blinked.

He stepped closer, just enough for me to see the tension in his shoulders, the heat in his gaze.

"You've changed," he added after a pause, scanning me from head to toe, combat pants, boots, ponytail. "I almost didn't recognize you."

"Good," I said, meeting his stare. "That's the point."

His lips twitched, almost like he wanted to smile. Almost.

"Let's spar, Olivia."

I nodded, ignoring the way my stomach twisted at the way he said my name.

"Fine. But don't hold back, Alpha. I won't."

His eyes darkened at that.

"Neither will I."

We both stepped into the circle, barefoot against the cool earth. Anita had stopped whatever training she was pretending to do, watching us with narrowed eyes from the corner.

I cracked my neck, slid into position. Levi did the same.

"We will spar ten minutes in our human form, and when the time is up, we fight in our wolves," he said.

I nodded once, sharp and curt. "Ten minutes. Let's go."

He didn't hesitate.

Levi lunged first—fast, like a striking shadow. I blocked his hit, but the impact vibrated through my arms. He wasn't holding back. This was real, like how he usually trained me.

We moved around each other, a blur of fists and calculated footwork. Every strike he threw, I countered. Every sweep I attempted, he evaded. Our bodies clashed with the sound of skin hitting skin, breath coming in harsher gasps.

But still,... tension burned hotter than our hits.

His naked form moved with primal grace, unbothered by the exposure. I tried not to look—gods, I tried—but my eyes betrayed me. Every time his muscles flexed or his body twisted, I caught a glimpse of cock. And he knew. That arrogant glint in his eye said so.

"You're distracted," he muttered, dodging a kick and grabbing my wrist.

"I am not. Why should I be?" I hissed, twisting free and landing a punch to his ribs. He grunted—not from pain—no, from pleasure.

"You've forgotten a lot I taught you," he said, his voice husky. He spun behind me, catching me in a hold—arms across my chest, his bare body flush against mine. I felt everything—the heat, the strength, the feeling of his cock pressed against my ass. My heart slammed in my chest.

"Let go of me," I snapped, breath catching.

He did—but only after lingering a moment too long.

I spun and landed a punch to his jaw.

Levi stumbled back, lip bleeding slightly, eyes gleaming. Then he smiled—really smiled. "There she is."

My chest heaved. "You always did like pain, didn't you?"

"Only from you, pup," he said, voice low and intimate, the way a lover would whisper in bed. "No one else makes me feel like this."

I blinked rapidly, throat dry, but got a grip of myself. This time, I caught him off guard. I swept his legs and sent him crashing to the ground. Before he could react, I straddled him, fists to his chest, pinning him.

We both froze.

His hands slowly came up, gripping my thighs, his touch firm, possessive. I could feel the rise of his cock beneath me, hard against my body. His breathing was ragged, matching mine. Our faces were close—too close.

"You gonna hit me or kiss me?" he murmured.

I clenched my jaw, but my body betrayed me, my hips shifting slightly. "I should kill you."

His thumb brushed a spot on my thigh. "Do it. But you'd miss me."

I hated how right he was. No matter how much I hated them, I couldn't bear the thought of any of them dying.

The timer buzzed from the edge of the training field—ten minutes were up.

We didn't move.

"Wolf form?" he asked, voice hoarse.

I nodded once, sliding off him.

Chapter 46: Desire her.

Levi's POV

I noticed she hesitated for a moment before she went for the buttons of her tank top. When I stood, I settled my eyes on her, watching, not able to look away from her. There was something different about her. And it wasn't just the blond hair she now wore. It was something deeper. Something I couldn't explain.

Olivia pulled off her tank top and stood before me in nothing but her red lace bra. I swallowed hard, my gaze locking onto the way her breasts filled the bra. My wolf stirred inside me, growling low and possessive.

She reached for the zipper of her pants next, and I watched—entranced—as she pulled them down to her knees, then stepped out of them, revealing the matching red lace panties that clung to her curves.

Where I stood, I gawked at her, from her boobs filling the lace bra to her cleavages and then I moved downward to her flat stomach and then to her curves, her hips.

I swallowed hard and looked around the field, daring to see if anyone was looking at her, I swear they were signing their own death sentence. But no one dared to look at her, everyone seemed to be focused on their activities. Nudity was common among us, but somehow I wanted to be the only one to see her nakedness or perhaps my brothers too. I wished I could stop her from going naked, but it was foolish, I have to get comfortable with her going naked before everyone like we all do.

My heart thundered in my chest, louder than I'd ever admit, as Olivia slowly straightened. Her fingers hovered near the clasp of her bra. I saw her glance up and our eyes locked.

She held my gaze.

There was something daring in her eyes, something fierce, and I couldn't look away even if I tried. The moment stretched, charged with heat and tension, and then—she unhooked the clasp at her back with a subtle flick.

The red lace slid down her arms like a whisper before it dropped to the grass at her feet.

Her breasts were now bare before me, full and soft, and I struggled to breathe, my wolf growling possessively. My jaw clenched as I forced my hands to remain at my sides, the need to touch her almost unbearable. But I didn't move even though I wanted to.

Then she reached for the band of her panties.

I took a half step forward, instinctively, but stopped myself. Her fingers slid beneath the lace, and with a slow, deliberate movement, she pushed them down. The fabric glided past her hips, down her legs, and finally joined the rest of her clothes on the grass.

And there she stood.

Completely naked.

Her skin glowed in morning sun, flawless and smooth, her curves delicate and sexy all at once. My gaze dropped for a heartbeat to where her thighs met, her private area neatly shaven. My dick jerked, and I could feel myself getting hardened.

My wolf pushed harder against my chest, a low rumble of desire vibrating through me. I wanted her, fuck I desired her.

"Go to her, she is ours," my wolf urged, and a silly thought buzzed in my head, the thought of taking her out of this field and into my room where I would worship her body, where I would make love to her and make her scream my name.

But I shook the thought away.

This was the woman I hated. The one who broke me. I couldn't forget that.

"You gonna shift," she suddenly said, lifting her chin, "or are you just gonna stand there gawking like a virgin?"

My frown deepened, she knew I was gawking.

She saw the effect she had on me. She knew.

Damn her.

I looked down for a second and realized I was getting hard. Damn it. In order for her not to notice or anyone, I swiftly shifted into my brown color wolf and shook my fur.

As I stood on all fours, my brown wolf towering and proud, Olivia didn't flinch.

She eyed me and then, with a roll of her shoulders and a sharp glint in her eye, she shifted.

Her bones cracked, limbs twisted, and her soft human skin rippled into a sleek coat of rich brown fur. Her wolf was smaller than mine, leaner, but just as fierce. She growled low in her throat before lunging straight at me, fangs bared.

I met her halfway, bracing myself as our bodies collided with a heavy thud, her teeth snapping close to my neck.

She was fast, no doubt about that—but reckless.

"You've forgotten everything I taught you," I taunted her through the mind link, as I spun and shoved her down with a firm paw to her side.

Her snarl echoed in my ears.

"You taught me nothing," she snapped back, her voice tinted with frustration.

She twisted under me and shoved me off with a burst of strength, her claws scraping my side. I skidded back, smirking mentally as I circled her.

"Your stance is sloppy. Feet too wide. You're too emotional."

"Shut up!" she barked.

She leapt again, her jaw aiming for my shoulder, but I sidestepped and caught her, flipping her mid-air and slamming her back against the grassy earth.

I didn't let her up this time.

My weight pressed over her, dominating. I pinned her down, our fur tangled and bodies flush. Her growl vibrated into my chest, and then she pushed me off her. I let her.

She lunged again, and this time, I let her get close. Too close. Our bodies collided again, but I didn't throw her off. I twisted, rolled, and pinned her down. Her wolf growled under mine, snapping at my face, but I held her down with my weight, muzzle pressed against her throat.

And then—she shifted.

One second, fur. The next—skin.

Soft, golden skin.

Naked.

Writhing beneath me.

Her chest rose and fell, her lips parted in a sharp exhale. My paws were still pinning her shoulders down when I felt her heat. Her curves pressed against my underside. Her thighs parted slightly, and the scent of her—raw, feminine, maddening—hit me full force.

I couldn't stop myself.

I shifted.

My human form hovered over hers, chest to chest, hips to hips. And fuck—my cock, already hard, pressed right against her slick entrance.

A groan ripped from my throat.

Her eyes locked on mine. "Get off me."

"Too late," I growled, my hips shifting the slightest bit, grinding just enough to make her gasp.

Her back arched. Her fingers dug into the grass. "Bastard..."

"You're wet," I whispered against her ear. "Your body doesn't hate me as much as you claim."

She hissed, twisting beneath me, trying to fight the pleasure with fury, but her body betrayed her again. The friction, the way we fit... it was too much. For both of us.

I dipped my head, lips barely grazing her neck. "You've forgotten all my training. We need to start up class. I can't have a weak Luna."

She frowned. Her eyes blazed. "Get off me, Alpha Levi, and stop moaning on me."

"Because you're pressed against my cock, Olivia," I responded.

She gasped, cheeks flushing, but she didn't pull away. If anything, her hips shifted—seeking friction.

I rolled my hips once more, slowly, deliberately. Her breath hitched, a soft sound escaping her throat.

Fuck.

We were panting. My dick was rock hard, pressing against her slick entrance, my wolf clawing at my insides. I wanted her—right there, on the grass, in front of everyone. I didn't care.

Suddenly—

"Levi?" Louis's voice rang out.

We both froze.

I twisted my head and saw him standing at the edge of the field, wide-eyed and stunned.

"What the actual fuck?" he said, blinking like he wasn't sure any of this was real.

Olivia shoved me off again—this time, harder. She scrambled for her clothes, cheeks burning, chest heaving.

I flopped back onto the grass, groaning, dragging a hand over my face.

"Shit..."

Of all the times, why does he have to come now?

Chapter 47: Jealousy

Louis' POV

I was trying my hardest not to lose my shit.

"Anita, your claws aren't accessories," I gritted out, adjusting her stance with a flick to her wrist. "Use them like you mean it."

She blinked up at me, confused—again. "Like... this?"

I barely stopped myself from sighing. For the sixth time today, I nodded, even though her form was a mess. "Sure. Let's go with that."

I was already pissed off.

Trying to teach Anita was like trying to explain quantum physics to a goldfish. She kept swaying her hips more than throwing a punch, batting her lashes like it was some sort of mating ritual.

"Stop posing and punch," I snapped, blocking her weak jab effortlessly.

"But you said to use my hips!" she whined.

"For balance, not seduction." I sighed, stepping back. "You know what, just—watch the others for a second."

I turned away, annoyed, wiping sweat from my brow, and that's when I saw them.

Across the field, near the edge of the training grounds I spotted Levi and... Olivia.

Something in me instantly sharpened. My eyes locked on them, and the rest of the world faded.

Olivia stood in nothing but her red lace lingerie.

My heart slammed into my chest.

What the actual—

I watched her pull down her pants slowly, confidently, her golden hair catching the sunlight, her bare back straight and proud. My throat went dry.

She was stripping in front of him.

And Levi? The bastard couldn't tear his eyes off her. His expression was raw—hungry. His wolf was barely contained.

I felt mine rise, growling inside, jealous rage licking through my veins. I knew I shouldn't be jealous. Levi was also her mate and I hated her, so why was I this jealous?

Then... she unclasped her bra.

I took a step forward unconsciously, like my body betrayed me. My jaw clenched so tightly I thought it might snap.

She dropped the bra to the grass.

Her breasts bounced slightly, perfect, full, beautiful—and Levi was drinking her in like she was made for him.

Fuck.

I wanted to look away. I should've looked away. But I couldn't.

She slid off her panties next, and I nearly growled out loud. The red lace joined the rest of her clothes on the grass, and she stood there naked and fucking sexy.

My cock twitched.

She shifted then, fur exploding where skin had been, her brown wolf sleek and fierce. Levi followed suit, his wolf form strong and massive. They charged each other like it was second nature, colliding mid-air.

I gritted my teeth. My fists clenched at my sides.

They were... playing. Training. Fighting.

But it looked like foreplay.

They were touching too much. Too close. Too familiar.

Then—fuck me—Olivia shifted back. Human. Naked.

And Levi—he shifted too. Hovered over her like he owned her. Like he was claiming her. His body caged hers, his hips flush against hers.

I saw the way she arched beneath him.

I saw the way his hand pressed into the earth beside her head.

My entire chest burned with jealousy, anger, and possession.

She didn't push him away.

Her lips parted.

Her legs shifted wider beneath him.

Fucking hell.

I stormed forward before I even knew what I was doing.

"Levi?" My voice cracked across the field like thunder.

They froze.

Levi looked back, his expression a twisted mix of anger and frustration. Olivia shoved him off, scrambling for her clothes. Her cheeks were red. Her body—my goddess, I shouldn't have seen it like that, not like this.

"What the actual fuck?" I muttered, blinking like I was hallucinating.

Olivia didn't look at me.

She couldn't.

And Levi? That smug bastard just flopped back on the grass like this was nothing.

My wolf roared inside me, jealous. I looked at Levi and realized he was fucking hard.

I turned around, fists shaking, storming off before I did something I'd regret.

I wasn't supposed to want her. Not like this.

But I did.

And seeing her under him like that?

That broke something in me.

I left the training ground, ignoring the calls of Anita, and made my way to the mansion. I reached my room and slammed the door. I made my way toward the minibar stand in my room and took out a bottle of whiskey.

I didn't even bother with a glass.

I twisted the cap off the whiskey bottle and drank straight from it, the burn doing nothing to dull the fury clawing at my chest. My hands were trembling, not from fear. My jaw—locked so tight I could hear it creak. I could still see them. Her flushed cheeks. Her legs around him. The way she arched for him like he was the only one who mattered. Like I wasn't right here, dying every time she smiled at someone else.

The door slammed open behind me.

I didn't turn.

Didn't need to.

Only two persons had the balls to walk into my room without knocking.

"Get the hell out, Levi," I growled, voice low and shaking.

He didn't answer right away. I heard his footsteps, heavy and unhurried, like he hadn't just been grinding into our mate in the middle of the field like a fucking animal.

"You are angry?" he asked finally.

I turned then, slowly, my vision dark around the edges. "Angry? I saw you rutting against her like a goddamn dog in heat."

Levi's jaw tightened. "It wasn't like that."

"Really?" I snapped, stalking toward him, chest heaving. "Because from where I was standing, it looked exactly like that. You were on her, Levi. She was letting you—"

I cut myself off, dragging a hand through my hair as I paced away.

"We said we hated her," I hissed. "We were supposed to hate her."

Then Levi muttered, "It's the mate bond."

I spun, eyes narrowing. "Don't feed me that bullshit."

His mouth twitched. Guilt. He looked away.

I stepped closer. "I know you, Levi. You don't move like that for a bond. You looked at her like she was yours. You touched her like she was more than just a mate. Like you wanted her."

"I do want her," he said finally, voice rough. "We all do. You're just too stubborn to admit it."

I shoved him.

Hard.

He staggered back but didn't retaliate.

"She broke me," I spat. "She tore me apart, Levi."

"And you think she didn't hurt me too?" he shouted, finally snapping.

He was breathing hard, fists clenched. "But she is our mate. We are mated to her. She bears our mark. And whatever else she's done, whatever she is—we're still hers. Whether we fucking like it or not."

I didn't speak.

I couldn't.

Because I hated that he was right.

But I also hated him for saying it.

Levi exhaled, softer now. "You don't hate her either."

"I do," I whispered. "I have to."

He gave me a look that said he wasn't buying it.

And he was right.

Because the truth was twisting in my chest.

I didn't hate her.

I hated that I couldn't.

And I hated even more that Levi wasn't fighting it anymore.

He turned toward the door, hand on the knob. "You can stay angry, Louis. Pretend you don't feel it. But one day, you'll stop lying to yourself."

And with that, he left.

I stood there in the silence, bottle dangling in my hand, heart in my throat.

I wasn't just jealous.

I was terrified.

Terrified of wanting her too.

Chapter 48: The Race

Olivia's POV

"That should never happen again. It should not happen again."

Those were the words I kept repeating to myself all day. I hated how my body reacted to their touch. It wasn't right—it should never feel like that again.

"But you know we can't control that," my wolf whispered gently. "Your body will always respond to their touch. That's the power of the mate bond."

Her voice only fueled my frustration.

"Fuck the mate bond," I snapped.

My wolf, sensing that I'm already pissed, decided not to talk more, leaving me to my anger.

"Luna, it's time for the race. Are you joining?" Lolita and Nora asked as they stepped into my chamber.

I sighed, feeling drained. I didn't have the energy for the night race, but maybe it would help clear my mind.

"Sure. Let's go."

I left the room, Nora and Lolita following behind. As we walked through the mansion, staff bowed their heads respectfully. Some did it naturally, having grown used to acknowledging my presence. Others? They were clearly forcing it.

I ignored them and kept walking until we reached the yard—already packed with excited pack members. Tonight was Race Night. A male and female would pair up and sprint through the woods. The first to return would be crowned the winner.

When I was younger, I used to run these races with one of the triplets. They always let me win. But all of that ended the day my father was accused of stealing. Ever since then, I didn't join in any of the pack activities.

My gaze swept across the crowd, and I spotted Anita standing beside the triplets. She wore tight black leggings and a cropped blue top that left most of her stomach exposed. She was smiling—laughing even—at something one of them said.

I frowned. Not because she was with them—hell, I didn't care about that—but because she looked too happy. Too light. Too energetic for someone who had just lost a pregnancy a few days ago. I expected her to be mourning. Grieving. But Anita didn't look like a woman who had just lost a pup.

"Maybe she was never pregnant," my wolf muttered darkly.

I shook my head. The healer confirmed it. There had been blood. Still, something felt... off.

I tried not to let my emotions show as I stepped closer to the crowd, but my jaw clenched when Anita threw her head back and laughed at something Louis said. My chest tightened—not with jealousy, I told myself—but with disbelief. Was she really so quick to move on? Or was this all some act?

"Luna Olivia," one of the warriors bowed slightly as he approached, snapping me out of my thoughts. "Would you like to choose your partner for the race?"

I blinked, startled. "Partner?"

"Yes. Since it's your first race as Luna, tradition states that you get the privilege to choose first."

I felt a dozen eyes lock on me. Some curious. Some judgmental. And of course, the triplets were watching too. Anita had her hand wrapped around Louis' arm now, like she belonged there. Like she wasn't lying, scheming, manipulating everyone.

I scanned the crowd until my eyes landed on a familiar face.

"I'll choose Jerek," I said.

Jerek stepped forward with a warm, easy smile. "I won't go easy on you," he teased.

I chuckled. "That's how I like it. But don't worry—I'll beat you, just like old times."

He laughed and rolled his eyes. "Come on, Olivia. We were kids then. You can't compare it to now."

"Let's see about that."

The breeze picked up slightly, rustling the trees at the edge of the woods and sending a shiver through my skin, though it wasn't from the cold. The atmosphere was electric, buzzing with anticipation. All around me, pack members began pairing up, laughing, whispering, some throwing curious glances in my direction.

I could feel eyes on me, more than just the usual. I turned slightly—and there he was.

Levi.

Standing a few feet away, his arms crossed over his chest, jaw clenched, eyes fixed right on me and Jerek. His expression was unreadable, but I didn't need to be a mind reader to know he wasn't happy. His gaze lingered too long, burning with something that felt a lot like restrained anger... or jealousy.

I tilted my head and offered him a frown before turning back to Jerek, brushing a nonexistent speck off his shoulder. I didn't care how Levi looked at me. If they could flirt with Anita in front of me, then I could do the same. Right?

"Looks like someone's not a fan of your choice," Jerek said under his breath, concern in his tone as he glanced over my shoulder.

"Not my problem," I replied flatly.

A whistle blew again, signaling for everyone to line up. Pair by pair, the racers stepped forward. I watched as Louis picked a tall, lean female warrior with dark curls tied in a high ponytail. The female was surprised but seemed happy to pair up with him.

Then Lennox made his way toward Anita, who was already smiling like she expected it. She practically bounced over to him and clung to his arm. I rolled my eyes. If this was her idea of mourning, she deserved an award for performance.

Finally, Levi made his choice. He didn't hesitate, didn't scan the crowd—just walked straight up to a brunette warrior I vaguely remembered seeing during training. She was tall, stoic, and definitely pretty. She nodded sharply when he offered his hand. No smiles, no flirtation.

As we lined up, side by side with our partners, the announcer stepped forward, holding the traditional horn used to mark the start of the race.

"Ready yourselves!" he called out.

I crouched beside Jerek, feeling the cool soil beneath my fingers. The scent of the woods hit me again, thick with pine, dew, and something wild. My heart beat in rhythm with the moment.

"Hey," Jerek said, nudging my shoulder. "Ready."

I grinned. "Absolutely."

The horn blew—and we ran.

Chapter 49: Bitten

Olivia's POV

We raced into the woods, the wind whipping past my ears, and the ground blurring under my feet. My heart pounded, adrenaline surging as Jerek and I moved in perfect rhythm. I could hear others stumbling behind us—branches snapping, someone letting out a frustrated growl—but we kept going, swift and focused.

Memories replayed in my head. Sweet memories of how I raced with the triplets in these same woods. Those were the moments when I was truly happy.

"Don't slow down!" Jerek shouted, his breath steady beside me.

"I wasn't planning to," I shot back, pushing harder.

The familiar trees blurred around us, moonlight seeping through the leaves in streaks of silver. I could feel the energy of the race pulsing all around us, but for a brief moment, it felt like just Jerek and me out here. Free. Wild. Almost like the old days.

We reached the towering oak that marked the halfway point. Its wide trunk stood tall like a silent guardian, roots digging deep into the earth. We didn't stop—just touched its bark briefly, then pivoted and launched ourselves back toward the yard.

But then—

A sharp, guttural hiss of pain sliced through the air.

I skidded to a halt, my boots digging into the dirt. My wolf whimpered, a deep ache piercing my chest as if she felt the pain too. Something was wrong.

"What is it?" Jerek called, stopping a few feet ahead when he realized I wasn't beside him anymore.

I didn't answer. I couldn't. My head snapped toward the sound, and my body moved instinctively, veering off the path and into the thick brush.

"Olivia!" Jerek called after me, but I barely heard him.

The forest suddenly felt too quiet. The air thick, tense. I followed the scent—the faintest trace of blood and something else, something familiar.

My wolf was restless now, pacing inside me. "Go, go!" she urged, her voice panicked.

I followed the familiar scent, and that was when it hit me... the smell—it seemed like that of Lennox. My heart beat faster, and I began running, following the trail of his scent.

As I ran, Jerek followed me, calling out my name in panic, but I didn't respond. I kept running until the trees parted into a small clearing, the moon casting a silver spotlight on the scene ahead—and what I saw made my blood run cold.

Lennox.

He was on the ground, writhing in pain, his leg swollen and already starting to bruise. Beside him lay the crushed remains of a large, venomous snake—its body coiled awkwardly. The ground was splattered with both venom and blood.

"Fuck," I breathed, rushing forward.

Anita was kneeling beside Lennox, her eyes wide with panic, her hands hovering uselessly over his injured leg. She looked pale, her lips trembling as tears streamed down her face.

"I—I don't know what to do," she cried, her voice shrill and cracking. "I don't know—"

Lennox grabbed her arm, his face contorted in pain. "The venom... You have to suck it out. Now!"

Anita froze, shaking her head violently. "I can't—I can't do that, I—"

"Do it!" he roared, his voice ragged.

But she just kept shaking her head, sobbing, useless.

That was enough for me.

I pushed past her and dropped to my knees beside him. His eyes widened in shock as I grabbed his leg firmly.

"What are you doing?" he asked, panting, his skin clammy and pale. "Olivia—"

"Saving your life," I snapped.

Without waiting for his permission, I leaned down and pressed my mouth over the bite wound. The taste of venom was metallic and foul, burning my tongue as I spat it out again and again, ignoring the sickening taste and the tremble in my hands. I sucked, spat, sucked again, until the swelling stopped rising, and the blood ran cleaner.

When I was done, I tore the bottom hem of my shirt and wrapped it tightly around the wound to slow the spread.

Lennox groaned, his hand weakly grabbing mine. "Thank you."

I looked at him, my chest heaving.

At that moment, a rustling of branches sounded behind us.

Levi and Louis burst through the trees, eyes scanning the scene in alarm.

"What the hell happened?" Levi barked, immediately moving to Lennox's side, while Louis glared at the dead snake.

"Snake," I said simply, wiping my mouth with the back of my hand. "He got bitten."

"I'm fine," Lennox mumbled, wincing. "Olivia came at the right time."

Louis stared at me in awe.

"You did it?" he asked, his voice low.

I nodded, standing shakily to my feet. "Someone had to."

For a moment, Levi said nothing—just stared at me with a mix of emotions swirling in his sea-blue eyes.

Feeling awkward, I turned to Jerek. "Let's go back." I didn't let the words finish from my mouth before I began running. He seemed to hesitate, waiting for his Alpha's approval. When Levi nodded in approval, he began racing after me.

We continued racing until we arrived back at the yard, where some racers had already arrived. I arrived first at the arena, but it didn't feel like a victory.

As I got settled down on the ground, I noticed Lennox was being helped by Levi and Louis as he leaned on their shoulders and walked slowly.

When the pack saw him, they began to worry, and some warriors moved over to him. From where I sat, I could hear Lennox assuring them that he was fine.

I watched how he was helped to a seat and our eyes met, but I frowned at him before looking away.

"What you did back there was brave and skillful." Jerek complimented while I shrugged.

"You will do well in the medical field, Luna.. Trust me." He added, and I scoffed. "Don't go there... I can't stand people in pain, I will make a terrible nurse."

Jerek chuckled and looked away.

"Jerek," I murmured, getting to my feet, "I'm calling it a night."

Jerek gave me a quiet nod in response, and without another word, I turned on my heel and made my way back to my chambers.

Chapter 50: Save Me

Lennox's POV

While everyone seemed to be buzzing around me, worried, whispering, asking questions, my eyes were only on Olivia, who was leaving the yard.

I couldn't believe what she did back then in the woods. It was without fear, without hesitation, something Anita failed to do.

If it had been left to Anita... I probably would've died in that forest before my brothers ever showed up. Olivia had practically saved my life.

"Sit," Levi said, snapping me out of my thoughts as he gently guided me to a chair near the healer's tent. "You're not walking that off."

I let him lower me down, gritting my teeth as pain shot through my thigh again. The healer—a short, silver-haired woman with sharp eyes—stepped forward, already reaching for her satchel.

"Snake venom," she muttered, her fingers probing gently around the bite. "Rare one too. If the person who sucked the poison out hadn't done it quickly and well, you'd already be unconscious. Possibly worse."

I heard Anita sniff behind her, still crying silently, but I didn't look at her. My gaze was locked on Olivia again, who was almost out of sight.

"Who did it?" the healer asked, still examining the wound.

"Olivia," I said flatly.

The healer glanced up and gave a curt nod of approval. "She saved his life. Good instincts, fast hands. She must've known exactly what she was doing."

And for the first time in a long time, I felt something twist in my chest. Shame... and maybe something else. Perhaps pride... as a memory replayed in my head.

It was years ago. Olivia couldn't have been more than eleven, a scrappy little thing with big curious eyes and wild curls that never seemed to stay tied back. She'd begged to come with me, Levi, and Louis on a short run through the woods. Just a harmless patrol near the stream. Nothing dangerous, or so we thought.

We were halfway back when Louis yelped and fell, clutching his ankle. At first, we thought he just tripped—until I saw the two small puncture wounds swelling with angry redness.

"Snake," I said, dropping to my knees. "He's been bitten."

Levi panicked for a second, but I didn't. I didn't have time to. Instinct kicked in. I tore Louis's boot off and pressed my mouth to the bite, spitting out the venom before it could spread. Again and again, until the blood ran cleaner. Then I ripped my shirt, tied it tight around his leg, and threw him on Levi's back.

Through all of it, Olivia stood frozen... but not with fear. Her eyes were locked on me, unblinking, her small hands clenched by her sides.

When we finally made it back to the pack house, Louis was groaning but stable. Levi was out of breath, and I was spitting to get the taste of blood and venom out of my mouth.

Olivia had followed me to the stream where I was rinsing my hands.

"How did you know what to do?" she asked, staring at me like I was some kind of hero.

I blinked at her. "I just... did. You act fast. You get the venom out, tie it off, keep them still."

"Will you show me?" she asked. "So I know. Just in case."

I crouched down beside her then, dipping my hands into the water again, and said, "Alright, pup. You watch and remember. If someone ever gets bitten, you do exactly this..."

And she did.

She remembered.

That same eleven-year-old girl who watched me save Louis... had done the same for me today.

And while Anita stood frozen, Olivia had acted.

A lump formed in my throat as I looked back toward the trees, where she'd vanished from view.

She hadn't changed... just grown stronger. Smarter.

I never imagined if anyone was going to save me, it would be her.

"Lennox, are you okay?" Anita's irritating voice snapped me out of my thoughts, but I ignored her and looked away.

"You are healed, Alpha. By tomorrow you will be standing on your feet," the healer said, and I gave her a grateful nod before she bowed and left.

"You should go rest," Levi suggested, and I nodded, standing to my feet.

"Can you walk?" Louis, the most worried among the three of us, asked, and I nodded. "I'm fine."

We walked back to the mansion slowly. My leg throbbed with every step, but the healer had done well—Olivia had done better. Her quick thinking, her steady hands... she saved me. Not Anita. Not Levi. Not Louis.

As we reached the front steps of the pack house, Levi motioned toward the stairs. "You should go rest."

I nodded absently, but instead of turning toward my room, my feet took me down the hall... to the far east wing. Her wing.

I didn't even think about it. My body moved on its own, pulled by something deeper than logic or reason. A tether.

My wolf stirred inside me, his voice quieter than usual, but firm.

"She has everything a man needs in a mate," he said. "Strength. Heart. She didn't freeze. She didn't cry. She saved us."

I clenched my jaw. He wasn't wrong.

"And yet, we wasted years chasing Anita... blinded, both me, Levi and Louis."

I stopped outside Olivia's room, my hand hovering near the door. I didn't know exactly what I was going to say. Thank you didn't feel like enough.

I knocked.

There was a long pause, then the door creaked open slowly. Olivia stood there, her damp hair falling over her shoulders, her eyes wide with surprise—maybe even a hint of concern.

"Lennox?" she asked softly, her voice the same calm, grounded tone it had been in the woods.

I didn't speak right away.

I just looked at her—really looked at her. The girl who used to trail behind us through the woods had become a woman. A brave, capable, and selfless woman.

And my wolf was right.

She had everything. Everything I never knew I needed... until today.