

# **Fated To Not Just One, But Three**

## **#Chapter 71: Awake - Read Fated To Not Just One, But Three Chapter 71: Awake**

Chapter 71: Awake

Lennox's POV

Minutes passed, and though her breathing had steadied, her body was still trembling slightly between us. I could feel the cold radiating off her skin, and I knew something wasn't right. She should've been warmer by now. I glanced at Levi, who was gently rubbing her arm, and then at Louis, who had stopped massaging her thighs, his brows furrowed in concern.

"She's still cold," Levi murmured. "Why?"

And then I realized it.

"She's still dressed..." I whispered, brushing my hand along her side, feeling the thin, damp fabric clinging to her skin. "Her clothes are wet."

Louis sat up slightly. "We need to undress her. It's holding in the chill."

I looked at Olivia's pale face, her lips slightly parted as she breathed, her eyebrows twitching faintly like she was still fighting, even in her sleep.

"Olivia," I said softly, brushing her cheek again. "We're going to undress you now, alright? Just to keep you warm."

She didn't respond, didn't resist—just trembled again.

That was all the permission I needed.

I moved slowly, carefully, as if any sudden movement might hurt her. I unbuttoned her thin nightgown and slid it down her shoulders, pulling the damp fabric away from her burning skin. Her body was beautiful, sexy, but right now, all I saw was how sick she looked—how in need of care she was.

Her panties were damp too. Without hesitation, I removed them and dropped the last of the fabric to the floor.

She was naked. Exposed. But I didn't look at her like I had in the past—with hunger or lust. I looked at her with something deeper. Something I hadn't felt in years.

She shivered again, and I knew what had to be done.

"We're not warm enough," I said quietly.

Levi looked at me, eyes narrowed. "You mean—?"

"We're still dressed. That heat barrier matters."

He didn't argue. Neither did Louis.

One by one, we peeled off the last pieces of clothing, discarding our boxers until nothing separated us from her anymore. We lay back down around her—my arms wrapping around her from the front, Levi curling behind her again, and Louis holding her legs carefully, his warm hands pressed to her thighs and calves.

The effect was almost instant.

Olivia let out a soft, breathy sigh—like her body finally surrendered to the warmth. She burrowed into my chest, curling tighter between us as if she belonged there. Her skin no longer felt ice-cold. Her trembling slowed.

"She's warming up..." Louis whispered, relief in his voice.

Levi leaned closer, pressing his face to the back of her head, breathing her in. "She smells like home."

I held her tighter, her soft breasts pressed against my chest, her breath fanning over my skin.

"I was so ready to claim her out of anger," I said quietly. "But right now... all I want to do is keep her alive. Safe."

No one replied—but I didn't need them to.

Their silence said it all.

We would stay like this the whole night if we had to.

.....

I didn't even realize when my eyes had shut.

One moment, I was watching Olivia's peaceful face—listening to her soft, even breaths, feeling the warmth of her skin slowly return... and the next, I was waking up, the dim golden light of dawn creeping in through the curtains.

I blinked, momentarily disoriented.

When had we fallen asleep?

But then I felt her... soft, warm, nestled perfectly against me.

Of course we'd fallen asleep.

Olivia felt like home.

I hadn't had peace like this in years—not even in sleep. But lying there, with her in my arms, Levi's breath steady against her back, and Louis still gently cradling her legs, everything had felt right.

I glanced at my brothers.

They were both completely out—Levi's hand still curled protectively around her waist, Louis's head resting near her hip.

And then Olivia moved.

Her breath hitched.

My gaze dropped instantly to her face—her eyes fluttered open, hazy and confused at first, then slowly clearing. Our eyes met, and for a brief second, neither of us spoke.

Then something shifted.

She gasped, her body jerking slightly.

It took me a second to realize my fingers had moved—brushed against the soft curve of her breast... and her nipple, now hardened under my touch.

Her gasp shot straight through me like a jolt of lightning.

I froze.

But not from guilt.

Something primal stirred inside me. She was so close, so warm, and the way she reacted to just that faintest touch—it unraveled every bit of control I had been holding onto.

I glanced at my brothers again. Still asleep.

Still unaware.

And then I leaned forward, unable to resist.

My lips closed over that soft, peaked nipple, and she let out a quiet, breathy moan—her hand instinctively curling against my chest. The way she arched ever so slightly, the way her body responded to me without thought... it drove me wild.

She didn't stop me.

She didn't pull away.

She was awake.

And she was letting me touch her.

Her gasp was barely audible, but it hit me like a growl in the silence.

I froze—my mouth still hovering above her skin, my breath warm against the hardened peak of her nipple. She hadn't pulled away. She hadn't protested. If anything, her back arched ever so slightly into me.

My tongue flicked out, tasting her.

Just once.

A soft, involuntary sound escaped her lips, barely a whisper—but enough to make my blood roar in my veins. Her body was so warm now, so soft, and the feel of her in my arms... it wasn't just comfort anymore.

It was craving.

I let my lips close around her slowly, sucking gently, trying not to make a sound. My other hand gripped the back of her thigh, trying to steady myself. She whimpered softly—her breath catching—and I felt her hand, small and unsure, resting lightly against my abdomen.

I paused.

My heart pounded as I reached down and guided her hand lower, wrapping it around my thick, aching cock.

Gods.

I clenched my jaw, fighting the groan that threatened to escape as her fingers instinctively curled around my cock. She was soft, tentative at first, like she wasn't sure if she should be doing this—but she didn't stop.

## Chapter 72: In the mist of my brothers

Lennox's POV

My forehead dropped to her shoulder as I breathed her in.

I could feel every stroke of her hand on my cock—slow, curious, almost shy.

We were like thieves in the dark—touching, exploring, desperate not to wake the others. Levi's breath was steady against her back. Louis still hadn't stirred. And there we were, tangled beneath a single sheet, committing quiet sins in silence.

My hips twitched as she moved again, slower this time, more deliberate.

She turned her head slightly, her breath grazing my cheek.

We didn't speak.

We didn't need to.

Our bodies spoke for us in those stolen, silent moments—full of things we couldn't say aloud.

Her hand pressed tighter over her lips, shoulders tensing. My mouth was still at her chest, and when I heard her muffled gasp, I suckled her nipple again, flicking it lightly with my tongue. I moved carefully, brushing her hair behind her ear. My hand drifted lower, fingers grazing down her side until I reached the heat of her center. She tensed slightly, her breath hitching, and I felt her hand wrap around my wrist.

"Lennox," she whispered, barely a breath. "They might wake up..."

I leaned in, lips brushing her ear. "Then be quiet, little fox."

Her eyes fluttered shut as my finger traced her again—slow, teasing. She was already slick with need, her body betraying her soft protests. I couldn't stop myself. I slid one finger inside her, slow and deep.

She gasped, biting down on her lip, one hand flying up to cover her mouth.

I felt her pussy clench around me, and it took everything in me not to groan. Her other hand reached down between us, shaky but determined, wrapping around me and stroking with trembling fingers.

We moved like shadows—slow, silent, desperate not to be found.

Her breath hitched as another finger brushed over her—so warm, so soft, already trembling beneath my touch. The way her thighs instinctively pressed together, the way her body arched subtly toward me, pulled a low growl from my throat.

"I shouldn't," I whispered, but my hand didn't stop.

"I know," she murmured, barely audible, her hand still over her mouth. "But you already are..."

Her eyes fluttered shut as I dipped another finger into her.

Her hand clamped harder over her lips again, shoulders tensing. My mouth was still at her chest, and when I heard her muffled gasp, I suckled her nipple again, flicking it with my tongue. Her reaction was immediate—her free hand slid beneath the sheets, down my stomach, fingers curling cock me with trembling caution.

The jolt that went through me nearly made me groan aloud.

Her touch was slow, unsure... like she wasn't quite certain what she was doing, but determined to keep going. And gods, I let her. My hips twitched into her hand, my mouth still latched to her nipple, while my fingers curled gently inside her.

Olivia writhed slowly, silently, like we were dancing to a rhythm only we knew—while Levi and Louis remained fast asleep around us.

It was reckless. Forbidden. And yet... it felt like more than just lust.

It felt like something we'd been denying far too long.

Olivia increased the pace of her strokes on my cock, while I matched her rhythm with my fingers inside her. Our eyes locked, and I watched how breathtaking she looked when lost in pleasure. She bit her lips hard to keep from moaning, and I had to clench my jaw to hold back a groan.

I knew I was close. Too close. And I couldn't release—not here, not now. If I did, my brothers would notice.

So, with painful restraint, I grabbed Olivia's wrist and stopped her. "I can't cum," I whispered, and the look she gave me told me she understood.

"But you can," I whispered, and continued moving my fingers inside her. Olivia moaned, and I quickly covered her mouth with my hand. She bit into my palm, lost in pleasure, but I didn't pull away. I kept stroking her until she came undone around my fingers and collapsed into my chest, panting hard.

I sighed, deeply satisfied, and slowly pulled my fingers out of her before licking them clean. She tasted divine.

Gently, I pulled her away from my chest, and our eyes met.

Her lips parted slightly, like she wanted to speak—but instead, she exhaled softly and tucked her face against my chest again, her fingers resting lightly against my stomach.

I closed my eyes and held her close, careful not to move too much, aware that my brothers still lay asleep on either side of us. The weight of what we'd done lingered in the air—thick, heavy, like smoke that wouldn't clear.

We had crossed a line.

But instead of guilt, all I felt was peace.

Like she belonged here—tangled with me in the quiet, while the rest of the world slept on, unaware.

She felt like home.

And gods, that terrified me more than anything else.

I didn't know what tomorrow would bring. I didn't know what she'd say, or how we'd face the others. But right now... in this still, sacred moment...

I didn't care.

She was mine.

If only for the night.

I looked down at her again—her lashes soft against her cheeks, her body curled into mine like she belonged there. My chest rose and fell slowly, and her fingers moved with it, trailing absent circles on my skin.

"Olivia," I whispered, almost afraid to break the moment.

Her head lifted slightly, just enough for her eyes to meet mine. They were soft, shining even in the dim light. No words passed between us. They weren't needed.

I lifted my hand to her face and brushed a stray strand of hair behind her ear. She leaned into my touch, eyes fluttering closed for a second like she was savoring it.

My fingers moved to her jaw, gently tilting her face up toward me. Her lips parted slightly, and I couldn't stop myself.

I leaned in.

Our foreheads touched first, our breaths mingling. My nose brushed hers, and still, I waited—giving her space, a chance to pull away.

But she didn't.

She lifted her chin, just a little. Just enough.

And I kissed her.

Soft, slow, careful. Like it was the first time—and maybe the last. Her lips were warm, tasting faintly of salt and something sweet I couldn't name. She kissed me back with the same kind of quiet need—like we were both afraid to wake up and find it had all been a dream.

I pulled her closer, deepening the kiss just slightly, my hand still cradling her face. She sighed into me, and the sound made my heart ache.

When we finally pulled apart, our foreheads stayed pressed together. Eyes closed. Breathing each other in.

She didn't say anything.

Neither did I.

But everything I felt was in that kiss.

My Love.

My Anger.

My Pain.

I poured them out through that kiss.

And I knew she felt it too.

Chapter 73: Awake in their arms

Olivia's POV

I woke up.

The room was quiet, wrapped in the soft haze of dawn. Light filtered through the curtains in pale streaks, brushing over the tangle of limbs and sheets I found myself in.



Warmth surrounded me—solid, heavy warmth—and for a second, I didn't move. My body was sore in places I hadn't felt in years. My lips still tingled, and my skin held traces of last night's touches.

Then I remembered.

Lennox.

His fingers, his mouth, his whispered words in the dark.

My heart slammed against my ribs as I shifted slightly—only to realize I couldn't. I was trapped between bodies.

I swallowed hard.

To my left was Lennox, chest bare, an arm thrown loosely around my waist. His brow was furrowed in sleep, jaw tight even in unconsciousness. His breath was warm against the top of my head.

To my right was Levi, one arm folded beneath his head, the other stretched toward me but not quite touching me. His face looked softer while he slept—less cold, less cruel. But I knew better.

And just on my legs, Louis, sprawled, one leg tangled over the sheets, his expression unreadable even in sleep. His lips were parted slightly, his breathing steady, calm.

Three Alphas.

Three men who hated me.

Three men who had only returned to this bed because of the fever that had nearly broken me last night. Their instincts brought them here—not their hearts.

My breath caught as I turned back to him, studying his face.

What did last night mean?

Was it real, or was it just a fever-drenched mistake in the silence of the dark?

I barely had time to think before Lennox stirred beside me.

His eyes blinked open, hazy for a moment, then sharp and alert.

His gaze found mine instantly.

We didn't say anything. We didn't need to. His jaw clenched as his arm slipped from around my waist, as if realizing where it had been.

As if remembering what he'd done.

Levi groaned beside me, rubbing a hand across his face as he turned slightly and then paused—his gaze snapping to me.

Cold.

Sharp.

Angry.

"You are finally awake. Thought you wouldn't make it," Levi said, but not coldly.

Louis sat up next, hair tousled, eyes narrowed as he scanned the bed.

Lennox sat up slowly, a muscle ticking in his jaw, but he didn't say a word. He wouldn't look at me.

He was already building his walls back up.

"You were burning up," Louis muttered, brushing past Levi. "That's the only reason we were here. Don't flatter yourself."

The words hit harder than they should have.

Because I already knew.

I knew none of them wanted to be here. That Lennox would probably pretend last night never happened.

Maybe that was for the best.

I sat up slowly, pulling the blanket tighter around me. My body still pulsed with the memory of Lennox's touch, and yet now... all I felt was cold.

They moved around me like I was in the way.

Like I was nothing.

And Lennox still wouldn't look at me.

So I swallowed the lump in my throat.

"Thanks for last night," I said quietly, then stood.

I realized I was naked, but I didn't bother to cover myself. Rather, I walked to the bathroom, my heart pounding in my chest, the weight of their eyes burning into my back.

Inside the bathroom, I put on the cold shower and stood in it. My hands placed on the tiled wall while the cold shower poured on me. I sighed and closed my eyes, trying to remember all that happened last night. I was half unconscious, but I could still hear a few things that were said. I remember how they sounded worried, how they suggested they give me skin-to-skin heat. I remember when Lennox asked for my permission to undress me. I remember how I felt so at peace in their arms. I have never felt this way for such a long time. The last time I'd shared a bed with all three of them was nearly five years ago. And gods, I had missed them. I had missed this.

I thought of Lennox and what we did last night. I thought it was a dream, but right now, with the soreness of my pussy and the little discomfort on my nipples, I knew it wasn't a dream. Lennox and I made out last night while his brothers were fast asleep.

I pressed my forehead to the tiled wall, closing my eyes as last night replayed behind my lids in aching, intimate fragments.

Lennox's breath on my skin.

His mouth at my chest.

His fingers moving inside me like he knew every part of me already.

The way he kissed me—soft, slow, sexy.

It hadn't felt like just lust.

It had felt like love.

But maybe I imagined that part.

Maybe I was just so starved for affection that even a stolen moment in the dark felt like love.

Stupid.

I gritted my teeth, forcing myself to stop shaking, but it wasn't the cold that made me tremble—it was the aftermath. The silence. The way Lennox wouldn't even look at me now.

Gods, why did I let it happen?

Four years. Four years of silence, of distance, of hatred.

And now?

Now I was the fool who let her heart flutter over a single night of kindness from a man who would surely deny it the moment I stepped out of this room.

A sudden knock sounded on the bathroom door.

I froze.

Then I heard Levi's voice.

"Olivia?"

My breath caught.

I didn't answer.

There was a long pause, and then, quieter this time, "Are you... okay?"

The way he asked sounded like he cared.

I leaned my head back, letting the water hit my face, hiding the tears that burned behind my closed eyes.

He knocked again. "Liv..."

I hated the way his voice made my heart flutter. Why can't I just hate them the way I want to?

"We are leaving. Join us at the table for breakfast," Levi said.

I didn't respond, and soon I heard his retreating footsteps.

Soon, their scent began to thin—no longer as heavy in the air.

They were gone.

Sighing heavily, I turned off the shower, didn't bother to cover myself. Rather, I walked back naked into my room.

Indeed, I was right—they had left. I stared at the bed and, without thinking, I settled down on it. Their warmth and smell still lingered in the bedsheet, and I couldn't help but sniff it. I buried my face in the pillow, inhaling deeply.

My wolf purred.

Their smell was so maddening and intoxicating.

As I lay there, I let my fingers brush over the creased linen, wondering—

What would it feel like... if everything hadn't fallen apart?

Chapter 74: Another Gift

Olivia's POV

The sheets still held the scent of them, wild and masculine, uniquely theirs. Lennox's smoky cedar, Levi's sharp pine, and Louis's warm amber.

I curled into the faint imprint of where Lennox had been, pulling the sheet closer, eyes fluttering shut.

What would it be like...

To wake up every morning tangled in their arms, not accidentally, not from instinct, but because they wanted me there.

Because they loved me.

I imagined it—

Waking slowly to the sound of quiet breathing and the weight of an arm around my waist. Lennox's low, gravelly voice murmuring, "Morning, love," against my neck as he pressed a lazy kiss there.

Levi would grumble something about five more minutes, but still shift closer, pulling me tighter into the heat of his body, his lips brushing over my shoulder like he couldn't help himself.

Louis, the quietest of them, would already be watching me when I opened my eyes, his thumb stroking along my hip, slowly like I was something delicate. "Did you sleep well, sweetheart?" he'd whisper.

They'd kiss me good morning. Hold me for a few minutes.

They'd tease each other. Fight over who got the first kiss, who got to feed me breakfast, who got to touch me next.

I'd feel wanted.

Cherished.

Loved.

Not like a burden. Not like a mistake.

A knock pulled me violently from my thoughts.

I blinked as the door creaked open, and Nora peeked inside, followed by Lolita.

"Luna Olivia?" Nora asked, eyes flicking briefly to my naked form lying on the bed. She didn't comment, only stepped in quickly, concern shadowing her expression. "Is your fever gone?"

"Yes," I murmured, sitting up slowly. "I feel fine now."

Lolita approached with a towel in her arms, eyes filled with relief. "That's good. You scared us last night."

I gave a small nod, rubbing my temples. "Help me get dressed?" I asked quietly.

They didn't hesitate. Nora fetched a soft lavender dress, one of the few I actually liked wearing, and Lolita brought fresh undergarments and a brush for my hair. They didn't say much, only helped me to my feet.

When Lolita began brushing through my hair, Nora knelt in front of me, lacing up the shoes she'd selected.

"I'll prepare something light for you," she offered. "Maybe fruit and tea?"

I gave her a soft smile. "Thank you."

But even as they fussed over me like they used to—gentle hands, worried eyes—all I could think about was what it would be like to walk into that dining room and see them look at me the way mates were supposed to look at their mate.

Not with anger.

Not with resentment.

But with love. With hunger. With care.

Gods, what I wouldn't give to live in that version of the world. Even just for a day.

Even just for a lie.

"Luna?" Lolita's voice was soft. "You ready?"

I nodded, standing slowly as they finished.

I stared at myself in the mirror. I looked presentable, but inside I felt hollowed.

"Thank you," I said to Nora and Lolita before slowly leaving my chambers and making my way to the dining room.

Entering the dining room.

They were all there.

Lennox.

Levi.

Louis.

And—Anita.

Of course.

She was seated beside Louis, smiling with that polished, poisonous charm of hers, hands lightly wrapped around a teacup. She looked like she belonged there.

They all looked up at the sound of my heels against the marble floor—every single one of them—then just as quickly looked away.

Like I didn't exist.

Like we hadn't shared the same bed.

Like Lennox hadn't kissed me until I forgot my own name.

My jaw clenched, but I said nothing. I sat at the opposite end of the long dining table without a word and reached for the silverware.

No one looked my way.

I forced myself to eat. A forkful of eggs. A bite of toast. I didn't taste any of it. My throat was too tight, my stomach felt like puking.

I didn't lift my eyes. I couldn't. If I saw his face—Lennox's—and the way he was undoubtedly avoiding mine, I might break.

And Anita? She laughed. Soft and fake and musical. Probably at something Levi said. Her manicured hand brushed his arm once. I didn't look. I refused.

I kept eating. Bite after bite. A war on my own tongue.

Then the door creaked open again, and a nervous shuffle of footsteps echoed into the room.

I looked up.

A young female staff member stood at the entrance, her eyes wide, clutching something massive in her arms. Behind her, two more staff struggled to drag it in.

It was a gigantic teddy bear—easily the size of a person, plush and red with a satin ribbon tied around its neck.

"I—um," the girl stammered, eyes flicking from the brothers to me. "This... this came for Luna Olivia."

Silence.

All eyes turned to me.

Levi's brow furrowed.

Louis leaned forward slightly, confused.

Lennox... didn't even blink.

Anita's eyes narrowed like she'd just sucked on a lemon.

The young girl looked like she wanted to vanish. "It was delivered to the front gate this morning. There's a note but—uh—I didn't read it."

A note?

For me?

My fork clinked against the plate as I set it down and stood, walking toward the bear slowly. The room remained deathly quiet as I reached for the tiny envelope taped to the teddy's paw.

My fingers trembled slightly as I peeled it off and opened it.

Their eyes burned into my back, but for once, I didn't care.



I unfolded the note.

And read.

"I heard you had a fever last night, and I wasn't there to be with you, so I sent teddy to you... he will keep you company... think of me as him whenever you are lonely."

My eyes widened as I stared at the note and then at the teddy bear.

Before I could understand what was going on, Lennox, who was seated in his seat, was right behind me and snatched the note from me. I watched him read it as his frown deepened. Louis snatched the note from him and read, and then Levi took it from him and read it, and then their eyes were on me—furious, angry.

"Who is he, Olivia?" Louis was the first to ask, seething with anger.

"How dare him?" Lennox growled. "First, he sent roses to you and now a teddy bear!"

Chapter 75: Grounded

Olivia's POV

I was confused, stunned, and completely thrown off. Who the hell was behind these gifts? And how the hell did he know I had a fever last night?

"Olivia... don't keep me silent... speak, Olivia... who the hell is he?" Lennox demanded furiously. His anger was palpable, suffocating.

I swallowed hard and lifted my eyes to meet his. "Lennox, like I said, I don't know who the hell sent this. If I knew, I would have said so."

"Lies!" Louis growled, stepping forward until he stood right in front of me. His brown eyes had darkened with rage, and the sheer intensity of his glare sent a shiver down my spine.

"You're lying, Olivia. You know who sent this," he barked. "And you're going to tell us who the hell that bastard is!"

My frown deepened as I looked at the teddy bear, then back at the three of them. Each one of them seething with uncontained fury. It clearly wasn't from any of them. So, if it wasn't... then who? Who would do this? Who would send this gift just to stir up trouble?

My gaze swept the room again... and landed on Anita.

She was smirking.

Smirking, as if this was all some entertaining drama she had front-row seats to.

"You!" I spat in anger, my chest heaving as I stormed toward Anita. Her smug expression only fueled my rage.

"You did this, didn't you?!" I shouted, pointing at the teddy bear as if it were the smoking gun. "You sent that damn gift just to stir the pot, just to get me into trouble!"

Anita blinked, acting surprise, then her face twisted into anger. "What the hell are you talking about?"

"Don't play innocent with me!" I snapped, and without thinking—without pausing—I raised my hand and slapped her hard across the face.

The sound echoed in the room.

Anita stumbled back, her hand flying to her cheek in shock.

"You psychotic—!" she began, but Lennox was already beside me, grabbing my arm.

"What the hell is wrong with you, Olivia?!" he barked, his eyes blazing with anger. "You can't go around accusing people and slapping them!"

"She deserved it!" I snapped, glaring at Anita. "She was smirking the whole time, like she wanted this chaos. She enjoyed watching you three lose your minds."

"Are you seriously accusing me?" Anita said, her voice trembling with anger as she stepped forward. Her eyes glistened, not with tears, but with pure rage. "I swear on my life, Olivia—I had nothing to do with that gift. Nothing!"

Louis was beside her in an instant. "I believe her," he growled at me, his dark eyes narrowed with disappointment. "You're out of line."

Levi stepped in too, his jaw tight. "Olivia, you need to calm down. This... this isn't like you."

My heart dropped. The three of them... all staring at me like I was the problem. Like I was the villain.

But I knew what I saw. Anita was smirking. She did enjoy the chaos.

"I'm not crazy," I spat, backing away from them all. "I know what I saw," I muttered, feeling like I was the only sane person in a room full of blind men. My throat tightened with frustration, my hands trembling with the urge to scream.

"You're accusing Anita just to cover for someone else. I can see right through you," Lennox said bitterly. "Tell me who that bastard is," he repeated, his eyes narrowing.

My rage boiled over. "I don't know! How many times do I have to say it?!" I snapped, still glaring at Anita. It had to be her. I knew it was her.

Louis pressed on. "You know who sent it, Olivia. You're just protecting your little boyfriend!"

My brows drew tighter. "What the hell are you talking about?"

"Enough!" Lennox roared, his voice booming through the walls. My heart jumped at the intensity of his voice.

He turned to one of the guards standing in the corner of the room, his voice authoritative. "Burn that damn teddy bear. Right now. I don't want a single trace of it in this house."

"Yes, Alpha," the guard nodded and picked up the bear without hesitation.

"No!" I protested. "Don't—what if there's a clue—"

But it was too late. The guards were already gone, and Lennox was glaring at me like he wanted to rip me apart.

"You've lost our trust, Olivia," Louis said, his voice low but firm, bitter disappointment in his eyes. "Until we figure out what the hell is going on, you're grounded."

"What?" I blinked. "You can't be serious."

"You are to remain in your room," he continued, "No leaving without our permission. No wandering. No visitors. You're grounded until further notice."

"This is insane!" I gasped, staring at all three of them. "I'm the victim here! I didn't ask for that gift. I didn't send it. I didn't even know who sent it!"

Lennox snarled. "And you think we believe that?" he snapped. "No, Olivia. Until you tell us who that bastard is, you'll stay in your chambers." He turned to the guards. "Escort her back. Apart from her personal maids and my brothers and me, no one is allowed to see her."

Lennox commanded the guards, who nodded and stood beside me, silently asking me to move.

Fuming with rage, I cast one last look at the triplets—then at Anita, who still held her cheek. I shot her a venomous look, then turned and stormed out of the dining area with the guards trailing behind me.

As soon as we reached my room, one of the guards opened the door. I stepped inside, turning around just in time to see them pull the door shut behind me with a solid thud. A lock clicked into place.

Locked. Like some criminal.

I stood there for a moment, staring at the closed door. My breathing was shallow. My thoughts chaotic. Then, unexpectedly, a scream ripped from my throat, loud and raw. I grabbed the first thing I could find—a vase on the nearby table—and threw it at the wall.

It shattered into pieces.

Anger bubbled inside me as I began pacing around the room. I hated this. I hated that the triplets think I have a lover. The servants must have heard it, and soon the rumor will spread around the pack. Members of the pack will gossip about me and call me names without knowing the truth. They already call me the daughter of a thief. And now, they'll call me a whore too.

I just wanted my name cleared. But how could I possibly do that when I was locked up like this?

Suddenly, I heard the door unlock. My head snapped toward it, my breath caught in my throat as I wondered who was coming in.

The door creaked open.

And Anita walked in.

Chapter 76: Request

Olivia's POV

"What are you doing here?" I spat while making my way towards her.

Anita calmly folded both her arms as she glared at me.

"I didn't do it," she said suddenly, and my brows furrowed. "I wish I had, but it wasn't me."

I narrowed my eyes, glaring right back at her. "And you think I will believe that? That you aren't the one sending me those gifts?"

"I'm not the one!" she snapped, taking a bold step closer until our faces were inches apart. "You and I know that I'm not the one, Olivia... Olivia, you slapped me wrongly just to hide the person behind those gifts, and for this, I am going to expose you. I'm going to find out who your lover is, and I will make sure both of you are disgraced before the entire pack. Olivia, I swear on my life," she muttered, sounding so angry.

I glared at her, wanting to still stand on my suspicion that she did it... it has to be her. But deep down, I knew Anita, I knew when she was lying, and this wasn't one of those times. Her anger wasn't fake. She was telling the truth.

Which brings me to the bigger question—if it wasn't her, then who might it be?

I glared at Anita. "Are you threatening me?"

Anita scoffed and stepped in even closer. "I'm not threatening you, Olivia. I'm making a promise. For slapping me and accusing me of something I didn't do, I will make sure you and your lover are exposed."

With that, she turned and walked out of the room, while I watched her leave.

I was beyond confused. I didn't know what to think. It was clear that Anita wasn't the one who sent it—then who is this mysterious person?

I stood by the window, my arms crossed over my chest as my eyes scanned the horizon, but my mind was elsewhere. Anita wasn't lying. I could feel it in her voice, in her eyes, in the fury that practically rolled off her skin. For once, her anger wasn't petty—it was personal.

I bit my lower lip, my fingers tapping against the glass. I couldn't afford to look weak or clueless. Not now. Not when someone was clearly trying to play with my mind—or worse, land me into trouble.

"You need to set yourself free, Olivia," my wolf whispered inside me. "Free from being grounded."

And that's when it hit me—Louis.

He owed me a favor. A big one.

Without wasting another second, I turned sharply and headed for the door.

"I need to see Alpha Louis," I told the guards stationed outside.

"I don't think Alpha Louis wants to see you," one of them said, his tone cautious.

"Do what I said. And do it now," I snapped, my voice sharp with authority.

The guards outside my door didn't say a word, and soon I overheard retreating footsteps and knew a guard was going to call Louis.

Slowly, I sat back on my bed and went into deep thought. Louis was still holding me a request, and he wasn't going to say no.

I wanted to reach out to my mother and tell her what was going on, but I held back myself. She had just traveled to her own pack. I asked her to leave, at least to take a break from this pack, and she is enjoying her life over at the Forest Pack. I can't worry her with my burdens. I have to do this on my own.

The door creaked open again, and I didn't need to turn to know who it was. I felt his presence before he even said a word.

His scent, his aura, his barely contained frustration—it all rushed into the room like a tidal wave. I slowly turned my head, my expression unreadable as I met his gaze.

He stepped in, closing the door behind him with a soft but firm thud, and crossed his arms. His face was stone-cold, but his eyes were burning.

"Well?" he asked sharply. "Are you ready to confess now? Ready to tell me who your lover is?"

I blinked slowly, rising from the bed, keeping my expression calm despite the anger brewing inside me.

"I believe you haven't forgotten," I said softly.

Louis's brow furrowed. "Forgotten what?"

"That you owe me a favor."

His frown deepened, his jaw tightening. "Olivia—"

"No," I cut him off, stepping forward. "You said, 'Anything you ask, I'll grant it.' Those were your exact words. And now I'm calling in that favor."

He didn't speak for a moment, his eyes on me, trying to read me.

"I want to be set free," I said clearly, folding my arms over my chest. "No more being locked in. I want to walk freely. I don't deserve to be grounded like some criminal."

"You're grounded because you're hiding something," he said through clenched teeth.

I frowned and glared at him. "Are you granting my request, or should I let your brothers know what we did behind their backs? I believe they will be so disappointed in you," I threatened him.

If only he knew what I'd done with Lennox... the only innocent one in their little circle was Levi.

Louis moved closer and unexpectedly wrapped his hand around my neck, not choking me.

"Are you threatening me?" he asked angrily, his eyes full of rage.

I met his gaze, not backing down. "Yes. I'm threatening you, Alpha Louis. If by the end of the day, you don't lift this punishment and let me go free..."

I stepped even closer, until there was barely any space between us.

"... I'll tell your brothers everything. I'll let them know the woman you claim to hate... the one you so proudly accused... you kissed her. You touched her. You did all kinds of things with her behind their backs."

His nostrils flared, his grip on my neck tightening just a little—not enough to hurt, but enough to show he was losing control.

"You wouldn't dare," he growled.

I smirked. "Try me. You know I'm not bluffing."

A flicker of doubt passed through his eyes. He knew I wasn't lying. He remembered every moment just as clearly as I did—every heated kiss, every stolen touch, every time his hands were on me like he couldn't help himself.

"You think you can blackmail me?" he hissed.

I tilted my head slightly. "Call it whatever you want. I'm done playing nice, Louis. You owe me a favor, and you're going to grant it. Or I'll burn down this pretty little image you've built around your brothers and the pack."

For a second, we just stood there, staring each other down—both breathing hard, both refusing to be the first to look away.

Then he released me.

His hand dropped from my neck as he stepped back, his jaw clenched so tightly I thought he might shatter his own teeth.

And without a word, he suddenly stormed out of the room.

## **Fated To Not Just One, But Three #Chapter 77: Doing what she wants - Read Fated To Not Just One, But Three Chapter 77: Doing what she wants**

Chapter 77: Doing what she wants

Louis' POV

I was in big shit, in a big dilemma.

As I stormed out of Olivia's room, I knew I had to do what she asked. If I didn't, she'd expose me to my brothers. They'd find out something happened between us. I could already picture the disappointment in their eyes when they discovered that instead of going to Anita while I was drugged, I went to Olivia—the woman we all claimed to hate.

"You shouldn't be ashamed of it," my wolf murmured. "She's your mate... your wife," he added.

I frowned at his words. He wasn't helping the situation.

Taking a deep breath, I walked into the study where my brothers were seated. As I entered, I saw Levi lazily sipping a glass of wine. Unlike Lennox and me, he wasn't taking the whole situation about Olivia having a lover seriously. He seemed a little too nonchalant, and it annoyed the hell out of me. My gaze shifted to Lennox, who stood by the window, a deep frown etched into his face. He looked lost in thought—probably trying to figure out the identity of Olivia's so-called lover.

I paused at the door, composing myself for what I was about to say. After gathering enough courage, I spoke.

"I'm setting Olivia free," I announced.

Instantly, my brothers' eyes snapped to me, but I didn't flinch—I pushed forward.

"We can't keep her locked in. It's not right."

I agree," Levi said smoothly, leaning back into the plush chair like he'd been waiting for me to say it. "We've dragged this out too long. Let her out, see how she acts. If there really is someone else, she'll slip up eventually trying to meet with him. Then we'll catch them both."

I blinked, stunned for a second. That was... too easy. No argument? No disapproval? Just calm acceptance?



"What—you're not going to argue?" I asked slowly, eyes narrowing.

Levi shrugged. "I said what I said. Keeping her grounded will not help us find her lover." His voice was relaxed, but something about the way he spoke didn't sit right with me. Since when did Levi not push back? Not question?

Suspicion curled in my chest, but I had no time to dwell on it. Lennox had turned from the window, his face hard.

"No," he said flatly. "Absolutely not. She's hiding something, and letting her roam free is a mistake."

I met his glare head-on, squaring my shoulders.

"I'm the one who grounded her," I said. "And I'm the one setting her free."

Lennox took a step forward, anger flashing in his eyes. "I would have grounded her even if you didn't."

"Lennox, Olivia is our mate, our Luna," I cut him off firmly. "She's not going to stay locked up like a criminal. If she's hiding something, we'll find out with or without keeping her locked up."

He clenched his jaw, but I didn't back down. I couldn't. Not after what I'd done. If I don't let her out, she will expose me to them.

"You are giving her the opportunity to meet with her lover," Lennox growled. "You know she will."

"Then let her," I snapped. "That's the point. We'll set spies on her. That way, we find out who he is. Don't you get it?"

Lennox growled in disagreement before looking away.

"I agree with Louis... let's not keep her grounded... it's not telling well about us," Levi agreed, and I frowned at him. I know Levi, and he isn't the type who cares about what people think, so where was all this coming from?

I narrowed my eyes at him, studying him closely. Something about his easy agreement didn't sit right with me. Levi was many things—blunt, unpredictable, even reckless—but he was never this... cooperative.

"What's your deal?" I asked him, voice low. "Why are you so eager all of a sudden?"

Levi met my gaze calmly, too calmly. "Why are you?" he shot back. "Because from where I'm sitting, neither of us is acting normal."

I clenched my fists. Damn him. He was getting too close. Too perceptive.

"I'm just tired of the drama," I muttered. "And locking her in there isn't helping any of us."

Levi smirked and leaned forward, resting his elbows on his knees.

Lennox scoffed, cutting the tension. "This is a mistake," he muttered as he turned away, his jaw tight. "Mark my words, she's going to play us all."

"Then let her try," I said, keeping my voice steady. "We'll know soon enough."

Silence fell between us once more. But it wasn't the peaceful kind—it was laced with suspicion, tension. Levi was hiding something, Lennox wasn't happy, and me?

I was holding onto a secret that could shatter everything between us.

Turning toward the door, I made my way to deliver the news to Olivia.

Once I reached her room, I asked the guards stationed there to leave. Then I pushed the door open and stepped inside.

Olivia, seated calmly on the bed, looked up the moment I entered. She looked so damn sure I'd done exactly what she asked.

Fuming in anger, I moved further into the room, slamming the door shut behind me.

Olivia didn't even flinch. She just sat there, perched on the edge of the bed like a damn queen, staring at me with that smug glint in her eyes that made my blood boil.

"I knew you'd do it," she said coolly, crossing her legs. "You don't have the guts to face the consequences otherwise."

I gritted my teeth. The way she said it made me feel like I was her puppet—like she had strings wrapped tight around my throat. And she did. The moment she threatened to expose what happened between us, I knew I was screwed.

"You really think you've won, don't you?" I growled, stepping closer, rage bubbling under my skin. "You think you've got the upper hand just because I was drugged and ended up in your bed?"

Her brows lifted, amused. "Oh, but Louis... you weren't drugged when you touched me. You wanted me. Every damn second of it."

"You're lying," I hissed.

"Am I?" she whispered, standing up slowly, her voice dropping to a taunting hum. "Tell me, do you always moan a woman's name when you don't mean it? Because you moaned mine."

I was in front of her before I realized it, grabbing her arms and yanking her closer. "You think this is a game?" I snapped, my voice low, trembling with fury. "You think you can just use me, threaten me, and I'll fall in line?"

Olivia didn't back away. She stepped into the heat between us, her eyes blazing. "I think you're scared—scared because you liked it. You still like me. And now you don't know what the hell to do with yourself."

Her words hit like a match on gasoline. Everything in me snapped.

I crashed my lips against hers.

It wasn't soft. It wasn't tender. It was angry, violent, raw. My hands gripped her waist, hauling her against me like she was mine to ruin. She kissed me back just as fiercely, nails digging into my back, lips clashing with mine like she wanted to devour me.

Her teeth grazed my lower lip. I growled, backing her up until she hit the wall, slamming my hand beside her head. Our chests heaved as our tongues fought for dominance, the kiss spiraling into chaos.

"You drive me insane," I muttered against her lips, my voice ragged. "I hate how much I want you."

Suddenly, a click—someone was turning the doorknob.

In the blink of an eye, I pulled away from Olivia and stepped back just as the door swung open.

Lennox walked in.

Chapter 78: It Was A Dream

Lennox's POV

The moment I stepped into the room, I felt the heat in the air. Tension thick. My eyes darted between Olivia—who looked far too composed for someone who'd just been grounded for hours—and Louis, who was breathing heavily.

Something had just happened.

I narrowed my eyes.

Louis wouldn't even look at me.

"Everything okay here?" I asked, my voice filled with suspicion.

Olivia gave me a glare.

"Louis was just informing me that I'm free to move around."

I turned to Louis, who was avoiding my gaze.

"I'm leaving," he suddenly said, and without meeting my gaze, he went for the door, pushed it open, and left, leaving me with Olivia.

I felt something wasn't right, but I just couldn't pinpoint what it was.

Looking back at Olivia, she glared at me, her arms folded across her chest.

"You should also leave," she said coldly, clearly sending me out.

My frown deepened, and I took a step closer to her. "That was not what you told me last night when my finger was inside you," I said, my voice sounding husky.

Olivia swallowed hard and lifted up her chin. "I thought we were not supposed to talk about it... to me, it was a dream, and it will remain that way."

I stared at her, stunned. "A dream?" My chest tightened with anger.

"A dream?" I repeated, stepping closer. "That's what you're going with?"

Olivia frowned but held her ground. "What happened was actually a nightmare to me," she said, fueling my rage even more.

"Really?" I asked with anger. "A nightmare? You weren't complaining when you were trembling under my touch," I said, voice low, rough. "When you begged me not to stop."

She looked away for a split second—just a second—but that was all I needed.

I moved closer, closing the gap between us until her back hit the wall. My hands came up, caging her in on either side of her head. Her breath caught, but she didn't move away.

"You want to pretend it didn't happen?" I whispered, my mouth brushing her ear. "Then tell me... was this part of your dream too?"

Before she could answer, I claimed her lips.

The kiss wasn't soft.

It was punishment—a reminder.

She gasped, but I swallowed the sound, pressing her tighter against the wall as my hands slid down, trailing her sides, tracing the curve of her hips like I owned them—because I did.

Her fingers clutched my shirt, her defenses cracking with every stroke of my tongue, every low growl rumbling from my throat.

I broke the kiss just enough to speak, my lips brushing hers.

"Let me remind you," I said darkly.

My hands dropped lower, slipping under the hem of her gown, grazing her thighs, inching higher. Her breath hitched as I reached her panties, my fingers gliding over the soft lace, until I touched the heat between her legs.

"You're soaked," I whispered, smirking against her skin. "Some dream, huh?"

I hooked a finger under the thin fabric and shifted it aside. My fingers slid against her entrance—warm, slick, needy.

She gasped again, her head tipping back against the wall, lips parted, chest rising in ragged breaths.

"You can lie to yourself all you want," I said as I circled her entrance slowly, tormentingly. "But your body remembers. It wants me."

I pressed two fingers inside her, slow but deep, and her knees buckled. I held her up with my free arm, my lips trailing down her neck, nipping and tasting her skin while she tried—and failed—to muffle her moans.

"Say it," I growled into her ear, pumping my fingers with a pace that made her tremble. "Say it wasn't a dream. Say it."

Her hands gripped my shoulders, nails digging into me, her walls clenching around my fingers like she was on the edge.

"I won't!" she moaned stubbornly, her voice breathless.

I growled in frustration, my jaw tightening as her body trembled in my arms, her slick pussy pulsing around my fingers. She was dripping for me, writhing against the wall like she needed more—but she still refused to say the truth.

Fine.

I wasn't done.

Without a word, I took off the straps of her dress and pushed it down to her waist. Then I leaned down, capturing one of her nipples through her bra with my mouth, sucking hard. My tongue flicked and circled, tasting her.

She arched into me, her hands threading into my hair as a moan escaped her lips—loud, raw, needy.

"You're so damn wet, Olivia," I growled against her skin, dragging my teeth along her sensitive peak before switching to the other nipple, tugging it into my mouth, biting just hard enough to make her gasp. "And you're still pretending this was all just a dream?"

My fingers thrust deeper, faster now, curling just right, hitting that spot that made her cry out—still refusing to say it. Her body betrayed her every second—shaking, clenching, soaking my hand—but her mouth stayed shut.

"You want to come, don't you?" I whispered darkly, moving my lips up to her neck, biting down just beneath her jaw. "Then say it wasn't a dream. Say it was me."

She whimpered, body bucking against my hand, against my mouth, her lips parted like she was right there—on the edge.

Still, nothing.

Stubborn, beautiful, infuriating.

I groaned into her skin, thrusting my fingers faster, my tongue tracing over her nipple again while my free hand gripped her thigh and held her open for me. Her body was on fire, her moans louder, more desperate—my name nearly slipping from her lips.

And then—a sharp knock at the door.

I froze.

So did she.

Another knock, louder this time. "Luna Olivia? Are you okay?" It was the voice of one of her personal maids.

I clenched my jaw, pulling back slightly but not removing my fingers. Olivia looked at me, panic rising in her eyes.

I leaned in, my voice low and rough. "This isn't over," I whispered darkly, curling my fingers once more inside her before pulling away slowly, deliberately.

She gasped, biting her lip to stay quiet as I stepped back, fixing my shirt, my eyes burning into hers.

"That wasn't a dream," I growled softly. "And no matter what lie you keep telling yourself... your body knows it."

With that, I turned and went for the door. When I opened it, I met the stunned look in the eyes of the maid, but she quickly bowed her head and looked away.

Ignoring her, I walked away while ignoring the hardness of my dick. Fuck! That woman was driving me crazy. My intention going to her room was to threaten her to tell me who her lover is—but now I ended up doing what I promised I wouldn't let happen again.

Making my way back to my study, a maid rushed up to me.

"Alpha... please come. Lady Anita just fainted."

## Chapter 79: Attention

### Lennox's POV

I followed the maid into Anita's chambers, finding a healer already attending to her. Confused, I moved closer, only to realize Anita seemed unconscious—which was strange. Just a few minutes ago, she was fine... having breakfast with us. So, what the hell happened all of a sudden?

The door pushed open, and my brothers walked in, both having the same look of confusion in their eyes.

"What happened?" Louis asked as he approached Anita's side.

The healer didn't respond to us. Instead, she kept chanting incantations we couldn't understand. My brothers and I exchanged confused glances but said nothing, choosing to let her work in silence.

After a long moment filled with murmured incantations, the healer finally stopped and turned to face us.

"Greetings, Alphas," she greeted respectfully, bowing her head to us.

"What is wrong with her?" Levi asked immediately.

The healer bowed her head once more before rising to speak.

"She is suffering from an imbalance in her blood," the healer said calmly, her tone heavy with concern. "A rare condition, one that weakens her body and drains her strength. It's why she fainted."

"Is it fatal?" Levi asked quickly, his eyes darting to Anita's still form on the bed.

"No, Alpha," the healer reassured us. "It has a cure. Through regular incantations, herbs, and healing rituals, she will fully recover. But it will take time. If she follows the regimen precisely, she should be completely healed within two months."

A collective breath of relief passed between us, but the healer wasn't finished.

"She needs rest... love... and attention," the healer added, her eyes flicking between us with something akin to judgment. "Her condition was worsened not only by the imbalance in her blood—but by emotional neglect."

My frown deepened.

"What do you mean?" I asked carefully, though a part of me already knew where this was going.

"She lost a child just weeks ago," the healer said softly. "A baby that was growing inside her. A life. And yet... she grieved alone. None of you came to her. None comforted her."

The room went still.

Louis shifted uncomfortably, and Levi's expression hardened, guilt settling into his features.

I stayed quiet, staring at Anita.

"She bled for hours in her chamber," the healer continued. "Silently. In pain. In sorrow. And no one cared enough to ask what was wrong. Not one of you Alphas."

I clenched my fists. Not out of defensiveness—but because she was right.

All of us had been so preoccupied with Olivia. None of us had thought of Anita suffering.

"She is your concubine," the healer said firmly. "Not your wife, yes—but still a woman who has your marks."

"Enough," I growled quietly, more to myself than to her. The shame was already cutting deep.

The healer bowed her head respectfully but continued.



"She needs care. From now on, you must show that she matters," she spoke softly.

I nodded, jaw tight. "She will have everything she needs," I said.

The healer nodded. "Let her rest. She's exhausted. I'll return in the evening with the herbs and to begin the first full incantation. Until then, do not upset her."

As she left the room, I stepped closer to Anita. I didn't even know what to feel. Maybe I felt guilty. Maybe I felt terrible. Anita didn't just lose a child—we all did. And none of us mourned that pup. I didn't even think about it the way I should have.

Louis moved beside me.

"We messed up," he said simply.

I didn't respond.

Because he was right.

A few months back, we thought we loved Anita. We wanted her. Hell, we were practically competing for who she'd love more. But then everything changed the moment we realized Olivia was our mate. The woman we once despised turned out to be fated for us—and that shattered everything we had with Anita. We'd been so caught up in Olivia and her problems that we completely neglected Anita.

"She shouldn't be alone... we should be taking turns spending time with her at least," Louis said.

"I'll stay with her," Levi offered. "She needs to wake up to someone by her side."

Louis looked at him for a moment, then gave a short nod. "We'll rotate. I'll come after you tonight. Then Lennox in the morning."

I didn't argue.

I turned toward the door. "I'll tell the kitchen to send something up in case she wakes hungry," I said, and then left the room.

In the hallway, I stopped a staff member and asked her to prepare a meal for Anita. Then, I headed back to my room. Sitting on the edge of the bed, my thoughts drifted—straight to Olivia and the heated moment we'd just shared.

I hated it. I hated how much I loved it. I loved slamming my lips against hers. I loved hearing her moans. Fuck, I loved the feel of my fingers inside her. And when she moaned my name? It was everything.

"Fuck!" I growled, covering my face with my palm.

This was a woman who destroyed me... she hurt me. How could I be thinking of her this way?

My wolf stirred. "Perhaps you should have a talk with her... ask her why she hurt you," my wolf suggested.

I dropped my hands from my face and stared blankly at the floor, jaw tight.

"No," I muttered out loud.

There was nothing to talk about.

I didn't need answers. I didn't need her justifications. I didn't need the pain to be dragged back to the surface all over again.

"She hurt me," I whispered bitterly. "She broke me. Destroyed me. And now... now she walks around like nothing happened."

I ran a hand through my hair and stood abruptly, pacing across the room like a caged animal. The memory of her moaning my name echoed again in my head, her fingers digging into my back, her soft whimpers—damn it. My body ached just thinking about it, but my chest burned with pain.

I wasn't supposed to want her. Not anymore.

"I have nothing to discuss with Olivia," I said harshly, speaking more to myself than anyone else. "I don't want her explanations. I don't want her guilt or apologies or whatever the fuck she has to say. I don't want to open old wounds."

My wolf was quiet, but I felt him silently judging—or maybe understanding.

I continued, "Olivia nearly made me hate my brothers. She almost destroyed my bond with them. I could've seen them as enemies if I wasn't smart. Fuck! Olivia was a bitch."

My wolf stirred but said nothing.

"I'll focus on Anita," I said aloud, grounding myself. "I once desired her. I wanted her. It won't be hard to want her again."

a mind link interrupted my thoughts.

"Alpha, Luna Olivia just left the mansion. She says she's going into the woods to shift. Should we follow her?" a guard at the gate asked through the mind link.

I frowned, rising to my feet immediately. "Don't," I said, already heading for the door.

No need for the guards to follow her. Not when I could do it myself—and catch her red-handed. Maybe she was sneaking off to meet her lover. And God help them if I catch them together because if I do...

## Chapter 80: Clothes

### Olivia's POV

"I need a glass of water, please," I said to Nora, who walked in after Lennox left.

"Alright." She bowed and left.

My heart was still shaken by what had happened earlier with Lennox. My heart wouldn't stop racing, and my lips still tingled from the way he kissed me—rough, needy, possessive. It was wrong, but Goddess help me, I wanted more.

I hated myself for it.

Sighing heavily, I stood and began pacing the room, trying to calm the storm inside me when a soft knock came at the door.

"Come in," I said, clearing my throat and composing my expression.

Lolita stepped in, eyes wide and voice hurried. "Have you heard? Lady Anita fainted."

My brows pulled together immediately. "What?"

"She collapsed in her chambers. The healer is with her now—and the Alphas too. They rushed to her the moment they heard."

I blinked, trying to process her words. Anita? Fainted? Just this morning, she'd been smiling over breakfast. Moments ago, she was here throwing threats at me.

"And they're with her now?" I asked, my voice tight without meaning it to be.

Lolita nodded. "Yes. They've been in her chambers for a while now."

I bit the inside of my cheek hard enough to taste blood. I didn't say anything, just nodded and waved Lolita off. She gave me a concerned look before slipping out the door.

I stood frozen in place, staring at the wall, until the bitterness became too much to swallow.

Jealousy burned through me, fast and hot, before I could stop it. I hated the feeling. Hated that it even existed. But I couldn't deny it. I couldn't pretend I didn't care.

I shook my head.

I needed air. I needed space.

I grabbed a jacket, not even bothering to change from my simple clothes, and slipped out the door.

At the gate, the guards wanted to accompany me, but I ordered them not to, and then I left, making my way straight to the woods.

The moment I walked into the woods, I undressed, folded my clothes, and kept them on a tree, and then I shifted into my wolf. Without wasting a second, I sprinted.

I raced through the thick woods, trying my best to wipe off the memory of them. Why can't I just hate them like I wanted to? Why am I here feeling miserable and jealous just because they are with Anita? Fuck! Moon Goddess, help me hate them! I pleaded, still racing through the woods, the afternoon breeze hitting me.

Realizing that the sprinting wasn't helping, I raced back to my clothes in my four-legged form.

Racing back in my wolf form, I was surprised to find Alpha Lennox waiting for me. What was he doing here? Wasn't he supposed to be taking care of his favorite concubine?

Halting before the tree, I took a moment to catch my breath, only to notice something unusual. Lennox was leaning casually against a tree, one hand shoved into his pocket, the other gripping my clothes and belongings.

A growl of frustration escaped me. Why is he holding my things?

I padded closer, letting my wolf eyes lock onto his smug face. Lennox smirked, clearly entertained by my predicament.

"Shift back," his voice drawled, smooth and taunting. "Unless, of course, you're comfortable staying like that."

I bared my teeth in irritation but couldn't hold the shift for much longer. With a frustrated huff, I relented. My wolf receded, fur melting into skin, bones cracking as I shifted into my human form.

The cold air pricked at my bare skin, and I immediately crossed my arms over my chest, glaring at him.

"Give me my clothes," I demanded through gritted teeth.

Lennox chuckled lowly, the sound soft but annoying. He didn't move. Instead, he raised my clothes higher, just out of my reach.

"Why don't you come and take them yourself, mate?"

My cheeks flushed red from the chill and his shameless teasing.

"Lennox, this isn't funny."

"Oh, but it is," he countered, his sharp eyes gleaming as he ran his lustful gaze over my naked form. "You left the mansion without guards and ran off. Consider this... punishment."

I took a step closer, every nerve in my body screaming at me to snatch the fabric from his hands, but his challenging stance stopped me. He wanted me to get angry, to lash out. Or perhaps he was just in the mood to play, which I wasn't.

"Lennox," I spat, irritated. "I'm freezing." I lied.

Lennox tilted his head as if considering my words, but the smirk on his lips didn't falter.

"Beg for it, mate," he said, his voice dropping an octave. "Ask nicely."

His words made my blood boil. Beg for it? Was he out of his mind? Yet, as much as his taunts infuriated me, there was a flicker of something new in his tone—a playfulness I hadn't seen for a long time.

I narrowed my eyes, studying him carefully. His posture wasn't as rigid as usual. His smirk wasn't cruel but almost... teasing. This wasn't the cold, merciless Alpha who tormented me. This was the Lennox I grew up knowing, grew up loving.

"Lennox," I grumbled, "this isn't the time for games."

He shrugged nonchalantly, clearly enjoying himself.

"Oh, I think it's the perfect time for games, mate."

The word "mate" made my stomach twist in irritation. I stepped closer, my bare feet sinking into the cold forest ground. The closer I got, the higher he raised my clothes, just out of reach.

"Come on, Olivia," he taunted, his voice dripping with amusement. "You're not even trying."

I clenched my fists, glaring at him.

"You're impossible."

"And you're predictable," he shot back, chuckling as I leaped up to grab my clothes. My fingers barely brushed the fabric before he shifted his arm, holding them higher.

"Give them back!" I growled, jumping again.

This time, he stepped back with a laugh, but I didn't stop. Frustration and embarrassment fueled my movements as I lunged at him, determined to snatch my belongings. My foot caught on a root, and I stumbled, throwing all my weight into him.