

Fated To Not Just One, But Three

#Chapter 61: Who? - Read Fated To Not Just One, But Three Chapter 61: Who?

Chapter 61: Who?

Louis POV

I sighed and forced myself to sleep. In my dream, I saw her—she haunted my sleep with her face and memories.

The next morning, I woke up from the ray of sunlight reflecting through the curtains.

I forced myself up and sat up on the bed.

I hadn't slept. Not one bit.

Every time I closed my eyes, I saw her. Heard her. Felt her.

I hated this. I hated feeling this attached, this exposed again. I was supposed to continue hating her.

My wolf was silent now, probably sick of arguing with me. But the silence was worse. It made me feel alone in this storm of emotion. Alone... and guilty.

I thought of my brothers, Lennox and Levi.

How was I going to face them after this?

I walked over to the window, pulling the curtains aside and staring out at the combat ground where the morning sun was slowly rising, painting the world in gold. I used to love this time of day. Now it just felt... tainted.

Because of her.

I clenched my jaw, trying to bury the ache in my chest. But the more I tried to bury it, the heavier it grew. I wanted her back in my bed. I wanted to pretend she didn't say those words she said four years ago. I wanted to forget that she hurt me deeply.

I wanted her again. And fuck me, that scared the hell out of me.

I padded toward the bathroom like a zombie. Stripped off what little clothes I still had on and stepped into the shower, turning the knob until the water was ice cold. I needed to cool down, to numb myself, to drown the memory of Olivia's skin against mine.

But as the water ran down my body, her scent still lingered.

It clung to me like a second skin—soft, warm, maddening. I scrubbed harder, as if I could erase what happened between us, as if I could erase the way she made me feel.

When I was done, I stepped out and dried off quickly. Tossed on a pair of black joggers and a loose grey shirt—nothing too formal. I wasn't in the mood for anything flashy. My hair was still damp as I raked my fingers through it and stared at myself in the mirror.

I looked like shit.

Not physically—I still looked like me. But my eyes... they gave me away. The turmoil. The confusion. The damn need.

I needed to breathe.

Grabbing my phone and sliding it into my pocket, I walked toward the door, but paused just as my hand touched the knob.

The dining table.

She'd be there.

She'd sit there, probably eating strawberries and acting like we didn't just have a pleasurable night, like we didn't scream each other's name...

I couldn't see her... at least not now.

My pride wouldn't survive that.

I turned away from the hallway that led to the dining room and headed toward the combat ground instead. That was where I needed to be—somewhere I could hit things, sweat out the madness, and pretend I was still in control.

Arriving at the combat ground, I met a few warriors who had already arrived for today's training. They were surprised to see me this early, but I didn't care. Rather, I nodded to their greetings and made my way to the punching bag.

I didn't bother to wear gloves; rather, I punched with my fists.

My first punch landed hard—solid, satisfying.

Then another.

And another.

Until I was throwing hits like I was trying to break something inside of me. Maybe I was.

Each hit echoed with memories.

Her moan.

Smack.

Her eyes as she pushed me away.

Smack.

"You should leave."

Smack.

My fists moved faster, slamming into the bag until my knuckles ached. My breath came out ragged, but I didn't stop. I couldn't stop. I needed to keep going until the pain inside me made sense, until it had a name, until it—

"Louis," a familiar voice called behind me.

I froze mid-punch. My chest heaved with exertion.

"Louis, can you explain to me what the hell is going on?"

I turned slowly, heart thudding harder than it had during the entire workout.

There he was—Levi—standing just a few feet away, arms crossed, brows furrowed, and his eyes... full of questions and suspicion.

I swallowed hard, wiping the sweat off my forehead with the back of my hand. "It's nothing, Levi."

He stepped closer, blocking my path when I tried to walk past him.

"I'm not in the mood—" I muttered, brushing his shoulder, but he didn't budge.

"Don't give me that shit, Louis," he snapped, grabbing my arm and spinning me around to face him. Before I could react, he caught my wrist tight and yanked me closer. "Look at me."

I did.

His eyes scanned my face—every inch of it. There was no hiding from him. Not when he looked at me like that, like he could see through every layer I tried to keep hidden. Then his gaze dropped lower—to my neck.

His expression shifted instantly. Darkened. Hardened.

His frown deepened, his jaw clenched, and his eyes narrowed at me with sharp intensity.

"Why the hell are there finger marks on your neck?" he asked, voice low, steady... but laced with suspicion, with the kind of knowing only a brother could carry.

I stiffened. My pulse jumped. The silence stretched, loud and thick between us.

I didn't answer. Couldn't.

He stepped even closer, his presence now overwhelming, suffocating. His gaze sharpened as he studied me, like he was putting together pieces of a puzzle he didn't like the look of.

"Who was it?" he asked again, slower this time, like he wanted to make sure I felt every word. "Who's the woman you fucked?"

His words were razor-sharp. Not out of judgment—but disbelief. Worry. Maybe even fear.

My heart slammed against my chest. I felt exposed, cornered, like he had just cracked something open in me, I wasn't ready to face. I yanked my wrist back, desperate to escape the moment, to run from this confrontation.

But Levi didn't back down. His grip on my wrist tightened. "Don't do that. Don't run. Not from me."

Chapter 62: Anita's Knows

Louis's POV

"Louis, is there something you're keeping from us?" Levi asked, suspicion lacing his tone. His eyes were sharp, studying me like he could see right through my skin. Unease twisted in my gut, but I masked it with a scowl.

"What the hell is that supposed to mean?" I asked, feigning anger, forcing my voice to sound steady.

Levi didn't flinch. If anything, his expression hardened. "I called Alpha Thor," he said calmly, "asked him what happened at his party. He apologized—told me someone drugged your drink." He paused, his gaze narrowing. "So tell me, Louis—who was the woman who detoxed you? Whose fingers were on you?"

His words hit like a whip. He wasn't asking. He already knew—or thought he did.

"I did," came a voice from behind us.

I turned, heart sinking as Anita stepped into the field, composed and unapologetic, dressed in silk like she owned the damn world.

Levi narrowed his eyes. "Anita," he said flatly.

She smiled sweetly, tilting her head. "Yes, me. Louis came to my room last night, and we fucked... a really good fuck." She smirked.

Where I stood, I stared at her in disbelief, wondering why she was lying.

Levi looked back at me. "You could've just said so. I thought you slept with one of the staff while you were drugged. Why didn't you just say it was Anita?" he snapped in anger but also in relief.

It hit me then—he didn't think it was Olivia, he was worried that it was a servant. He had no idea it was Olivia. That was a relief, at least.

"See you around." Levi tapped my shoulder and walked off, leaving me alone with Anita.

Turning to face her, our eyes locked.

"Why?" I asked, without wasting a second.

She scoffed and glared at me. "Is that your thank you, Alpha Louis?" she asked, lifting her perfectly shaped brow.

I didn't answer. I knew Anita too well. She was up to something.

I stayed silent, watching Anita's sharp eyes as they flickered with something darker than mischief—jealousy, rage, obsession maybe. She took a step closer, close enough for me to smell her perfume—rich, overpowering, nothing like Olivia's soft scent that still clung to me, no matter how many times I tried to wash it away.

"I saw you, Louis," she said, her voice dropping, teeth gritted. "I saw you enter Olivia's room last night."

My jaw clenched. I didn't move, didn't speak. I should've known.

"I also know you didn't fuck her," she went on, stepping even closer until I could feel the heat radiating off her skin. "But you touched her." Her lips curled. "You are hiding it from your brothers, aren't you?"

I felt my breath hitch in my chest. My silence was already an answer.

"Why did you lie?" I asked, voice low, eyes locked on hers. "Why would you say we—"

She stared at me, furious. "What does she have that I don't, Louis?!"

Her shout echoed in the quiet field. A bird flapped from a tree nearby, startled.

I swallowed hard, jaw clenched. I didn't answer her right away because how could I explain it? How could I describe the way Olivia looked up at me last night, soft and sexy, the way her breath caught when I touched her, the way her fingers clung to me like I was something precious?

She was everything Anita wasn't.

Everything.

Olivia was softness and fire all in one. Gentle hands and fierce words. She didn't throw herself at me—she looked into me. And gods, the way her body had trembled under me, her lips parting just enough to whisper my name—

My fists clenched at my sides.

"You want the truth?" I murmured.

Anita's eyes widened.

"She has everything you don't," I said quietly, brutally honest. "Because she doesn't pretend. She doesn't play games. And when she looks at me, she sees a man. Not a title. Not a conquest."

Anita's expression cracked for a moment—just a flicker of pain—before she turned it into a sneer.

"You are heartless... you and your brothers." She spat in anger.

I glared at her.

"Listen, Louis, I will keep my mouth shut, but it comes with a price," she said suddenly.

I scoffed. Of course. Classic Anita. I wasn't expecting anything less.

"What do you want?" I asked flatly. Anita was materialistic. I figured she'd ask for money, designer bags—whatever fed her ego.

She shook her head. "Not today. I'll tell you tomorrow. But remember, you owe me. If you don't agree to my demand, I'll tell your brothers you went behind their backs and made out with Olivia. The woman you were all supposed to hate. The woman you claimed to hate." She spat the words before turning around and walking off.

I ran a hand through my hair and sighed heavily. I was in a mess—a huge one. Anita knowing about what happened between me and Olivia was bad enough. Now she had leverage. And worse, she had a demand.

And speaking of demands—I owed Olivia one too. Heaven only knows what she'll ask of me. I wasn't worried about Anita. But Olivia? That terrified me. Because in all the years we'd known her, she had never asked us for a single thing.

I left the combat ground and headed toward my room, only to spot Lennox storming toward me.

I frowned. I have never seen Lennox this furious... he was practically seething in anger... from afar I could feel his rage.

"Lennox?" I frowned. "What the hell's wrong—?"

"We need to talk," he snapped, voice low and sharp. "Now. In my room."

He didn't wait for a reply. Just turned on his heel and walked off, his movements stiff, shoulders tight with tension. I followed, keeping pace behind him, my heartbeat spiking with unease. What the hell did he know? Did Anita already run her mouth?

No—she wouldn't. Not yet. She wanted something first.

But then what had him looking like he was two seconds from snapping someone's neck?

The moment we stepped into his room, Lennox slammed the door shut and whirled around to face me.

Chapter 63: Hickeys

Olivia's POV

I was woken up by the alarm on my bedside. Groaning softly, I forced myself out of bed, said my morning prayers, but then I laid back on the bed, staring at the ceiling as the memories of yesterday crawled their way into my mind. The feeling of his touch on me,

his moans, the great feeling of his mouth eating my pussy—they all came rushing into my memory, and I frowned and closed my eyes.

"Come on, Olivia... forget about it. What you should be thinking about is the one request to give him," I muttered to myself and opened my eyes.

I have to think. I have to think of that one request. What could I actually ask of him? I have so many things to request, but I really need to think about the most important ones.

All through the morning, I laid in my bed pondering in thoughts, and from time to time, memories of what happened last night would play back in my head, but I would ignore it.

Suddenly, a knock landed on my door. I knew it wasn't Nora and Lolita because I had asked them not to disturb me. Then I got a whiff of the scent and realized it was Lennox at my door. My frown deepened as I wondered why he was there.

Lennox kept knocking, and I was forced to leave my bed.

I dragged my feet to the door, still groggy, still half-lost in my thoughts. My fingers curled around the knob, and I pulled it open slowly.

Lennox stood there—arms folded, eyes scanning me from head to toe like he was inspecting a crime scene. His brows were furrowed, and his usual calm was nowhere to be found.

"Why haven't you left your room all morning?" he asked, voice sharp but filled with worry.

I blinked, trying to find the words, but before I could speak, his eyes suddenly dropped to my neck—and froze.

His expression twisted.

In one swift movement, he stepped forward, his hand shooting out to grab my arm, pulling me inside and slamming the door shut behind him.

"What the hell is that?" he snapped, his hand reaching up and grazing my neck—not gently.

"Lennox—"

"Don't 'Lennox' me!" he barked, backing me into the room until I stumbled against the foot of the bed. His eyes were blazing now. "Why the hell are there hickeys on your neck?!"

My heart jumped in my chest, panic clawing up my throat. I hadn't even noticed—I'd been too lost in everything else. I tried to pull away from his intense gaze, but he wasn't letting up.

I turned abruptly and walked straight to the mirror.

My breath caught.

A deep red-purple mark just under the curve of my jaw, then another near my collarbone—half-hidden by the neckline of my sleepwear. My fingers rose slowly, brushing over them.

He left marks.

Damn him!

But instead of feeling angry, my cheeks flushed with heat—not just from embarrassment but from the memory of Louis's lips trailing down my skin, the way his mouth had worshiped me.

Lennox's reflection loomed behind me in the mirror.

"I asked you a question," he growled.

"I don't owe you an explanation," I said firmly, though my voice wasn't as strong as I wanted it to be. "What I do is none of your business."

"Don't give me that shit, Olivia... who touched you last night? Who gave you such hickeys? Was it any of my brothers?" he asked angrily, but also with jealousy.

I turned around slowly to face him, holding his stare. "What makes you think I will allow you or your brothers to touch me?"

Lennox looked like he was about to explode.

In a blink of an eye, he rushed to me and grabbed me by the arms. His grip on my arms was tight, almost bruising, and his face was inches from mine—his jaw clenched, nostrils flaring. His rage was thick, his jealousy practically pulsing off him.

"If it's not me, Levi, or Louis," he seethed, "then who touched you? Who gave you those damn hickeys?! Who dared lay their hands on what doesn't belong to them?"

That got me more annoyed.

The way he said it. What doesn't belong to them?

I wasn't a damn object. And I wasn't going to let him get away with pretending he gave a damn while he and his brothers paraded their little concubine around like a trophy.

I forced myself to relax in his grip and gave him the sweetest, most infuriating smile I could muster. "Oh, Lennox... don't be so worked up."

He blinked, caught off guard by the sudden shift in my tone.

"You know," I said slowly, deliberately, "since your precious werewolf laws permit Alpha males to have concubines—like your lovely Anita—I figured it was only fair I enjoy the same privilege as your Luna."

His face twitched. "What the hell are you saying?"

I leaned in, letting my breath fan against his cheek. "I'm saying... I haven't chosen a man to pleasure me yet—but after last night? I'm very, very tempted."

He yanked me back, eyes wild. "What man?!"

"Oh," I whispered, tilting my head to expose the mark just enough to taunt him, "he was strong... taller than you. Rough hands, but he knew exactly what he was doing. His tongue?" I let out a fake, breathy sigh. "Let's just say... I screamed a little."

Lennox's pupils dilated, and his hold on me tightened.

"Stop lying," he growled, voice trembling with anger. "You're lying. You're just trying to piss me off."

"Am I?" I said with mock innocence. "Why would I lie? After all... you and your brothers made it very clear you didn't want me."

His hand twitched.

"But someone else did. Someone else made me feel wanted... needed. Tasted me like I was the only thing he ever craved." I smiled again. "And you know what the best part is?"

He didn't answer—just stared, trembling with rage.

I leaned forward, lips nearly touching his ear. "He wasn't afraid to leave marks."

And with that, I yanked my arm free and stepped back.

"Now, if you'll excuse me," I added, walking toward the bed, "I have better things to do than entertain the jealousy of men who don't even want me."

I could feel his gaze burning into my back, shaking with the weight of everything I'd just said.

And gods, it felt good to lie.

Even if my heart whispered a different name in the silence.

Even if all I could really remember was Louis's mouth, Louis's fingers, and the way he made me feel like I mattered.

"I will be back, you just wait," Lennox spat before storming out of my room.

Chapter 64: The Plan

Lennox's POV

I stormed through the corridor, fists clenched at my sides. Rage pulsed through every inch of me like a wildfire I couldn't put out.

I didn't know his name—but I could feel him. On her. In her words. In the way her eyes sparkled when she talked about him. Whoever he was, he had already touched what was mine.

And I was going to find him.

I spotted Louis coming my way.

"Lennox?" he frowned, stepping toward me. "What the hell's wrong—?"

"We need to talk," I snapped, my voice cutting like ice. "Now. In my room."

I didn't wait for him to agree. Didn't care if he followed. But he did.

I walked fast, needing space to breathe but knowing I wouldn't get it until this pressure in my chest exploded. The moment we were inside my room, I slammed the door hard enough to rattle the frame and turned on him.

"She said she's going to take a lover," I growled.

His face blanked, like he hadn't heard me right. "What?"

"Olivia," I hissed. Just saying her name made my gut twist. "She told me she's going to pick a male. Since we're allowed concubines, she figured she should get one too."

He didn't say a word.

"She said she hasn't chosen yet," I went on, pacing the room, trying to outrun the images her words had burned into my brain. "But she described him."

I stopped and met his gaze. "He already touched her. Left marks. Hickeys." My voice dropped, rough and bitter. "She said he kissed her like she was the moon, the stars, the whole damn universe."

Louis didn't move. Just watched me with that maddening calm. I couldn't read him. And maybe that's what made my gut coil even tighter.

"She said his mouth moaned for her," I added, each word tasting like poison. "That he worshipped her body with his hands."

Louis's jaw twitched—just a flick—but I saw it.

"She's playing games," I spat, mostly to myself now. "Trying to provoke us. Maybe it's someone from the staff. Maybe she already has him, and she thinks she can flaunt it like she's in control."

I narrowed my eyes at him. "She didn't say a name."

Louis raised an eyebrow, too casually. "You asked?"

"Of course I did," I snapped. "But she was smug about it. Like it was a secret she was savoring."

He nodded slowly, too slowly. "So what are you going to do?"

I didn't answer right away.

Because I didn't know.

All I could see was her face when she talked about him. All I could feel was the red haze in my vision and the tightness in my fists.

"I'll find out who he is," I said, voice low, but filled with rage. "And when I do..."

I didn't finish the sentence.

Didn't need to.

Louis just nodded. Said nothing. Not a single damn word and that annoyed me even more. Why wasn't he angry? Why was he so calm?

"Louis, you don't seem bothered about it," I said through gritted teeth, staring him down. Olivia was our mate; he was supposed to be furious at the thought of another man touching her, yet here he was looking so calm, like it was normal.

"I think Olivia is just messing with you," he replied evenly. "She carries our marks, Lennox. If another man touched her, we'd know. Our wolves would've felt it. You know that, right?"

For a moment, I pondered Louis's words. If Olivia was being touched by another man apart from my brothers and me, then our wolves would definitely have alerted us. But our wolves didn't, so that means...

"There is no man?" I asked.

"Yes," Louis answered immediately. Too fast. Too rehearsed.

"Maybe those hickeys you saw were from something else, not from a man... No man would dare touch her."

I nodded... but I didn't believe him.

Because Olivia didn't pull those words out of thin air. She meant them. She felt them. I saw it on her damn face.

Which meant someone had touched her like that, but I had to get proof because without it, my brothers wouldn't believe me.

Grumbling angrily, I left my room, stormed into my studies and buried myself in work, trying to take my mind off it, but it wasn't working. From time to time, I saw her face, those hickeys... damn! I couldn't imagine it! What if what she said was true? What if a man really had touched her and my wolf didn't sense it...

That thought alone made me want to tear something apart.

I slammed the drawer shut in my office, not even sure what I'd been looking for. Paperwork sat untouched on my desk, a pathetic attempt at distraction that failed miserably. My mind kept circling back to her. Her smirk. Her words. Those damn hickeys.

I stood abruptly, the chair screeching across the floor. I couldn't sit still. Couldn't breathe properly.

I paced around the office, trying to think of what to do. I had to be sure. I had to be sure no one was touching her.

"So, what will you do?" My wolf suddenly asked. I stopped pacing, lost in thought, then suddenly, an idea popped into my head. A silly one, but I had to do it. I thought of posting guards at her door, but if I did, the person would see them and never enter her room. So, I decided to hide and watch. I believed I would catch him, and heaven help him.

The hours dragged like chains around my ankles.

Day turned to dusk, and dusk melted into night. The mansion quieted, the usual hum of servants and footsteps vanishing into silence. My body was stiff from how tense I'd been all day. I hadn't eaten, hadn't rested. I couldn't. Not with the storm in my chest threatening to explode.

I pretended to head to bed, letting everyone think I'd retired for the night. But I didn't go far.

Instead, I crept down the hall, silent as a shadow, and took position just across from Olivia's room. The corridor was dim, moonlight filtering in through the tall windows, casting silver across the floor. I stood in the shadows, barely breathing.

And I waited.

Every minute felt like a goddamn hour. My eyes stayed fixed on her door, watching for the slightest movement. I imagined every creak of the floorboards as footsteps. Every gust of wind as a whisper of someone approaching.

But no one came.

Not a soul.

The entire house had gone still, and I was beginning to think Louis had been right. Maybe she was playing games. Maybe it was just a lie to get under my skin.

Still... I couldn't shake that look in her eyes.

That smugness.

I stepped quietly out of the shadows and made my way down the hall—closer to her door. Just to check. Just to make sure she was alone. That she wasn't hiding someone in there. That I hadn't missed him slipping in somehow.

But the moment I got close enough to her door, I froze.

I heard something.

A sound I wasn't ready for.

A soft moan.

My breath hitched. My blood turned to lava.

It came again—slightly louder this time, almost muffled, like she was trying to be quiet but couldn't help it.

My heart thundered so violently I could hear it in my ears.

No.

No, no, no.

She couldn't be...

My hand flew to the spare key in my pocket. I gripped the doorknob, twisted, and shoved the door open—ready to catch them.

But what I saw made me freeze.

Chapter 65: Caught Her

Lennox's POV

Her legs were spread on the bed, her nightgown bunched at her waist, her fingers buried deep inside her pussy...

I froze.

For a heartbeat, I forgot how to breathe.

She didn't see me. Didn't hear me. Her eyes were shut tight, her lips parted as another soft, sinful moan slipped past them. Her free hand tugged at her nipple, rolling it between her fingers, her body arching like she was chasing something—someone—invisible.

My throat went dry.

My entire body tensed, heat flooding through me like a fuse had been lit. My Cock Jerked and my wolf howled in pleasure.

She looked wild. Untamed. Beautiful. And mine.

She moaned again, louder this time—

"Yes!..."

The sound shattered what little control I had left.

"I hope you're enjoying yourself," I growled, stepping fully into the room and slamming the door shut behind me.

She gasped and shot up, eyes flying open, cheeks flushing a deep red as she scrambled to pull the covers over herself—but it was too late. I'd seen everything.

I stalked toward the bed, breath ragged, pulse hammering in my neck. "So this is who you were talking about?" I demanded, my voice thick with desire and fury. "The one who worships you? Whose mouth moans for you? It was your fingers all along, Olivia?"

She didn't answer.

Didn't need to.

"Get out," she whispered, breathless, yanking the covers over her body.

"No."

"Lennox—" her voice was a warning, but it cracked halfway through, too shaken to carry strength.

I stalked forward, slow and controlled, like a predator.

She tried to slide off the bed, but I was faster. My hand grabbed the covers and ripped them away. "You should've called me," I growled, gaze raking over her flushed skin. "I'm your husband. You need satisfaction? You come to me."

"You have no right to barge in here," she snapped.

I took a slow, deliberate step forward. "I have every right. I'm your husband."

"That's just a title," she hissed. "It means nothing to me."

I frowned and climbed on the bed.

"Lennox, don't—" she started, but the words died in her throat when I grabbed the edge of her thin nightgown and tore it straight down the middle. The fabric split like paper, revealing every inch of her bare, trembling body.

"You think I'll walk away after seeing this?" I muttered, voice thick with need. "You wanted to provoke me. You wanted a reaction. Well, sweetheart—you've got it."

She gasped as I pushed her gently but firmly back on the bed, her legs falling open in surrender.

I slid my hand between her thighs, feeling how wet she was—how ready. "So wet, and yet you didn't call me. Why?" I asked darkly, leaning down to nip at the side of her throat. "Afraid I'd give you more than you could handle?"

She didn't speak. Her breath came in shaky pants, her body trembling beneath me.

"Too late now," I murmured against her skin. "Because I'm going to remind you exactly who you belong to. And next time you need release, you won't even think of touching yourself without begging me first."

And with that, I slid my fingers inside her, slowly, deliberately.

Her eyes widened as I slid my fingers into her pussy, teasing her folds. She trembled under my touch, and when I eased a finger inside her—slowly, carefully—I froze.

Still tight. Still untouched.

A wave of relief crashed over me so hard I nearly groaned aloud.

She hadn't given herself to anyone else. My Olivia was still a virgin.

"You're still mine," I muttered, more to myself than her.

She squirmed, torn between resisting and surrendering. "Lennox..."

I didn't let her finish. I dropped to my knees at the edge of the bed, dragging her hips to the edge with a growl of possession. Her legs parted for me on instinct, and I took my time, staring up at her as I kissed the inside of her thigh, slow and heated.

"You should've called me," I whispered against her skin. "This is my duty."

Then I buried my face between her thighs.

She gasped—one hand flying to the sheets, the other gripping the headboard as I tasted her slowly, deliberately, taking my time like I had all night to worship her. I wanted her to feel every stroke of my tongue. Every flick, every gentle suck.

I wanted to erase any memory she'd ever tried to build without me.

Her moans filled the room—soft at first, then louder, breathier, until she couldn't stop them. She was shaking, gasping my name now, over and over, her hips lifting from the bed to meet my mouth.

My tongue moved in slow, deliberate strokes—exploring, learning her, worshiping her.

I wanted her to feel everything. Every flick. Every curl. Every maddening moment of patience I poured into every stroke.

She moaned—a soft, broken sound that sent fire rushing through my veins.

Her hands fisted the sheets, and then one found my hair, trembling fingers tightening just slightly.

I groaned softly against her, the sound unintentional but real. She tasted like a dream I didn't know I had until I was living it.

"You taste even better than I imagined," I muttered, barely lifting my mouth. "Sweet... and mine."

Then I flattened my tongue and dragged it up slowly, savoring her, curling around that sensitive spot and sucking harder this time. Her back arched and her fingers pulled tighter in my hair.

Her voice was a whimper. "Lennox—"

I growled softly, the sound rumbling from deep in my chest, vibrating through her, and she shattered. Just like that. She came with a gasp, her body clenching, trembling in my arms as I held her through it, never stopping.

I kissed her thighs gently as her body went slack, her breathing erratic, her eyes glazed with the high of pleasure. When I finally lifted my head, my mouth still wet with her taste, I looked at her like she was the only thing that existed.

Because right now—she was.

I crawled up her body slowly, pressing soft kisses to her skin on the way. Her heartbeat thundered against her ribs, and when I reached her face, I cradled her cheek in my hand.

"You were made for me," I whispered, my lips brushing hers. "Every part of you."

I tried to kiss her, but suddenly, she pushed me off her with a strength I never imagined she had.

Chapter 66: Regrets

Olivia's POV

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

What the hell was I thinking? Letting Lennox touch me?

With panting breath and anger-filled eyes, I stared at Lennox, who was staring back at me—only his gaze was blank.

Quickly, I covered myself with the blanket and looked him straight in the eyes. "We are going to pretend this never happened, Lennox," I said quickly. "I don't want anyone to know, especially your brothers," I warned, and Lennox frowned.

His jaw twitched, his eyes narrowing. "And who the fuck said I wanted them to know?" he snapped.

My frown deepened.

"I'm the one supposed to be telling you this! That is supposed to be my line," he said in anger, and my anger intensified.

"Get out," I ordered, pointing at the door.

But Lennox didn't move. Rather, he kept staring at me with panting breath like he was seconds away from reaching for me.

I frowned. "Get out, Alpha Lennox, or else I will scream and draw the attention of your brothers. I believe you wouldn't want them to know what just happened between us?" I threatened.

Lennox didn't look like he was bothered by my threats, but he only growled before storming out of my room and slamming the door shut.

I let out a shaky breath the moment the door slammed behind him. My hands trembled as I clutched the blanket tighter around my naked body.

"Stupid, Olivia. Stupid!" I hissed at myself, dragging a hand through my tangled hair.

This wasn't supposed to happen. This couldn't happen.

My cheeks flamed with both anger and humiliation as flashes of what had just happened invaded my mind. His hands—his mouth—his voice growling my name like I belonged to him.

I buried my face into my hands, letting out a muffled scream.

Why the fuck did I let it get this far?

No—scratch that. Why the fuck did I even start touching myself in the first place?

God, if I hadn't been so fucking horny, if I hadn't let my body betray me, if I had just gone to sleep—he wouldn't have caught me like that.

Sprawled out like a desperate mess. Moaning like a bitch in heat.

I cursed again, my throat burning. "Fuck! What is wrong with me?"

The shame curled hot and tight in my chest as I paced the room like a caged animal. My legs were still shaking from the aftershocks. My skin still tingled from where his mouth had touched me. I could still feel the ghost of his teeth dragging along my inner thigh.

I bit down on my lip so hard I tasted blood.

This wasn't just a mistake. This was a goddamn catastrophe.

I should've slapped him. I should've kicked him out the second he walked in and saw me like that. But no—I froze. And then I melted. Like a fucking idiot.

"Never again," I whispered to myself, gripping the headboard for support. "This never happened. It didn't happen. It didn't fucking happen."

But no matter how many times I repeated it, the ache between my legs and the scent of him lingering on my skin said otherwise.

I needed a cold shower. And maybe a punch in the face.

Or five.

God, I hate myself.

And worse—I hate how much my body wants him again.

Wants more.

Fuck.

I stormed into the bathroom, not even bothering to grab a towel. I wanted to feel the cold. I deserved to feel it. Maybe if I froze my skin off, I could forget the feel of his hands all over me.

I turned the tap, let the water run ice-cold, and stepped in without a second thought. The shock made me gasp, my breath catching in my throat—but I stayed there, hands gripping the wall, letting the freezing water beat down on me.

I scrubbed at my skin like it had betrayed me. Like I could erase the heat he left behind.

His hands on my waist.

His mouth between my thighs.

The low growl of my name as he—

"No!" I snapped out loud, squeezing my eyes shut.

I grabbed the soap and scrubbed harder, furiously dragging it across my skin. Redness bloomed beneath my touch, but it wasn't enough. I wanted to scrub deeper. I wanted to scrape off the part of me that had wanted him.

God—what's wrong with me?

First Louis. Now Lennox.

Two brothers. Two men who made it very fucking clear that I wasn't what they wanted—at least not in the way that mattered.

Louis... at least was understandable. He was drugged, and I got a request out of him.

But Lennox?

He met me horny, pleasuring myself. How disgraceful.

How did I let it happen again?

How did I let another man who doesn't want me touch me like I mattered?

A sob escaped my throat, and I bit down on my knuckles to keep from screaming.

I felt used. Disgusting. Weak.

"Fuck you, Lennox," I whispered, the tears falling freely now, mixing with the freezing water. "Fuck you for looking at me like that. For touching me like I was yours. Like I meant something."

I pressed my forehead against the cold tile, letting the chill bite into my skin.

And fuck me for letting it happen. For wanting it.

I sank down to the shower floor, hugging my knees to my chest as the water kept falling.

No matter how hard I scrubbed, no matter how cold the water got—I still felt him. On my skin. In my bones.

And worst of all... in the part of me that ached for him.

Even now.

Even after everything.

I was fucking pathetic.

I don't know how long I stayed in the shower. The cold water kept pouring over me, but I couldn't move. I felt empty, like something inside me had broken.

Eventually, my skin started to sting, and I was shaking too much to stay there. I reached for a towel, dried off without looking in the mirror, and walked back to my room like a ghost.

I didn't want to see myself. I didn't want to think.

I pulled on an old shirt, crawled into bed, and dragged the blanket over my body. I curled up as tight as I could, wishing I could disappear.

"This didn't happen," I whispered into the darkness.

I said it again. And again. Like maybe if I repeated it enough times, it would be true.

No Lennox.

No touching.

No mistake.

Just me. Alone.

"It never happened," I whispered one last time.

And then, with my heart aching and my mind spinning, I closed my eyes and forced myself to sleep.

Chapter 67: Who Sent It

Olivia POV

The next morning, I woke up to the soft chatter of Lolita and Nora already bustling around my room. My body ached in places I didn't want to think about, and my heart... well, that was just shattered glass held together by pride.

"Up, up, up, sleeping beauty," Lolita chimed, dragging the curtains open and flooding the room with light.

"We've got a full house at breakfast, and you're not skipping it," Nora added firmly, tossing a pale blue dress onto the bed.

I groaned, flopping onto my stomach. "Can't I eat here? Alone. In the dark. With my dignity."

Lolita snorted. "Luna, the Alphas specially requested you join them."

My face flushed hot. They didn't know what happened... right?

Still, I let them dress me. Nora curled my hair into soft waves, and Lolita added a hint of gloss to my lips. I looked like someone who had her life together. Who wasn't torn between three dangerously beautiful Alphas who kept messing with her head—and her heart.

But the moment I stepped into the dining hall, that illusion cracked.

The triplets were already seated.

Lennox sat with his arms folded, looking every bit the brooding Alpha he always was. His jaw ticked when he noticed me walk in, but he said nothing.

Louis, gaze hardened.

Levi, on the other hand, looked relaxed, his leg thrown casually over one knee, swirling his coffee like he was waiting for a show.

Anita sat beside them, sipping juice and laughing at something Louis had said. She looked up and glared at me. "Here comes the lady of the day. Always the last to arrive," she mocked.

Ignoring her, I moved like a robot, keeping my chin high as I slid into the seat meant for me. A seat across from Anita. I could feel Lennox's stare on me like a damn laser. And of course, my traitorous body was aware—of everything.

Especially the way Louis shifted just a little closer.

I was still adjusting my napkin when a maid appeared beside me, holding a bouquet of white roses.

"Luna Olivia," she said, bowing slightly. "This was sent for you."

My brows furrowed. "For me?"

"Yes," she nodded, handing over a small ivory card attached to the stem. "It came this morning. No name, only a note."

My heart stuttered as I took the card and read the looping, elegant handwriting:

To the most beautiful woman in the world — Your admirer.

I blinked, stunned.

I dared to glance up.

Lennox stared at the rose like it personally offended him.

"What does the note say?" Lennox said with a grunt. I eyed him and stared back at the bouquet of roses.

"Olivia, Lennox asked a question," Louis demanded angrily.

I glared back at him. "I have no idea... the sender didn't..." My words didn't leave my mouth before Lennox snatched the note from my hand and read it. His frown constructed into a bigger frown.

My hands trembled slightly as Lennox gripped the card like it had personally wronged him, his eyes narrowing to slits as he re-read the message, jaw clenched.

"To the most beautiful woman in the world," he hissed, voice dripping venom. "Who the hell is this admirer?"

I stared back at him, exasperated. "I already said—I don't know."

"Spare me the lies, Olivia!" Lennox roared. "Is it the man who gave you that hickey on your neck? Huh? Is he your secret admirer?" He leaned across the table, his voice full of anger. "Who is he?! Tell me his name. How dare he touch you! You are ours! Our mate—our wife!"

My mouth fell open at the possessive words. Our wife? Suddenly, I was theirs?

Louis stood now too, voice low and sharp. "It wasn't me," he said, eyes flicking from me to Lennox. "And I'm guessing it wasn't either of you?"

Lennox looked thunderous but shook his head stiffly.

Levi just sipped his coffee, slow and deliberate, before finally saying, "Nope."

Louis turned back to me. "Then who the fuck sent this, Olivia? Who's been putting their hands on you?"

"No one!" I snapped, standing now, voice echoing in the large room. "Why do you assume I know who it is?! Why do you think someone touched me? Just because a flower shows up?!"

"Because of the marks, Olivia!" Lennox spat. "You think we're blind?"

"I don't know what you are talking about!" I spat.

Anita let out a fake gasp, then smirked. "So it's true. You have been whoring around. No wonder you're glowing this morning."

My wolf growled in anger, rattling just beneath the surface of my skin. But before I could say anything, Levi finally spoke—his voice like cool water on a fire.

"That's enough, Anita." Levi's tone dropped, calm but laced with warning. He didn't even look at her—his eyes were on me. "You don't get to speak to her like that."

Anita blinked, clearly caught off guard, then narrowed her eyes at him. "I'm just stating the obvious—"

"I said enough," Levi repeated, sharper now, and this time his voice cut through the air like a blade.

She went quiet, lips pursed into a tight line, fury dancing in her gaze.

Levi set down his coffee with a soft clink and leaned forward, eyes now flicking to Lennox and Louis. "Both of you, calm the hell down."

"Someone sent her roses!" Louis barked.

"And screaming at her in front of the whole table won't get us any closer to answers," Levi snapped back. "Look around—the staff can hear us."

Lennox growled low in his throat, his fists clenched so hard I could see the veins on his arms. "If someone's been touching her—if someone had dared to lay a single hand on her again, I swear on the goddess, I will burn down the world to find them."

His eyes locked with mine, fire and fury blazing behind them. "There will be war, Olivia. I will end them."

My breath hitched.

Levi stood, his voice quieter now but no less commanding. "We'll look into it. Thoroughly. Discreetly."

His gaze softened just a little when he looked at me again.

But it didn't feel like that. Not when Lennox still looked like he wanted to tear something—or someone—apart. Not when Louis's eyes were a storm of suspicion and wounded pride.

And not when my heart was pounding so hard I could barely think.

I wanted to run.

I wanted to disappear into the woods, into the wind, anywhere but here.

"I've lost my appetite," I announced, getting up on my feet.

"Olivia, you are not leaving..." Lennox yelled at me, but I ignored him and walked away.

Reaching my room, I stared at the flowers in my hand, wondering who might have sent them. Who would dare to send white roses and a note to me, not scared that the Alphas would see it?

I searched my memories trying to think who this person is, but suddenly the door to my room pushed open and Nora barged in.

"Luna, Alpha Lennox is dragging Warrior Jerek towards his study," Nora announced.

"What!" I got up, left my room, and ran towards Lennox's study.

Chapter 68: Who is He

Olivia's POV

Reaching Lennox's study, I pushed the door open, and the sight that met me got me frightened. Jerek was pressed against the wall while Lennox held him by the collar of his shirt, and Louis and Levi stood by a corner.

"Tell me! Were you the one who sent those roses to our mate?" Lennox demanded, his fangs already baring out.

Jerek, who looked confused and frightened, shook his head. "No, Alpha... no... why would I do that?"

"Don't you dare lie to us," Louis grunted as he moved over to Jerek. "You are the only male close to Olivia. First, you sparred with her and second, you were her racing partner, so if anyone would dare to have a crush on her, it would be you!" Louis spat in anger.

Where I stood at the door, I was fuming with anger.

"Enough!" I shouted, my voice slicing through the thick tension in the room.

All eyes turned to me, but I didn't flinch—not even when Lennox's gaze snapped toward me, his face a storm of rage and jealousy.

"Let him go, Lennox! He didn't do anything!"

Lennox didn't even blink. His grip on Jerek's collar remained tight, knuckles pale with pressure. "Stay out of this, Olivia," he growled.

"I said let him go!" I stepped further into the room, my frown deepening. "Look at him! He's terrified! He said he didn't send the flowers!"

"I don't believe him," Lennox spat, baring his fangs. "He's the only one who's been close enough to you—touching you, training with you, laughing like you're more than just a Luna."

Jerek stammered, voice shaking. "I swear on my mate—I didn't send anything! I wouldn't dare disrespect the bond you all have with her! I love my mate—why would I risk that?"

Lennox's eyes burned brighter, but after a long, heavy silence, he finally shoved Jerek back with a grunt. "Get out of my sight."

Jerek stumbled away, breathing hard as he bowed quickly and exited the room like the floor might collapse beneath him.

I barely had time to breathe before Lennox turned to me, stalking forward with fire in his eyes.

"You know who it is, Olivia," he said, voice low and deadly serious. "You're hiding something."

My mouth parted in shock. "What the hell are you talking about?! You think I'm lying to you?"

"Yes!" he roared, his eyes wild. "Because no man would dare send my mate something like that unless he was sure he had a place in your heart."

I stiffened. My heart was racing, but I met his rage head-on. "I don't know who sent the flowers. And even if I did—I wouldn't tell you! Not if this is how you act!"

Lennox growled deep in his throat and took a step closer. His jaw clenched, muscles tight, and for a split second, I saw something almost frightening in his expression.

He raised a hand, but before it could even move closer, Levi was there—fast as lightning, stepping between us, palm pressed against Lennox's chest.

"Are you seriously thinking of hitting her?" Levi asked, his voice low but dangerously sharp.

"Goddess forbid," Lennox snapped, glaring past his brother. "I'd never touch her like that, why would you even think that."

"Then calm the hell down," Levi said, his tone like iron. "She's not your punching bag, Lennox. You're angry—we all are—but don't you dare take it out on her."

Lennox stood still, chest heaving, eyes flickering between Levi and me. His mouth opened, like he wanted to argue—but instead, he just turned away, running a frustrated hand through his hair.

I exhaled shakily, my arms still trembling from the confrontation.

Levi turned to me, voice softer now. "Are you okay?"

I nodded slowly. "Yeah... just sick of being treated like an object someone owns."

From the corner, Louis finally muttered, "You belong to us... better get used to that."

"I'm not a property," I shot back.

Lennox didn't turn back, but his voice was rough when he finally spoke again. "If someone is trying to have an affair with you... they better pray the Goddess gets to them before I do."

I knew Lennox, and I know what he could do, which made me wonder: who is this person that would risk his life?

Lennox continued. "And as for those roses—you are throwing them away!"

"Hell no!" I refused.

Lennox turned and glared at me. "What did you say?"

I met his glare. "I said I am not throwing them away."

"Yes, you are. You are throwing it away," Louis interjected.

I frowned and glared at him. "I am not!"

Lennox's glare could've set the whole damn room on fire, but I didn't back down. My voice came out louder this time, firm and unwavering. "I said I'm not throwing it away."

"You will," Lennox growled, stepping closer again.

"No, I won't," I hissed, standing my ground. "It's mine. I didn't ask for it, but it's mine. And you don't get to dictate every little thing I do!"

Louis moved closer too, fuming. "It's disrespectful to us—to our bond! You keeping it is like spitting in our face!"

I scoffed, crossing my arms. "I'm not throwing it away."

Before another word could be said, the door creaked open and Anita walked in.

She took one look at the tense scene, her lips immediately curling in disdain as she sauntered in like she belonged there. "What's going on here?" Her eyes landed on me, full of judgment. "You're raising your voice at your Alphas again, Olivia? That's no way to treat your Alpha. Have some respect."

I turned to her, eyes narrowing. Of course she'd show up now, nose buried in something that had nothing to do with her.

"You better stay in your lane, Anita," I warned, my voice low and full of anger.

She lifted her chin, smug. "I'm just saying, this attitude of yours—talking back, refusing commands—it's not what a proper Luna should do."

I stepped forward, my voice like ice. "And you are not a Luna. You're a concubine. A bedwarmer. So don't come in here trying to correct me when I'm talking to my husbands."

Anita's smug expression faltered, eyes widening just slightly as the sting of my words sank in.

"You don't have a place in this conversation," I continued. "So I suggest you take your self-righteous opinions and walk back out the way you came."

Anita's mouth opened like she wanted to argue, but even Louis and Levi went still—no one defended her.

The silence that followed was thick, and all eyes were on me.

I turned back to Lennox and Louis, chin high, eyes unwavering. "Now, if we're done here, I have no intention of getting rid of the flowers. And if you don't trust me enough to believe I'm not sneaking around behind your backs, that's your problem. Not mine."

Lennox stared at me for a long moment, jaw tense, but he didn't speak.

And in that silence, I walked out. Head held high.

Chapter 69: Tonight

Lennox's POV

"She's definitely seeing someone," Anita said the moment Olivia walked out.

I groaned, slamming my fist against the desk. The mere thought of it drove me insane. But what truly pushed me over the edge were the hickeys on her neck. My suspicions were right. Someone had touched her. A man—someone other than my brothers—had dared to lay his hands on her. And the bastard had the nerve to send her white roses? Her favorite?

How the fuck did he even know that?

"I told you, Olivia is whoring around," Anita spoke again, getting on my nerves.

"Shut up!" Levi warned her. "Don't forget she is our mate! Our wife! You don't speak about her in such a manner, especially in our presence. Now get out!"

Anita opened her mouth like she wanted to argue, but the look I shot her made her think twice. She stormed out, heels pounding with anger.

A tense silence hung in the air as neither I nor my brothers spoke a word. My wolf was howling angrily inside me, and it was maddening. I knew she was still a virgin—I confirmed it last night—but yet I couldn't contain the thought that a man's hand had been on her, and he dares to send her favorite roses.

My jaw ached from grinding my teeth, and I couldn't get the image out of my head—those damn hickeys. Bright, obvious, and fresh.

She's ours.

And yet someone had dared to touch her. To mark her. To get close enough to know that white roses were her favorite.

"How the fuck would he know that?" I growled, my voice low, feral.

"Maybe she told him," Louis muttered, pacing the floor like a caged wolf. His eyes were narrowed and wild with fury. "Maybe this asshole has been around her longer than we think."

"Let's not conclude yet," Levi started, but even he looked unsure now. He ran a hand through his hair and exhaled harshly.

I slammed my fist on the desk again, hard enough to crack the wood.

"She is!" I snapped. "How else do you explain it? The marks, the flowers, the attitude? She defended that bastard Jerek like her life depended on it."

"Jerek swore on his mate," Levi said cautiously, trying to convince us. "You think he'd really risk everything like that?"

"I don't care who it is," I snarled. "If someone touched her, if someone thinks they can have her—touch what belongs to us—then I swear to the Goddess, I'll rip out his heart and feed it to the crows."

Louis let out a frustrated growl. "We should've taken her already. Claimed her fully. That way no one would dare think they have a chance."

I nodded stiffly. "That's happening. Soon. If we don't do it, Olivia might decide to give her virginity to that bastard."

The very idea of it sent a blinding red haze over my vision. Olivia—our Olivia—writhing under another man, giving away the one thing she still had left untouched. Ours to take. Ours to claim. Ours to ruin, worship, and make whole again.

"No," I said, voice low and deadly. "She won't."

"She won't what?" Louis asked, though the look in his eyes said he already knew.

"She won't give herself to another man," I growled. "Even if we have to tie her to our fucking bed, she won't. She belongs to us, and we'll make her remember that."

Levi shot me a look, one that flickered with doubt and something else—worry, maybe. "We can't force her, Lennox. That's not how it works. She's already angry with us... claiming her like that, when she's not ready, will only push her further away."

I turned on him sharply. "Then what do you suggest? That we just stand back and watch her fall into someone else's arms? Let some nobody touch her, kiss her, fuck her?"

Levi flinched slightly at my words, but he didn't argue.

Exactly.

"She needs to understand," I continued, pacing now, my wolf pacing with me inside. "She needs to know that she belongs to us—not just with words, but with marks. Real ones. On her neck. On her body. Inside her."

Louis's fists clenched at his sides. "We've been too soft. Too patient. We let her think she had choices. That she could walk around, teasing us, testing us. But now? Now she's playing with fire. And she's about to get burned."

Levi narrowed his eyes at us. "So you're saying we're going to fuck her? I thought we all were against it?"

"Not anymore," I spat, fire lacing every syllable. My eyes were locked on Levi, daring him to challenge me. "You heard me. We're done playing nice. We're her husbands, not her fucking roommates."

Louis growled in agreement, his eyes glowing faintly. "It's time we remind her exactly what that means."

I stepped forward, fists clenched, my wolf clawing at the surface. "We're going to fuck her so thoroughly, she won't be able to use her legs for days. She'll be sore, aching, and every time she feels it between her thighs, she'll remember—we did that. We made her feel that way. Not some piece of shit who sends her white roses and pretends to know her."

My voice dropped an octave, thick with lust and fury.

"I want her trembling under us. I want her begging—screaming our names so loud the entire fucking pack knows who she belongs to. No more doubts. No more wandering eyes. Just us... buried deep inside her, taking her over and over until she's marked inside and out."

Louis let out a deep, guttural growl, his fists flexing at his sides. "She won't even remember that bastard's name when we're done with her."

"Exactly," I hissed. "We're going to fuck every thought of him out of her. Every trace of his scent, his touch, those hickeys—gone. Erased. Replaced by ours. By the feel of our hands on her throat, our teeth in her skin, our cocks inside her."

Levi didn't speak, but his jaw was tight, his pupils blown wide with possessive hunger.

"She's ours," I said darkly. "And tonight... we're going to show her what it means to be fucked by her husbands."

I could already see it—Olivia, sprawled under us, her legs trembling, her lips swollen from our kisses, her body wrecked in the most perfect way.

"She'll never want anyone else," Louis added, his voice low and rough. "After we're done, she won't be able to."

I smirked, my blood boiling with anticipation. "She's going to learn the hard way—our cocks are the only ones that will ever touch her. And after tonight? She'll thank us for it."

And if she doesn't?

Well, she'll be too busy screaming our names to complain.

Levi smirked. "So we are fucking her tonight?" he asked again, sounding excited about it.

I shook my head. "No... we are making love to her tonight."

Chapter 70: In our arms

Lennox's POV

It was almost 9 p.m.—just two minutes to go—and then we'd be barging into Olivia's room.

Where we sat in silence, in the comfort of my dimly lit room, not one of us said a word. We were each trapped in the echo chambers of our own thoughts. I took a sip of Whisper and shut my eyes. Damn it. I hadn't been myself all day.

My mood today was spoilt the moment those roses were brought for Olivia. I couldn't do a thing today, couldn't attend meetings, couldn't train, couldn't attend to documents. In fact, the three of us had been in my room pondering on our different thoughts.

I had sent a spy to watch Olivia, hoping to track down the bastard who dared to send her flowers. I couldn't wait to get the report.

"What if she refuses us?" Levi asked suddenly, breaking the silence. "You know we can't touch her against her will."

I scoffed. "She can't reject our touch, Levi. The mate bond works in our favor."

Levi went on. "So... we're fucking her not because we want to, but because we can't bear to see another man take what's ours? Is that it?"

A strange unease bloomed in my chest.

Then Levi hit harder. "Do we even love her?"

My jaw tensed. My frown deepened. "I did," I said coldly. "That was before she broke me. Now... I feel absolutely nothing for her." I ground the words out between clenched teeth, but deep down, I knew I was lying.

Yes, I was angry. Yes, I hated her for what she did. But had I ever truly stopped loving her?

"It's 9 p.m.," Louis said quietly. "We should go."

I glanced at my watch. He was right.

I downed the last of my drink, set the glass on the table, and stood. My brothers followed. I could feel the tension radiating from them—an unspoken nervousness hanging between us.

Tonight, we were about making Olivia truly ours.

The walk to Olivia's room felt like a slow march to war, our steps heavy with the weight of unspoken words. The hallway was dimly lit, shadows dancing on the walls like they knew what was about to happen. My heart pounded harder with every step, not from fear—but from anticipation, frustration, and something I wasn't ready to name just yet.

We stopped outside her door.

No one moved.

Louis exhaled sharply, running a hand through his hair. "Are we sure about this?" he asked again, voice low, uncertain.

"She's ours," I said simply, my voice colder than I intended. "Whether she wants to admit it or not."

Levi glanced between us, then reached for the handle. "Let's get this over with."

The door creaked open slowly.

My brothers and I stepped into Olivia's room, but the sight that greeted us wasn't what we had expected.

Lying on the bed was Olivia, but not just that—her personal maids, Lolita, and Nora were seated beside her, administering care to her. Nora was pressing a towel on her forehead.

I froze, my wolf already howling worriedly.

Olivia's skin looked pale, a fine sheen of sweat coating her forehead. Her eyes were closed, her breathing shallow. My heart skipped a beat, and I took a step forward instinctively, the possessiveness I'd felt moments ago now overridden by worry.

"What's wrong with her?" I demanded, voice harsher than I intended.

Lolita looked up, startled, her eyes wide with surprise at our sudden presence. "She collapsed earlier," she said quickly. "Right after her bath."

"Collapsed?" Levi echoed, stepping beside me, his brows furrowed. "Why didn't anyone tell us?"

"She insisted it was nothing," Nora spoke, still gently pressing the cold towel to Olivia's forehead. "Said she just needed to rest. But her fever's been climbing."

Fever?

I stared at her—at Olivia—lying there so still. Vulnerable. Fragile.

This wasn't the fire-tongued girl who glared at us with defiance in her eyes. This wasn't the woman who always found a way to challenge me, push my limits, twist my insides with every word and glance.

This was someone I was supposed to protect.

And I had walked in here ready to claim her... without even asking if she was okay.

"Leave us," I said quietly, not looking at the maids.

Lolita hesitated. "But Alpha—"

"I said leave us," I growled, sharper this time.

The two women exchanged looks, then nodded, gathering their things and slipping quietly out of the room. The moment the door shut, silence fell again—but it wasn't the same as before.

It was heavier.

I walked closer to her, watching her chest rise and fall. I could smell the sickness on her. Her wolf was fighting it, but not strongly. She was weak. And I hated that more than anything.

Louis pulled up a chair beside the bed and sat down slowly, staring at her with a worried look. "They should have told us," he muttered under his breath.

Levi stood at the foot of the bed, his eyes filled with concern. "They thought We wouldn't care."

I didn't reply.

Instead, I sat on the edge of the bed and gently reached out, brushing a strand of damp hair from her face. She stirred slightly but didn't wake.

"We should get a healer," I whispered, more to myself than them. "She can help reduce the fever..."

But then, faintly—barely audible—a soft sound slipped past her lips.

"No..." Olivia's voice was cracked, hoarse, fragile. "No healer... I'll be fine..."

I stilled.

Levi's eyes widened, and Louis leaned forward immediately.

"She's awake," Levi murmured.

I leaned in closer, my face hovering inches above hers. "Olivia," I whispered her name like a prayer.

Her lashes fluttered, barely opening. Her lips trembled as another shiver coursed through her body. She tried to speak again, but only let out a weak whimper.

"She's freezing," Louis said, already pulling off his shirt. "We need to warm her up now."

"Blankets won't be enough," Levi added, understanding what I was already thinking.

I nodded. "Then we do it the old way. Skin-to-skin."

Without another word, I stripped off my shirt and kicked off my pants, leaving only my briefs. Olivia shivered again, her body reacting involuntarily. I slid into the bed beside her and pulled her frail, burning form into my chest, wrapping my arms around her protectively.

The moment her body touched mine, she let out a soft, satisfied moan and instinctively curled into me, burying her face against my chest.

My breath caught in my throat.

She clung to me like I was her anchor. Like I was the only thing tethering her to this world.

"Levi," I called, my voice husky. "Come."

He didn't hesitate. Stripping down, he got into bed and slid behind her, his warm body pressing against her back. His arms came around her waist, holding her steady between us.

She whimpered again, her small hand twitching slightly on my chest, her body sinking deeper into our warmth.

"Louis," Levi said quietly. "Your turn."

Louis stripped quickly and climbed in from the bottom of the bed. He took her legs gently and cradled her thighs, his palms running up and down in slow, soothing motions to generate heat.

We lay like that, wrapped around her.

Surrounding her.

Protecting her.