Fated To Not Just One, But Three Chapter 5 - what Happened

Lennox's POV

I could feel my heart racing in my chest as I followed the maid leading me to Olivia's quarters. I wanted to act nonchalant, like I didn't care, but I couldn't. No matter how hard I tried, I just couldn't hide the worry etched on my face.

Stepping into the room, I was met with the sight of Olivia lying lifeless on her bed. Her mother knelt beside her, crying uncontrollably, while a medicine woman attended to her. The moment my eyes landed on Olivia's pale, unmoving form, pain racked my entire body. My breath caught in my throat, and I pushed myself forward to the bed.

"Why isn't she breathing?" I asked, my voice trembling.

Her mother, wailing in anguish, stood up from the floor and rushed at me. Before I could react, her hands gripped my collar, and she yanked me down to her level, glaring at me with pain and hate burning in her eyes.

"Are you and your brothers satisfied now?" she spat, her voice dripping with pain. "Come, eat her dead body!"

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I swallowed hard, unable to say a word as guilt clawed at my chest.

Her grip tightened as fresh tears streamed down her face. "How can you and your brothers hate Olivia this much?" she demanded, her voice cracking. "You used to adore her! When you were children, she was your world. She worshiped you, followed you everywhere. She would have given anything for you three. And you? You protected her. Cherished her."

Her voice dropped to a whisper, filled with agony. "But now? Now you despise her. Why? Because her father was accused of stealing? Because she's an omega? Because she's no longer the daughter of a gamma?"

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My throat tightened as I swallowed the lump forming there. Tears burned at the edges of my eyes, and before I could stop them, they slipped down my cheeks.

That wasn't why I hated her.

Maybe my brothers had their reasons, their own twisted justifications for turning their backs on her, but me? My reason was different. A selfish, painful truth I could never bring myself to say aloud.

Another tear slipped down my cheek, and I turned my head away in shame.

Then—

A sudden, small sound filled the room.

A sneeze.

I jerked my head back toward Olivia, my heart leaping into my throat. The medicine woman gasped, and her mother froze, her breath hitching.

Another sneeze.

And then, Olivia stirred.

With a racing heart and tear-filled eyes, I watched as she slowly opened her eyes. Her mother, who still had her hands on my collar, let go of me and crawled over to Olivia, who had regained consciousness.

Not wanting her to see me in tears, I turned around and left the room. I changed my mind and didn't go for the run anymore. Instead, I went back to my room and found Anita, Levi, and Louis on the bed. Louis and Levi were awake, lying beside an exhausted, sleeping Anita.

The second my brothers saw me, they knew something was wrong.

"Lennox?" Levi's voice was laced with concern as he sat up, reaching for his underwear.

I ran a hand through my hair, exhaling shakily as I shut the door behind me. My chest still felt tight, my emotions all over the place. Levi's concerned gaze stayed locked on me while Louis sat up, rubbing his face tiredly.

"Lennox?" Levi asked again, his voice laced with worry. "What happened?"

I wanted to brush him off, pretend everything was fine, but I couldn't. The image of Olivia lying there, motionless, haunted me. Her mother's words echoed in my mind.

Are you and your brothers satisfied now?

I let out a dry chuckle, shaking my head. Satisfied? No. I felt like I was suffocating under the weight of something I couldn't even put into words.

"She almost died," I finally muttered, my voice hoarse.

Louis sat up straighter, frowning. "Who?"

I swallowed hard. "Olivia."

Levi and Louis both froze. The silence that followed was thick, suffocating. I could see the way Levi's jaw tightened, his eyes filled with fear and worry, no matter how hard he tried to hide it. Louis, usually the more composed one, exhaled sharply.

"What do you mean she almost died?" Louis finally asked, his voice controlled, but I could hear the tension in it.

"She wasn't breathing," I admitted, my throat tightening again. "She looked—" I stopped, shaking my head. I couldn't say it. I wouldn't. "Her mother… she lost it. She blamed us."

Levi scoffed, running a hand through his hair. "Of course, she did."

"She's not wrong," I bit out, surprising even myself. Levi's eyes snapped to mine, and for a moment, neither of us spoke.

Louis exhaled slowly, swinging his legs off the bed. "And now?"

"She woke up," I said, glancing away. "I left before she saw me."

Levi narrowed his eyes at me. "Why?"

I clenched my jaw. "Because I didn't want her to see me."

Louis stood, stretching before running a hand down his face. "You're acting like this because you still care."

I let out a bitter laugh. "Care?" I repeated, shaking my head. "I hate her."

Louis arched a brow. "Do you?"

Levi crossed his arms, watching me carefully. "You sure?"

I didn't answer. I couldn't. Because no matter how much I tried to convince myself otherwise, I knew the truth.

I never hated Olivia.

I hated what she made me feel.

"And you? Don't you still care? I see the worry in your face," I accused Levi.

Levi scoffed angrily. "I don't care about that bitch!" he said with hate, and I furrowed my brow.

Years ago, I could have bet my life that, just like me, my brother had feelings for Olivia. Then what happened? What did she do to them to make them hate her this way?

"Good thing she's alive," Louis sighed, but I raised a brow at him too. I was curious, so curious to know what she did to them four years ago to make them hate her so much.

I was so curious that I couldn't stop myself from asking. "Louis, Levi… tell me… what happened? Why did you two suddenly hate Olivia?"