

Fated To Not Just One, But Three Chapter 6 - Apology

Levi's POV

Lennox's question hung in the air. I felt his gaze fixed on me, demanding an answer, but I wasn't ready to give one.

What happened?

I had no idea why Louis and Lennox hated her, but I had my own reasons—reasons I was too hurt to say.

The memories replayed at the edges of my mind, but before I could speak, a soft voice interrupted.

"Are you three talking about Olivia again?"

I turned sharply to see Anita sitting up, her tired eyes scanning our faces. She had woken up without us realizing.

"You men still want her?" she asked, her voice laced with hurt.

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I scoffed, shaking my head as I ran a hand through my hair. "No. We hate her," I said coldly.

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Anita's frown deepened, her eyes flickering with uncertainty. I could see the doubt in her eyes.

"We will never talk about her ever again," Louis added.

Anita hesitated for a moment, searching our faces, before she moved closer. Her hand slid over my chest, her lips brushing against mine. I grabbed her waist, pulling her into a deep kiss, as if to prove a point to her.

Anita broke the kiss and pouted. "I hate it when you men talk about that bitch!" Anita sighed.

Somehow, I was curious, wondering What had Olivia done to her? They had once been best friends until five years ago when everything changed. Now, Anita hated Olivia as much as we did.

Anita frowned. "You men have to apologize to me," she said and lay back on the bed, spreading her legs for us, giving us a view of her pussy.

Anita's smirk deepened as she stretched out on the bed, her gaze challenging. "Give me a good apology," she murmured, her voice sultry, eyes filled with desire.

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Lennox let out a low chuckle, his gaze darkening. "Apologize?" he echoed, crawling onto the bed beside her. "And how exactly do you want us to do that?"

Anita reached for him, pulling him down until their lips met in a heated kiss. I watched as Louis joined them, his hands skimming over Anita's waist, his touch possessive. There was something intoxicating about the way she responded to them—how she arched into their touch, how her breath hitched with every kiss.

I hesitated, memories of Olivia flashing in my mind, but Anita's soft moan pulled me back to the present.

Not wanting to be left behind, I climbed onto the bed and went for her nipple. As Lennox kissed her on the lips and Louis spread her legs to eat her pussy, I, on the other hand, went for her nipples, sucking on one while fondling the other.

We continued like that for a few moments. Louis, who was eating her pussy, spread her legs wider and thrust inside her. Anita released a soft moan, but before she could recover from it, I shoved my cock inside her mouth and began fucking her. As Louis fucked her in the pussy and I did in the mouth, Lennox trailed kisses along her body, sucking her breasts, his touch making her shudder. Our moans filled the air as we changed positions until we all had our turn fucking her.

Exhausted, we collapsed onto the bed, our bodies slick with sweat and cum. But Anita wasn't done. She slid onto her knees and began stroking us, her mouth working magic as she took turns pleasuring us.

She was damn good at it.

As she pleased me with her mouth, Lennox, still hungry for more, positioned himself behind her and thrust inside, making her moan around my cock. The sensation sent a jolt of pleasure through me.

Louis lay under her, his mouth on her bouncing breasts, sucking greedily. The room was filled with the sounds of pleasure, the slap of skin, the gasps, the groans.

I came first, spilling into her mouth, watching as she swallowed every drop before moving to Louis. Lennox pulled out, and I took his place, thrusting into her, groaning as she clenched around me.

"Fuck, Anita," I growled. "You feel so fucking good."

I leaned forward, my chest pressing against her back as my hands moved up, cupping her swaying breasts. My fingers pinched her nipples, adding another layer of pleasure to the intoxicating sensation of my cock driving into her.

The combination of my rough thrusts and the delicious torment on her nipples sent Anita spiraling into another orgasm. She moaned, her body shaking as she came hard, her walls tightening around me while Louis fucked her mouth.

I groaned loudly, my pace slowing down before I slammed into her one last time, burying myself deep as I spilled my hot release inside her.

We kept going, changing positions, exploring every inch of her body until we were completely drained. Finally, we collapsed onto the bed, naked, tangled together, our bodies coated in sweat and cum.

"Anita let out a satisfied sigh. "I want cold water. Tell the guards to have Olivia bring it in."

I frowned inwardly. Why Olivia? Anyone could bring a damn bottle of water. But I couldn't question it. If I did, Anita would get suspicious, and I wasn't in the mood for that.

So I made a mind link and ordered my personal guard, "Tell Olivia to bring in a bottle of water."

"I have done that," I said aloud, and Anita's lips curled into a satisfied smile.

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We stayed in bed, completely naked, until a knock came at the door.

We knew it was Olivia.

But None of us covered up.

"Come in," Anita ordered.