

Fated To Not Just One, But Three

#Chapter 51: Feelings From The Past - Read Fated To Not Just One, But Three Chapter 51: Feelings From The Past

Chapter 51: Feelings From The Past

Lennox's POV

"Lennox, is there a problem?" Olivia suddenly asked the moment she noticed I had gone silent, just staring at her.

My lips parted, and I forced myself to speak. "Thank you... for what you did back there," I said, sincerely. I never thought a day would come where I'd feel grateful—truly grateful—to the same woman I once vowed to hate.

Olivia didn't even flinch at my appreciation. She simply shrugged. "No need to thank me. I would've done the same if it were anyone else in your shoes," she said flatly.

Her words tore my heart more than I expected. I didn't know what hurt more—her coldness to my gratitude or the cold truth behind what she said.

"Anything else?" she asked, tilting her head slightly as she stared at me.

But I couldn't say a word. There was this strange feeling of pain... of longing. I missed her...

God, I hated to admit it, but I missed how things used to be when we were still... us. I missed her ridiculous jokes, the way her laughter lit up a room. Despite everything, I missed her presence.

"Nothing else," I finally managed to say.

She nodded once. "Good night."

She didn't wait for a reply before shutting the door in my face.

I stood there like a fool, not knowing what to do or even how to feel. My wolf whined within me, restless and hurt, but I shut him out and limped back to my room in silence.

Once I reached my bed, I pulled the blanket over myself and lay there, staring up at the ceiling, Olivia's voice playing on a loop in my head.

"I would've done the same if it were anyone else in your shoes."

Why did those words feel like knives in my chest?

Why did I expect her to say something different?

What did I want to hear from her? For her to tell me she saved me because she still cared? Because I'm her mate?

Was I hoping for her to say that I still meant something?

I sighed heavily and shut my eyes.

Four years ago, she shattered me.

I'd sworn I would never forgive her. Never let her back in. Never feel this way again.

But lying there, haunted by the scent of her and the echo of her laughter in my mind, I realized the one truth I'd been avoiding—

I didn't hate her.

I missed her.

And worse...

I was falling for her again.

"Then don't fight it... talk to her about it... tell her how she hurt you and..."

"No!" I cut my wolf off. "I'm not doing any such thing," I grunted and closed my eyes tighter, forcing myself to sleep. All this was just fleeting emotions because of her selfless act of saving me. By the time I wake up tomorrow, they will all be gone.

The next morning, sunlight streamed weakly through the curtains, but I felt no warmth from it. A soft knock on the door pulled me from my thoughts, and before I could say anything, the door opened.

Anita walked in with a tray in her hands.

I frowned instantly, not even bothering to hide it.

"Good morning, Lennox," she said gently, flashing that ridiculous, overly sweet smile. It used to work on me. Now it just irritated me.

It baffled me, really, how I ever chased after her.

Maybe it was because she was the perfect pawn to make Olivia jealous.

She was never the kind of woman I truly wanted.

"I brought you breakfast. Thought you could use something warm."

I didn't move from the bed. "You know how much I hate being disturbed while sleeping."

She blinked, caught off guard. "I just wanted to—"

"I want to be alone."

Her lips parted like she wanted to say something else—maybe apologize—but I turned my head away. "Please leave."

She lingered for a few seconds longer before setting the tray on the nightstand and walking out without another word.

I stared at the untouched food, sighed, and forced myself out of bed.

After freshening up, I got dressed but ignored the breakfast entirely.

When I finally stepped out of my room, the mansion was already buzzing with activities. I limped slightly as I made my way to the living room, still sore from yesterday, but better.

Suddenly, my heart gave an odd jolt when I saw Olivia there, flipping through a file on the couch.

She looked up, our eyes met for a second, and she gave me a blank look. "Good morning," she said plainly, without stopping what she was doing.

"Morning," I replied, but she was already walking past me.

Just like that.

No smile. Nothing.

And yet... my chest ached.

I sank into the couch she had just left, inhaling the faint trace of her scent lingering on the cushion.

Damn it.

I was wrong.

I was wrong when I told myself last night that these feelings were temporary.

That I'd wake up, and they'd be gone.

They weren't.

If anything, they were stronger now.

Sitting on the couch, I buried my face in my hands and dragged a hand down my tired face. My chest felt tight. I didn't want to feel this way. I didn't want to want her. But I did. I wanted her attention.

I wanted her to look at me the way she used to before everything fell apart.

I stared at the hallway she disappeared into, tempted to follow her. To grab her arm and demand she talk to me. Ask her why she hurt me, why she broke me.

But I didn't move.

I just sat there like a coward, gnawing at the inside of my cheek and pretending I didn't care.

I ran a hand through my hair and let out a heavy sigh.

"Lennox," a voice called behind me.

I looked over my shoulder. It was my brother, Louis, with his usual concerned look.

"You okay?" he asked, eyeing the untouched tray in his hands. "Anita said you kicked her out."

"She shouldn't have come in," I muttered.

He shrugged and sat on the opposite couch. "You know, she's trying hard to apologize."

"I'm not interested," I snapped, rising from the couch and storming out of the living room.

Chapter 52: Danger

Olivia's POV

I needed to get a few things from the town square. Tomorrow was my mother's birthday, and I wanted to buy her something nice with the pennies I had.

As I set out to leave, Anita appeared from the corner and blocked my path. A fierce glare burned in her eyes as she stared me down.

"You either leave this pack in one piece, or I will send you out in different pieces," she spat.

I raised a brow at her. "Are you threatening me?" I asked, my voice calm despite the anger already boiling inside me.

Anita scoffed and took a step closer until we were face to face. Her makeup-caked face hovered inches from mine.

"If I were you, I'd take it as a friendly warning. For old times' sake, I'm giving you an option. Leave this pack in one piece—or what befell your father will happen to you, and you'll join him in the afterlife."

Rage flared inside me, and my wolf growled, urging me to attack her, but I held myself back.

"For old times' sake, Anita, I'll let this pass," I said, watching her narrow her eyes. "But the next time you stand before me and spew such rubbish," I stepped closer, our noses nearly touching, "I will make sure the guards tie you up and flog you in the middle of the pack house courtyard."

Anita's lips parted in shock, clearly not expecting me to bite back. But I was done playing nice. Done acting weak. I had kept my distance. I had stayed out of her way. But now, she had crossed the line.

"You think you can do that to me?" she scoffed.

I smiled, a bitter smile. "Yes, Anita, I have the power to do that and more. Remember, I am the Luna. And you..." I narrowed my eyes, scanning her from head to toe, "you are just a concubine. Don't forget that." I mocked, then turned and walked away, not giving her the chance to respond.

I was able to leave the pack house after letting one of the warriors escort me. According to them, it was mandatory that I don't walk alone, and I had no choice but to allow the guard to follow me.

When I got to town, I walked straight to the small jewelry shop at the corner of the square. Inside, the shopkeeper greeted me warmly. I forced a smile and scanned the glass display.

There, sitting in a velvet box, was a simple yet beautiful silver bracelet. Engraved with tiny moon symbols, delicate but strong. Just like her.

"My mother," I murmured to myself, then said aloud, "I'll take this one," pulling out the few notes I had saved.

As the shopkeeper wrapped the bracelet carefully in soft paper, I felt a presence beside me. I turned slightly and found a woman, probably in her late sixties, standing just a few steps away. Her silver-streaked hair was tied into a low bun, and her pale green eyes seemed to glow faintly under the sunlight.

"You're Luna Olivia," she said, her voice low and hoarse, like wind rustling dry leaves.

I hesitated, instantly on alert. "Yes... do I know you?"

Her eyes locked onto mine, unsettling in their intensity. "No. But I know what lies ahead."

I furrowed my brows, gripping the paper bag in my hands tighter.

"I'm a seer," she continued, stepping closer. "I see what others cannot. And child..." — her voice dropped to a whisper— "I see you... lying in a pool of your own blood."

My breath caught.

"What?" I asked, the words barely leaving my lips.

"There is danger around you," she said, eyes never leaving mine. "You must be careful, Olivia. You must watch those who smile the brightest... their knives are sharpest."

My wolf stirred inside me, sensing the truth in her words.

"Is it someone close to me?" I asked, heart pounding.

The seer closed her eyes for a moment, as if searching the threads of fate. When she opened them again, her voice was barely above a breath.

"I have no idea, but you still have time," she said, placing a wrinkled hand on mine. "Be alert, child... or you won't live long enough to find the truth you seek."

With that, she turned and began to walk away.

"Wait!" I called out, stepping forward, but she didn't stop. By the time I reached the street, she had disappeared into the crowd.

For a moment, I remained where I stood, contemplating her words. I became worried and decided to return to the mansion to critically think about it.

The walk back to the mansion was slow. The seer's words echoed endlessly in my mind—"I see you... lying in a pool of your own blood."

I entered the mansion through the side entrance, deciding to take the longer path past the gardens to clear my head. As I neared the pool area, a scream pierced the air. High-pitched. Terrified. A child.

My eyes snapped toward the sound—and I froze.

A little girl was thrashing in the deep end of the pool, her tiny arms flailing, her mouth opening and closing in silent gasps as she sank under the surface.

Without thinking, I dropped the bracelet I had gotten for my mother and dove straight in.

The water was cold, but adrenaline surged through me, pushing me forward. I reached her just as she slipped beneath the surface again, wrapping an arm around her and kicking toward the edge with all the strength I had.

When I pulled us both out of the pool, I laid her on the warm stone deck. She was coughing violently, water pouring from her mouth as her lungs finally began to take in air.

I knelt beside her, brushing the soaked hair from her forehead. "It's okay," I whispered, voice shaking. "You're safe now."

Footsteps thundered behind me.

"Olivia!"

I turned my head to see Levi rushing toward me, eyes wide with concern. He slowed when he saw me soaked, kneeling beside the girl.

He didn't speak at first. Just pulled off his shirt and held it out to me.

"You're drenched," he said, his voice lower now, more careful. "Here—"

I looked at him, at the shirt, and then slowly stood. Water dripped from my clothes, pooling at my feet.

"I'm fine," I said coldly.

He stepped forward slightly, hesitating.

"Olivia—"

I didn't let him finish.

"I said I'm fine," I repeated, sharper this time. "She needs warmth, not me."

I bent down, carefully picking up the shivering child into my arms.

And then, without sparing Levi another glance, I walked past him.

I returned to the training ground and located the girl's mother, who was a warrior training in the field and didn't know her daughter had wandered off.

"Thank you so much, Luna," she said, sounding deeply grateful as she took the little girl from me.

I nodded and turned to go back into the pack house, but my eyes met Levi's. Instantly, I looked away and walked on.

Chapter 53: Still Want Her

Levi's POV

I was taking one of my normal strolls when I walked into Olivia saving a drowning child. I was moved by instinct and handed my shirt to her, but she bluntly refused. I felt my heart clench at her refusal, but I masked my emotions.

From where I stood, I watched the mother of the child fall to her knees, thanking Olivia over and over for saving her baby's life. When Olivia met my eyes, she stared at me blankly and walked away.

Where I stood, I realized something... something I didn't want to realize. I wanted Olivia back... I wanted us to go back to how things were. Fuck, I really wanted to spend time with her. I wanted her attention.

Despite everything, despite the pain she has caused, despite how she tore my heart, Despite the nights I cried for the first time in my damn life because of her. I still wasn't able to stop loving her.

Watching Olivia hold that child close to her chest, soaked and shivering from the water, refusing even the smallest help from me... it shattered all the walls I'd built around my heart.

And made me realize I still loved her.

I didn't want to. I tried not to. But seeing her like that—brave, selfless, beautiful—it all came flooding back. Every moment with her. Every fight. Every night I stayed awake thinking about her. And fuck, no matter how hard I tried to bury it, the truth wouldn't stop screaming inside me.

I wanted her back.

But I couldn't tell anyone. Not Louis. Not Lennox. Not after how I cursed her, after I swore I hated her. They'd laugh in my face. Call me weak. Pathetic.

"Then you shouldn't fucking care," my wolf snapped inside me.

I clenched my jaw but didn't respond.

Moving to the other side of the training field, I ran into Louis and Lennox near the training barracks. They were standing near the open field, arms crossed, mid-conversation when I approached.

"Levi," Louis said, shooting me a suspicious look. "You've been spacing out a lot lately. Is it about Olivia?"

My heart skipped.

"What?" I asked too quickly.

Louis raised a brow, smirking. "Well, after you trained with her on the field, you've been acting strange. You're not... catching feelings again, are you? I remember what you told me yesterday, that you wanted her. Is that right?"

The words hit me like a punch to the gut. I felt the heat rush to my face, my skin suddenly feverishly hot as shame crept up my neck. My throat tightened, making it hard to breathe, let alone speak. I could feel my heart pounding in my chest, a loud drumbeat that felt like it might give me away.

I forced a cold laugh, though it came out hollow. "You think I'd fall for her again?" I said, my voice laced with forced mockery. "Hell no. Why would I want someone like her? I hate Olivia, and it will remain that way."

Louis raised a suspicious brow at me. "But you told me..."

"Ignore it! I spat.

Louis and Lennox exchanged glances, and I couldn't tell if they believed me or not. I didn't stick around long enough to find out. I turned on my heel and walked off before they noticed my discomfort.

Back in my room, I slammed the door shut and paced the floor like a caged animal. My wolf wouldn't stop growling inside me.

"Coward. Weakling."

"Shut up," I muttered, dragging a hand through my hair.

"You want her, but you're too ashamed to admit it."

I slammed my fist into the wall, the sharp pain shooting through my knuckles as I gritted my teeth.

"Shut up!" I spat at my wolf, my anger boiling.

"Why would I want a woman who broke me... she destroyed me," I said angrily.

My wolf, sensing I was angry, decided to let me be and refused to argue more with me.

I threw myself onto the bed, burying my face in the pillow, trying to block out the thoughts of Olivia. Trying to drown out the guilt, the frustration, the want. But it was like trying to fight a tide that kept pulling me under.

I grunted and ran a hand through my hair. I needed to clear my head. I headed to the training grounds, hoping the adrenaline would drown out the noise in my skull.

I was halfway through a brutal set of combat drills when I saw Olivia.

She was laughing—laughing—with Jerek by the edge of the training field. He handed her a bottle of water, and she took it with a smile that made me frown.

Jealousy twisted in my gut.

And just when I was about to look away, I saw Anita strutting toward me, hips swaying like she owned the damn place.

Perfect.

If Olivia wanted to flirt with other men, two could play that game.

I turned to Anita with a smirk and pulled her closer by the waist, just enough for Olivia to see.

"Do you want to spar with me?" I said to Anita.

Anita's fingers curled around my neck, her body pressing up against mine as she leaned in, her breath warm against my ear.

"You know," she whispered, her voice sultry, "we could always take this somewhere more private. My room or yours, whatever you prefer. I'm sure we could have some fun."

I stiffened. The offer was clear. But deep down, I knew. I wasn't interested in her anymore. Not like before.

"Not in the mood for that. I just need a sparring partner. Either you're in or out."

Anita frowned at my words but nodded. "Fine, let's spar."

I nodded, forcing out a smile at Anita.

Suddenly, I noticed Olivia looked our way.

Her smile dropped.

And god, a sick part of me felt satisfied.

But under all of it—the posturing, the jealousy, the lies—I still couldn't escape the truth.

I didn't want Anita.

I wanted Olivia.

And I didn't know how much longer I could keep pretending I didn't.

Chapter 54: Lost The right

Olivia's POV

I tried to focus on my training with Jerek, but today... today was different.

Every time I glanced across the field, my eyes inevitably landed on Levi. He was sparring with Anita. No, they weren't sparring—they were more like flirting, as if they were the only two people in the world. They were laughing, and that sick feeling twisted in my stomach, even though I tried to ignore it. I tried so hard to pretend it didn't bother me, but it did.

I bit my lip, trying to concentrate on Jerek's instructions, but the image of Anita's hands on Levi and the way they exchanged those looks... I couldn't shake it. The jealousy was eating me up, and it made me sick to my stomach.

And then, suddenly, a memory came rushing back—one I hadn't thought about in years.

I was thirteen, barely old enough to understand the complex emotions I was feeling, but that didn't stop it. I had seen Levi with a girl. They were talking and laughing, and he was smiling at her in that way that made my heart skip, that same smile I thought was only for me. I couldn't stand it. I couldn't stand the way she looked at him, the way he laughed with her, the way she made him smile like that.

I remember running away from them, feeling a tight knot of jealousy twist in my chest. I didn't understand it then, didn't know what to do with it, so I ran—just ran, as far as my legs would take me.

But Levi noticed. Of course, he did. He always noticed when something was wrong with me.

He found me a few minutes later, breathless, standing by the tree near the back of the pack house. He was so calm, like he always was, and I hated how easily he could make everything feel like it would be okay, even when it wasn't.

"What's wrong, Liv?" he asked, his voice low and gentle, but his eyes searching mine.

I refused to tell him. I didn't know how to explain it, how to admit that seeing him with another girl made my chest feel tight, like I was suffocating. So, I stayed silent.

But Levi seemed to understand. His brow furrowed, and his voice softened as he stepped closer.

"Do you hate it when I smile at other girls?" he asked, his tone still quiet, but it sounded serious.

The question hit me like a punch to the gut. I looked away, my cheeks burning with embarrassment. It wasn't something I could easily admit, not even to him. But the truth was, I hated it. I hated it so much that it felt like it was tearing me apart from the inside. I hated seeing triplets smiling at another girl.

I nodded, my voice barely above a whisper. "Yes."

Levi studied me for a moment, as if weighing my words. And then, without hesitation, he smiled at me. It wasn't the same smile he gave to that girl, but it was still a smile—gentle and sincere, like he understood me in a way no one else did.

"I won't smile at any other girl again," he said, his voice firm but filled with promise.

I lifted my eyes as I stared at him.

"Promise?"

Levi smiled, revealing his charming dimples. The triplets all had something different I loved about their faces. Levi had those adorable dimples that only showed when he smiled. Lennox had the most beautiful set of teeth I'd ever seen, and I loved watching him grin. Louis had the most stunning brown eyes—cool, alluring, hard to look away from.

"Yes... I promise, I will never smile at any lady," he said.

A small smile appeared on my face, and I couldn't stop myself from hugging him. Levi chuckled and hugged me tighter.

"You are not concentrating. Are you okay?" Jerek asked, halting the sparring. I couldn't take it anymore. I shifted away from Jerek, throwing an apologetic glance. "I need a break," I murmured.

He nodded, a concerned look in his eyes, but I just waved him off. I didn't want to explain anything right now. I just needed space.

I walked away quickly. I had to get away from them. From him.

I made my way into the pack house, and just when I was about to pass a corner—suddenly, Levi appeared, blocking my path, his broad frame towering over me like a wall. His eyes locked onto mine, and for a moment, I just froze.

"What's the matter, Olivia?" His voice was smooth, like he was enjoying this far too much. "Jealous?"

The word hit me like a slap to the face. My chest tightened, and I could feel my blood boil.

"Jealous?" I spat, fury flashing in my eyes. "Why would I be jealous, Levi? You and your brothers lost the right to make me feel anything." I jabbed a finger in his direction, my voice trembling with anger.

His gaze darkened, and I noticed that same dangerous intensity flare up. Before I could even react, he stepped closer, cornering me against the wall. My heart raced, and I hated how he made me feel.

"Don't say that," he growled, his breath brushing against my face. "You're lying. I can see it in your eyes. You still want me."

I pushed past him, trying to escape, but he grabbed my wrist, pulling me back.

"That's not going to work," he said, his grip tight, his face too close to mine.

Something in me snapped. My breath hitched as I glared up at him.

"Let me go," I ordered, my voice low and deadly.

But he didn't. Instead, he leaned in closer, his lips brushing against my ear. "You were jealous, Olivia, seeing me with another woman kills you just like years ago," he murmured.

I pulled my wrist free and shoved him back, hard, but his body followed mine, and in a split second, he kissed me.

It was furious, almost suffocating. And for a moment, I felt that familiar heat rise in me. But then I remembered everything—the pain, the betrayal, the heartbreak.

Without thinking, I bit down on his lower lip, hard, enough to draw blood.

He groaned in pain, pulling away, but I was already glaring at him, my anger boiling over. "Never do that again," I hissed, my voice filled with anger. "You and your brothers lost the right to touch me. You lost the right to be anywhere near me."

Chapter 55: What is wrong With Levi

Louis POV

We were all having Lunch —my brothers and I, Anita, and then Olivia. My eyes drifted to Anita, who was calmly eating her meal. This morning, she seemed so quiet, unlike her usual self who talks so much.

Ignoring her, I moved my eyes to Lennox, who seemed too busy eating his meal. He looked like he was trying to hurry and leave the table. My eyes then settled on Levi, and I noticed something. He wasn't eating—in fact, he was playing with his food, and his eyes were on Olivia, who wasn't paying attention to him as she ate calmly.

I looked in Olivia's direction and couldn't help but stare at her. Now I know why Levi couldn't take his eyes off her. There was something different about her, and it's not just the new blonde color of her hair. It was something entirely different about her appearance.

"Mine," my wolf purred in delight while I continued staring at her, unable to take my eyes off her.

She must have noticed me staring because she lifted her gaze and looked my way, our gaze meeting. I didn't look away—rather, I continued staring at her. Olivia frowned before looking away.

"Louis, are you attending Alpha Thor's birthday party? I can come with you," Anita said softly, drawing my attention back to her.

Today was Alpha Thor's birthday, and he had invited us, but all three of us couldn't leave the pack, so I volunteered to attend, even though I didn't feel like it.

"Come on, let me accompany you," Anita pressed on.

I frowned, going back to my meal. "No, Anita, I would like to go on my own," I said. Going with Anita would be a disaster. She was a 'notice me' kind of lady, and she brags too much. I don't need such company.

"Louis, what changed? You used to love me attending occasions with you."

I wasn't in the mood for much talk, so I ignored her and continued eating, but just then, Olivia pulled back her seat, stood up, and walked away.

Levi's eyes trailed after her too, his jaw tightening slightly. There it was again—that tension I'd noticed between them. Did something happen between those two? Or was it all in Levi's head?

"Seriously, Louis, are you just going to ignore me now?" Anita's voice cut through the silence like a blade.

I sighed, dropping my fork. "Anita, not now," I said firmly, my tone making it clear I wasn't up for any of her drama.

"But I—"

"I said not now." I looked at her, and for once, she shut up, probably because of the look in my eyes.

The silence returned. Lennox pushed his chair back and mumbled something about training, practically bolting out of the room. Levi stood too, but he didn't say a word. He just walked out, probably going after Olivia.

A low growl rumbled in my chest at the thought.

Why was he suddenly after Olivia? What had changed? Did something happen between them? A strange feeling of jealousy bubbled inside of me. We were supposed to be on the journey of hating her. Why was Levi suddenly having a change of heart? I thought he said she hurt him? Although I don't know what she did to him because he has refused to say it, but I think it wasn't as painful as what she did to me. Olivia practically killed me—not with a knife, not with stones, not with action, but by her words. She killed me with her words.

I rose from the table, my appetite long gone.

Without another word to Anita, who was still sulking in her seat, I walked out of the dining hall. My boots echoed through the marble corridor as I made my way to the garage. The guards on duty straightened up immediately when they saw me approaching.

"Prepare the car," I ordered curtly.

One of them opened the black SUV while the other two motioned to the warriors to ready the vans. Two fully loaded vans rolled into position behind my car, each one filled with pack warriors. They were to accompany me to the Trumiant Pack.

As I slid into the back seat, the door shut behind me with a dull thud. The engine roared to life. I rested my elbow on the window frame, eyes fixed on the fading image of the pack house in the rearview mirror.

But my mind wasn't on Alpha Thor or his birthday.

It was on Olivia.

Her face haunted me—the calm way she eats, the way she ignored me like I didn't exist. That used to be my power. I was the one who used to look at her like she didn't matter, like she was invisible. Now the tables had turned.

"Mine," my wolf whispered again, more urgently this time, like he was getting impatient with me.

I ran a hand through my hair, frustration building.

What was wrong with Levi? He hated her. We both did. That had been our shared bond—the betrayal, the pain, the anger. We never talked about the details of what she did to us, but we didn't need to. We understood each other's silence.

So why was he looking at her like she was the moon in his night sky?

I clenched my jaw. No. She's not his. She can't be. If Levi had truly forgiven her, then he was a fool. And if he hadn't, then what the hell was he doing watching her like that?

As we exited the territory gate and the forest opened up into the broader roads leading toward Trumiant Pack, I leaned forward.

"Be alert," I said to the driver.

He nodded. "Yes, Alpha."

I didn't say anything else. I leaned back into my seat, closing my eyes briefly as the hum of the engine soothed the storm in my chest.

But even then... I saw her face.

Her blonde hair.

The quiet, unreadable expression.

And that damn ache in my chest that refused to go away.

Olivia, what did you do to me?

Chapter 56: Drugged

Louis POV

Alpha Thor's birthday celebration was already in full swing when we arrived at the Trumpant Pack. The pack house was buzzing with music, laughter, and the clinking of glasses. It was grand—just like Thor himself. The man didn't do anything halfway.

The moment I stepped out of the car, Alpha Thor himself greeted me with a wide grin and a brotherly slap on the back.

"Louis! I wasn't sure you'd show up," he boomed. "But I'm glad you did. It wouldn't be the same without the infamous Louis showing his cold face."

I forced a smile. "Happy birthday, Thor. You're getting old."

He laughed, throwing his head back. "And still better looking than you."

I let out a short chuckle and followed him inside. My warriors lingered outside, alert and stationed, just as I instructed.

Inside, the air was thick with perfume and alcohol. Beautiful women fluttered around like moths to flame, some throwing glances my way. I ignored them all. I wasn't here for pleasure or idle talk. I just needed to make an appearance and leave.

A server was passing by with a glass of champagne. Thor took it and handed it to me. "Come on, just one. For old time's sake."

I eyed the glass for a moment. The liquid swirled like honeyed fire, and I hesitated. Then, I took it from him with a nod and brought it to my lips.

The first sip burned slightly, but it wasn't bad. I tilted the glass back and drank it all in one go.

Almost immediately, I felt... strange.

My skin prickled. My blood rushed to places it shouldn't have. My vision sharpened unnaturally, my senses becoming too heightened, too aware. The soft scent of perfume from one of the girls nearby suddenly felt intoxicating. Her giggle sounded like a damn melody.

Something's wrong.

My wolf growled low, pacing inside me. "We've been drugged, he hissed. Sexual craving potion was put in that drink. It's meant to make you desire any woman. Get out. Now."

I straightened instantly, my eyes darting toward one of the girls who had been flirting earlier. She was watching me now, a sly smile playing on her lips.

Bitch.

I threw the glass onto the floor, the sharp shatter drawing startled gasps from nearby guests.

"Alpha Louis?" Thor looked concerned.

I ignored him and turned to my warrior at the door. "We're leaving. Now."

He didn't ask questions. The warriors instantly fell into formation, surrounding me as we exited the pack house.

As I slid into the car, anger pumped through my veins hotter than fire. My fists clenched as the door slammed shut beside me.

"A bitch must have put something in that drink," I muttered, jaw tightening.

Bitch! My wolf growled.

My frown deepened.

"Take us home," I told the driver. "Fast."

As the car roared forward, my thoughts shifted again, back to the one face I couldn't shake.

Olivia.

Why was her name the only thing that grounded me right now? Why was the scent I craved not the perfume of some stranger—but hers?

My wolf growled again, possessive and wild.

The ride home was torture.

Two hours of silent, burning agony.

The drug was still in my system, hitting at me like fire beneath my skin. My breathing was shallow, chest heaving slightly as I sat in the back seat, fists clenched and jaw

locked. The windows were down, cold night air rushing against my face, but it did nothing—nothing—to cool the heat pulsing through my body.

I had thrown off my blazer and undone the top three buttons of my shirt, but I was still burning. Every inch of me felt like it was on fire. My wolf was restless, pacing and growling inside me, hungry—for her.

Not just any her, but for Olivia.

My body craved her scent, her touch, her presence. My mind kept replaying the way she'd looked at breakfast—calm, composed, indifferent. And that blonde hair, gods, it had no right to look that good on her.

"Alpha, we're home," the driver said carefully as the gates of the pack opened, and we rolled into the compound.

I didn't wait for the car to stop fully.

The moment it slowed, I flung the door open and stepped out, the night air hitting me like a slap—but it still wasn't enough to calm the inferno raging inside.

I was burning alive.

My warriors called after me, but I didn't hear them—not really. I was moving, storming through the grounds like a man possessed. I had no idea where I was going, but something inside me did. My wolf had taken control, his instincts pulling me forward like a leash tied to my chest.

My boots pounded against the stone pathways, my pulse thundering in my ears, until I found myself in front of her door.

I stopped, panting slightly, the fire under my skin boiling over. My hands were trembling at my sides. My heart was hammering like a war drum, my cock painfully hard.

I stared at the wooden door, confused.

Mine.

Take her.

Touch her.

Claim her.

I pressed a hand to the door, eyes shut for a second.

I didn't even know what the hell I was doing here. What if she screamed? What if she pushed me away?

But I couldn't walk away.

I didn't want to walk away.

Her scent drifted under the door, soft and warm like honey and firewood, wrapping around my senses and pulling a groan from my throat. I gritted my teeth, pressing my forehead against the door now.

"Olivia..." I whispered, my voice ragged. "I need..."

I didn't finish the sentence before the door opened and revealed Olivia. Her long blonde hair was down, falling over her shoulders. She was barefoot, standing in the soft light of her room. She wore a nightdress—so thin and see-through, I could see everything. Her soft skin. Her curves. Her pointed nipples pressing through the fabric. My heart thudded hard in my chest.

She looked at me with wide eyes. Not scared. Just... surprised. Like she didn't expect me, but she wasn't afraid either.

I couldn't stop myself. I pushed her back into the room, stepped inside, and kicked the door shut behind me.

Chapter 57: Let Me Touch You

Olivia's POV

I was about going to bed when I got a whiff of a familiar smell. I instantly knew it was Louis.

I didn't need to check—I already knew he was right outside my door. His scent was too close, too intense.

Not wanting him to barge into my room, I sprang out of bed and headed for the door, deciding that whatever he had to say, he could say it from the hallway. But the moment I pulled the door open, I was met with a sight that made me hesitate.

Louis stood there, breathing heavily, his body glistening with sweat, and his usually cool brown eyes now burned with something wild? Hunger? Desperation? I couldn't tell. Before I could even form a sentence, he shoved me gently but firmly back into the room, stepped inside, and closed the door behind him. Then he pressed himself against the door.

I furrowed my brow, confused. "Louis, what—?"

But the moment I saw his eyes—those burning, untamed eyes—I knew something was wrong.

He didn't say a word. Just leaned against the door like he was trying to hold himself together, breathing heavily, his chest rising and falling with the effort of restraint. His shirt clung to him, soaked with sweat, and then, unexpectedly, he began to undo the remaining buttons.

One. Two. Three.

I watched, dumbfounded, as he shrugged it off, letting it fall to the floor like it meant nothing. And gods... his chest. All muscle and heat and raw power, flexing with every breath he took. His body was tensed like a predator fighting a leash.

My eyes dropped lower—unintentionally.

His pants did nothing to hide the bulge pressing against them, thick and hard and twitching under the fabric. My mouth went dry. My legs weakened slightly, and I instinctively took a step back.

He took a step forward.

"Please, I need your help," he rasped, voice hoarse and broken. "Don't run from me."

I didn't speak. I couldn't. My throat felt tight, my heart pounding in my ears. The heat rolling from him hit me in waves. His scent—earthy, dominant, wild—was thick in the air, and it wrapped around me like a blanket. My sexually starved wolf was purring in my head, desiring him.

"What... happened?" I asked, even though deep down, I already knew.

"I was drugged," he responded immediately, jaw clenched. "Something in the drink. A sexual craving potion... but it's not working the way it's supposed to. I don't want them. I only want you."

My lips parted slightly. "Louis..."

"I tried to fight it." He moved closer, his bare chest inches from me now, his hands trembling at his sides. "Tried to leave, to stay away from you, but this—" He grabbed my wrist suddenly, pressing it against his chest so I could feel the thunder of his heart. "—this is burning me alive."

I could feel the heat of his skin. The way his heart raced. And the way his cock twitched beneath the fabric of his pants, pressing harder as he stared down at me.

"Please, Olivia, I need your help... I promise I won't go far... just a few touches from you and it will die down..." Louis pleaded desperately, his breathing coming ragged.

I yanked my hand back and took a sharp step away. My wolf whimpered from the distance, aching for his touch, but I didn't care.

I crossed my arms and narrowed my eyes. "Go to Anita, Louis. I'm sure she'll welcome you with open arms. That is her job as your mistress, isn't it?"

He frantically shook his head and looked at me with pleading eyes. "Please, Oli..." he gasped. My heart ached. They haven't called me that name for the past four years, and hearing him say it in the most sexual voice I have ever heard made shivers run down my spine.

"The mate bond is pulling me toward you. No one can detoxify me except you... please."

I scoffed bitterly. "Anita has your mark too, doesn't she? Tell your wolf that and get out. Leave me the hell alone."

I turned my back to him, blinking fast to push the sting from my eyes. It hurt. It hurt that he was here because of a drug, not because he wanted me. If not for that potion, he wouldn't have come. He wouldn't have even looked my way.

I heard him step closer... and then closer still, until his chest was brushing my back. His arousal pressed hard against me, making me suck in a sharp breath.

"Olivia... I will do anything you ask of me... anything you want... please just give me the consent to touch you... damn! I don't want to touch you against your will, but my control is slipping away... I don't know if I will be able to control myself any moment from now." He pleaded, and I knew he was right. Soon he might not be able to control his desires, and whether I agreed or not, he would have his way with me, and I couldn't fight him off.

"Please..." he whispered, voice brushing against my ear like a plea wrapped in silk. "Say something. Anything."

I stood there for a moment, my heart pounding, my mind racing. Then I finally whispered, "I don't have a request right now. But know this—when I do, you owe me. Whatever I ask, you will grant it."

"Yes... yes. I swear!" he answered without hesitation.

I swallowed hard and turned to face him, lifting my eyes slowly to meet his. My throat was dry. My lips trembled.

But I didn't say stop.

I didn't push him away.

Instead, my eyes dropped again—this time deliberately—to the hard length barely restrained by his pants. I watched it twitch again, and my breath hitched.

"Fuck," he groaned, jaw tightening. "Don't look at me like that unless you want me to take you right here."

I swallowed and slowly reached for the straps of my nightgown. His eyes dropped, following my every move. One by one, I slipped the straps off my shoulders.

"Olivia..." he whispered, his voice rough and deep.

I paused for just a second, then let the nightgown fall to the floor. I stood there, completely naked in front of him.

The air felt cold on my skin, but his eyes made me feel hot. Louis stared like he was seeing me for the first time—like nothing else in the world existed but me.

His eyes darkened, the gold flecks in them swallowed by stormy desire. His hands clenched at his sides, like he was physically restraining himself from reaching for me.

"Gods..." he groaned, swallowing hard. "You're... perfect."

I felt like I couldn't breathe. My lips trembled as I finally found the courage to speak.

"You can touch me."

Chapter 58: Tasting Me

Olivia's POV

That was all Louis needed.

In an instant, he pulled me by the waist, his grip desperate and possessive, and crashed his lips against mine. I gasped as his mouth devoured mine, hot and urgent, like he'd been starved of me for years. His kiss was wild—raw, needy—and I melted into it before I could even think.

His hands slid down, squeezing my ass firmly, pulling me closer until there was no space left between us. His sweat-slicked body pressed against my naked skin, burning hot, every line of muscle rubbing against me and making me shudder. His hardness pressed against my stomach, throbbing and unrelenting, and I moaned into his mouth, my fingers tangling in his hair.

He growled low in his throat, like he was losing what little control he had left, and suddenly—without warning—he scooped me up in his arms. I barely had time to gasp before he tossed me onto the bed, and I bounced lightly on the mattress, breathless, dazed.

Louis stood at the edge of the bed, chest heaving, eyes glued to me like I was a feast and he a starving beast.

Our eyes locked.

And then, slowly, deliberately, he reached down and began to unbuckle his belt. His gaze never left mine. His fingers worked the buckle loose with practiced ease, and the quiet clink of metal sent a tremor through me.

"Don't look away," he said, his voice rough, thick with lust. "I want you to watch."

And I did.

Helplessly.

The belt slipped free, falling to the floor with a dull thud. Louis's hands went to the button of his pants, and with one swift motion, he undid it and dragged the zipper down. My heart thundered as he pushed the fabric down his hips, letting both his pants and boxers fall to the ground.

And there he was—naked.

It wasn't the first time I'd seen him like this. I remembered catching a glimpse of him once at the combat grounds, just before he shifted into his wolf form. But this... this was different. This time, he was fully aroused.

My breath caught.

His cock stood thick and proud, the length of it hard and veined, twitching with the force of his need. My mouth went dry at the sheer size—long, wide, with a perfect curve that made my thighs instinctively clench. It was almost intimidating. No, it was intimidating. And somehow, impossibly... beautiful.

I couldn't tear my eyes away.

The veins running along the shaft pulsed, and the head was flushed and glistening. My cheeks burned, heat pooling between my legs. I didn't know whether to gasp, moan, or both.

And then a ridiculous, sinful thought crossed my mind—How the hell did Anita take not just him, but all three of them?

Same blood. Same dominant aura. And apparently... same size.

I couldn't help it—my lips parted slightly, an involuntary mix of awe and disbelief. Whatever magic or madness drove Anita, I had to give her credit. Taking one of them seemed like a challenge. Three? That was a damn miracle.

My gaze flicked back to Louis, and he was watching me closely—his eyes dark and stormy, like he knew exactly what I was thinking. A cocky little smirk twitched at the corner of his mouth.

"I'm not fucking you."

I swallowed hard and nodded faintly, unable to look away.

I had never felt so wanted... so owned... without even being touched.

Louis's eyes never left mine as he climbed onto the bed, the mattress dipping under his weight. His sweat-slicked body hovered over mine, radiating heat and pure need. He looked like a man on the brink of madness—but still holding on... for me.

His lips descended, brushing over my collarbone, then lower, igniting trails of fire across my skin. I gasped when his mouth closed around my nipple, sucking gently at first—then with a hunger that made my back arch off the bed. His tongue flicked and circled while one hand cupped my other breast, kneading it with worshipful care.

"You drive me insane," he rasped between kisses. "Your scent... your skin... all of it. Mine."

He kissed down my stomach, slow and deliberate, each press of his lips leaving sparks in their wake. I trembled beneath him, both nervous and aching with anticipation. When he reached the inside of my thighs, he spread them gently, reverently—as if he were opening a gift he'd waited too long to touch.

His gaze flicked up to mine, dark with desire but tender, too.

"I know," he whispered. "I know no one's ever tasted you here."

My breath hitched.

"I'm glad I'm the first," he said, voice thick with emotion. "Because I have dreamt of this."

And then he lowered his head.

The moment his lips touched me, I shattered—silently, completely. Every thought vanished, every breath stolen. All that existed was his mouth and the overwhelming

waves of pleasure he gave me with it. Slow at first. Then deep. Intentional. Like he was memorizing the taste of me, savoring every reaction.

My fingers tangled in his hair as he groaned against me, his own heat pulsing just as wildly as mine.

He was on fire.

And he was setting me ablaze with him.

"Fuck!"

I barely had time to process his words before His tongue darted out again to taste me, sending a shudder rippling through my body.

"You taste like heaven," he murmured before his mouth located its target—my opening.

The first stroke of his tongue was slow, deliberate, and devastating. My body jerked in response, my hands tightening in his hair as a cry escaped my lips.

"Louis," I gasped, my voice trembling as the pleasure built inside me. "I—oh, Goddess..."

He growled again, the vibration sending shocks of pleasure through me as his tongue worked me with a precision that left me breathless. His lips and tongue teased and tormented, alternating between slow, languid strokes and quick, firm movements that had me writhing against the bed.

My legs trembled, and he held me steady, his hands gripping my thighs as he devoured me like a man starved. The heat between us was unbearable, every sensation amplified by the tension that had been building for so long.

"Don't stop," I whimpered, my voice broken as I felt myself teetering on the edge of release. My entire body was on fire, every nerve ending alive with the pleasure he was giving me.

He growled against me, his tongue moving faster, more demanding, until the tension inside me snapped. My climax hit me like a tidal wave, my body convulsing as I cried out his name. He didn't stop, his tongue coaxing me through every wave of pleasure until I was trembling and came.

When he finally pulled back, his lips glistened, and his eyes were wild with satisfaction. He moved up, his hands framing my face as he kissed me deeply, letting me taste myself on his lips. The kiss was slow, unhurried, but it carried a weight that left me breathless.

"I'm painfully hard," he groaned into the kiss.

"Can you please suck me off?"

Chapter 59: One More round

Olivia's POV

I swallowed hard, his words vibrating against my lips.

Louis's eyes searched mine, burning with desire but also restraint—like he was asking, not demanding, as if my pleasure had meant more to him than his own. That thought alone sent a fresh wave of heat crashing through me.

I wanted to refuse... damn, but I couldn't. If we had come this far, then a simple blow job won't harm, and besides, I'm doing this for a reason. I will benefit from it when all this is over.

I nodded slowly, deliberately, and pushed gently at his chest.

He let me guide him, breath ragged, until he was lying back against the pillows, his dark hair tousled, his body stretched out and glorious before me. His cock stood proud between us, flushed and aching, and I licked my lips instinctively.

Louis cursed under his breath, his abs tightening.

"I've never done this before," I murmured, crawling over him, my lips brushing against the skin of his lower stomach.

He looked at me with dark, reverent eyes. "You don't have to be perfect," he said, voice low and rough. "Just do what feels right."

I kissed down his chest, letting my tongue flick over his skin, tasting the salt of his sweat, feeling the tension in every muscle as I worked my way lower. When I reached the base of his cock, I paused, letting my breath fan over the swollen head.

He shuddered.

"Olivia..." His voice was a warning and a plea all at once.

I pressed a soft kiss to the tip.

He groaned, head tipping back, and I took that as encouragement. Slowly, I opened my mouth and took him in—inch by inch—until I couldn't take anymore. The stretch made my throat tighten, but I pushed past the discomfort, letting my tongue swirl around him as I moved back.

Louis growled, his hand flying to my hair, not pushing—just holding, anchoring himself to me.

"Fuck, Oli... you're perfect," he rasped.

I began to move, finding a rhythm, hollowing my cheeks as I sucked him slowly, then faster. The sounds he made—the low curses, the broken groans—only pushed me further. I wanted to give him everything he'd just given me. I wanted to make him unravel. Ridiculously, I wanted to do better than Anita. I wanted him to never forget it. I wanted him to go back and tell his brothers what they missed... what they tossed away. I wanted to drop an impression.

I glanced up and found him watching me, jaw clenched, eyes wild.

"Look at you," he choked out. "Taking me like that. You're going to fucking ruin me."

His words made something dark and hungry bloom in my chest, and I moaned around him, the vibration making him curse again. I let one of my hands wrap around his base, stroking him in sync with my mouth, my other hand braced on his thigh as it tensed beneath my palm.

Louis was losing control—his breathing sharp, his hips beginning to jerk up to meet each stroke.

"Stop, baby," he gasped, tugging gently at my hair. "If you don't stop, I'll come."

But I didn't stop.

I wanted to see him cum.

I wanted to taste that final moment when he lost himself completely.

So I tightened my lips around him and sucked harder, faster, my hand matching every movement. His grip in my hair tightened, and he threw his head back with a strangled growl.

"Fuck, Olivia—"

And then he came.

Hot and thick, pulsing against my tongue.

I swallowed instinctively, not pulling back, not wanting to waste a drop. He groaned so loudly it echoed off the walls, his body trembling beneath me. I only moved away when I felt him twitch, overly sensitive.

I wiped my mouth with the back of my hand, then crawled up to straddle his waist again, heart pounding.

Louis looked wrecked. Beautifully, utterly wrecked. His eyes were still wild, but now softened with awe. He cupped my face, pulling me down into a slow, lingering kiss.

"That," he whispered against my lips, "was the hottest thing I've ever felt in my life."

I smiled, a little breathless.

He grinned, then flipped us over again in one smooth motion, hovering over me with that dark, dangerous look.

"Round two?"

I looked at Louis. He was hovering over me, smirking the way he always did. His skin was flushed. His lips were swollen. His eyes were shining with confidence again.

He seemed fine now.

"You seem better," I said softly, brushing my fingers along his jaw. "The potion... it's like it's gone."

Louis froze for a second. His eyes darkened with something I couldn't name. Then he shook his head quickly.

"No," he said in a low voice. "Not fully."

But I saw it. He was lying. His voice didn't match his eyes. He didn't want us to stop. Not yet.

I reached up and slid my fingers through his hair. I pulled him closer.

"You are lying to me..." Louis didn't let me complete the word before slamming his lips against mine and kissed me gently. His lips moved slowly, like he was taking his time. Like he was savoring the moment. He kissed down my neck, warm and careful.

When he reached my breasts, he paused. He looked into my eyes.

"Just the last one," he said. His voice was low and rough.

I decided to let him.

He leaned down and kissed my nipple. Then he took it into his mouth. He sucked gently at first. Then deeper. His tongue flicked over my nipple, and I gasped. My back arched into him. He kept going, slow and focused.

His hand slid down my waist, tracing every curve. When he reached my thighs, he hesitated. Then he gently brushed between them. I tensed, nervous. He felt it and paused.

"I'll be gentle," he whispered, his lips still on my skin. "I won't go deeper."

I nodded. I trusted him.

Louis kissed my stomach, my hip, lower and lower. Then he slid his fingers down again. This time with more purpose. His fingers circled softly at my entrance. I gasped at the sensation. It felt new. It felt intense.

He kissed my breast again, sucking deeply. His fingers moved lower, pressing in slowly. I gasped again. I was tight. He was careful. He gave me time to adjust.

"You're so tight," he whispered. "So warm."

His fingers moved deeper. He curled them just right. My hips lifted without me meaning to. His touch was slow but sure. I felt myself getting closer with every movement.

He sucked harder on my nipple. His teeth grazed me gently. Sparks flew through my body. His fingers moved faster, working in rhythm.

I buried my face in his neck. I moaned against his skin.

"Louis," I whimpered. "Please... I can't—"

"Yes, you can," he said. "You're almost there."

He was right.

The pressure inside me exploded. My body clenched around his fingers. A wave of pleasure rushed through me. I cried out. My body shook. I held on to him tightly. I couldn't stop shaking.

Louis kissed my forehead. His fingers slipped out slowly. His hands were gentle now. He held me close.

"This was amazing, Olivia," he whispered. "And I'll never forget it."

I didn't say anything.

Because in that moment... I didn't know what to feel.

Louis slowly away from me and fell back to the space beside me. We lay beside each other naked, my pussy aching for more of him.

We lay in silence.

The air between us was thick and warm. My body still trembled from the high. My skin was damp. My heart was racing.

Louis's chest rose and fell beside me. His breath was heavy, uneven. His hand brushed mine, but he didn't speak yet.

I turned to look at him.

His hair was messy. His lips were swollen. His eyes were half-closed, like he was lost in the feeling.

His cock still stood tall and proud. The sight of it made something twist low in my belly again.

I felt my wolf stir inside me.

She purred.

She wanted him again. She wanted to feel that rush one more time. She wanted to let him claim us.

But I shoved the thought aside.

No. This wasn't lovemaking. My body was just an antidote to detoxify the drugs he was given. Nothing else.

After this, we would go back to our lives.

Louis turned his head slowly, his eyes locking onto mine. His gaze was intense, full of heat, but also something else. Something softer.

"Thank you," he said, his voice rough and quiet.

I blinked and swallowed hard.

"For... everything," he said. "For taking care of me. For helping me..."

I looked at him, trying to ignore the warmth those words brought to my chest.

My wolf purred louder. She liked the way he said my name.

Louis reached out and tucked a strand of hair behind my ear. His fingers brushed against my cheek.

"I'm indebted to you," he said. "Now tell me, Olivia, what is your one request?"

Chapter 60: MY Line

Louis' POV

Breathlessly, I waited for her to tell me—to request what she wanted—and fuck, I was ready to grant it to her. Right at this moment, I was ready to give her the world. That was how good she made me feel. All through my twenty-three years on earth, I have never felt this good.

Slowly, I turned to Olivia, who lay naked beside me. My eyes trailed her naked form—from her pointed red nipples, which were begging to be sucked, to her cleavages, and then I trailed down to her stomach and the neatly shaved pussy I couldn't get enough of. God, I wanted to devour her again. I wanted to worship her body one more time, but I knew that was never happening. Olivia wouldn't allow it. She knew I was now myself—the drugs had worn off.

"I have nothing in my mind. Perhaps I will tell you tomorrow," she said suddenly.

I looked at her, staring at her beautiful, enthralled face as she stared into space like she was in deep thought, while I lay there wondering what she was thinking. Was she regretting it? What the hell was she thinking?

"You should leave," she said coldly.

The words hit me harder than a punch to the gut.

You should leave.

Just like that—flat, cold, emotionless.

I blinked, unsure if I'd actually heard her right. My heart, which had just been racing with desire and something dangerously close to affection, suddenly felt like it had been dunked in ice water.

She didn't look at me. Didn't meet my eyes. She just kept staring at the ceiling like I was nothing more than a passing thought. I was supposed to be acting this way, not the other way around.

She slowly sat up, gathering the sheets around her like armor. Her bare skin disappeared beneath the thin white fabric, and with it, any illusion I had that what just happened between us meant something.

She finally looked at me, her gaze hard and unreadable. "This should stay between us," she said. "Let's not complicate things further."

A secret? Was she ashamed to let others know? This was supposed to be my line... I was the one who was supposed to say it.

I felt like I'd been slapped.

I laughed bitterly, raking a hand through my hair. "Right. Of course. Why should we tell anyone? I was drugged and you helped detox me."

I swung my legs off the bed. My clothes were scattered across the room, but I didn't care. I needed to get out before I said something stupid—something I'd regret.

As I pulled on my pants, I glanced at her one more time. She was still sitting there, eyes blank, face emotionless. But I knew better. I'd seen the way she clung to me. The way she cried out my name like I was her salvation.

She loved it just like I did.

I grabbed my shirt and headed for the door, pausing for only a second. "If you ever figure out what your one request is," I said without looking back, "you know where to find me."

And with that, I left.

Arriving at my room, I dropped down on the bed and went into deep pondering. I didn't know what the hell was wrong with me. Why was I suddenly angry and pained that she wanted to keep what had happened a secret between us? I should be happy with it. I was supposed to be the one happy. I was supposed to be the one to ask her never to let anyone know about it, especially my brothers... But here I was sulking, and for what? Because I wanted more.

That was the damn truth. I didn't just want the memory of her skin against mine. I wanted her. Olivia. The woman who looked like fire and breathed like sin, who kissed me like she owned every part of me and left me craving more with just one look.

I didn't just want her body—I wanted her to want me back, fully. Not just in the heat of the moment. Not just when I was drugged out of my mind and desperate for a lifeline.

I groaned and threw my arm over my eyes, like it would block out the flood of images—her moaning beneath me, the softness of her lips, the way she whispered my name like it meant something.

I was being ridiculous.

This wasn't love. This wasn't anything.

I hated her. I still hated her.

Right?

A sharp knock at the door pulled me from my spiraling thoughts. I didn't move.

Another knock—louder this time. Followed by a familiar voice.

"Louis, you okay in there?" It was Levi.

Perfect. Just what I needed.

Luckily, the door was bolted, or else he would have barged in.

"Louis, are you okay?" Levi asked, sounding worried. Typical Levi—he's always the most worried about anything.

"Yes," I responded immediately before he would pull down my door.

There was a silence before he spoke. "Okay... open the door."

I frowned. I can't let him in. I can't let him see me. I have the smell of Olivia all over me. If he gets in and sees me, he will damn well be aware that I just finished making out with Olivia—and that will be a disaster. I was the one taunting him about him wanting Olivia, and now I have gone behind his back.

"I'm feeling sleepy already... can we see tomorrow?" I said in a tired tone.

Levi was silent for another second before he spoke.

"Are you sure you are okay? The warriors just informed me that you weren't looking okay."

I sighed. "I'm fine, bro... Let's talk tomorrow. Goodnight," I said in a dismissive tone.

Levi, who was still at the door, was silent for a moment before he finally hummed. "Goodnight."

And just like that, he left. Sighing heavily, I lay on the bed, staring at the ceiling... my heart pounding heavily.

"Stop this madness, she is your mate... you want to be with her, then be with her."

I frowned. "No, I don't want to be with her," I responded angrily to my wolf. "I'm feeling this way because we just made out. Once tomorrow comes, all these feelings will disappear," I said to my wolf, but to myself, it sounded like a lie.