

Fated To Not Just One, But Three

#Chapter 81: Dirty Secret - Read Fated To Not Just One, But Three Chapter 81: Dirty Secret

Chapter 81: Dirty Secret

Olivia's POV

Lennox's eyes widened slightly before he lost his balance. He toppled backward with a thud, and I landed right on top of him.

"Ugh," he groaned, the air knocked out of him.

I scrambled to grab my clothes from his hand, but he was faster. Before I could get away, he flipped us, pinning me to the ground with ease. My breath hitched as his body pressed against mine, his heat seeping into my chilled skin.

"Alpha Lennox, get off!" I snapped, wriggling beneath him.

"I won't... in fact, I want to punish you. Push me away if you can."

He smirked and leaned down, tongue immediately finding my clit. I drew my knees together, but he forced them apart and pinned my thighs. He inhaled deeply, eyes turning completely gray.

"Fuck," he mumbled. "I've been wanting this again."

Pushing one finger inside of me, he continued to lap at my clit. I gripped the grass on the ground, trying to still my trembling body. My pussy clenched around him, and I bit my lip to muffle my moans.

He stared at me, his eyes like the sun. Daring me to push him away.

I shoved a hand through his hair, pulling him even closer. There was no pushing him away. I needed him closer, was aching to feel him inside of me, right here in these woods.

"Alpha Lennox," I said between shaky breaths.

He sucked my clit into his mouth, his tongue still moving in torturous circles, and pounded two fingers deep into me.

"Someone might see us... Lennox... They will tell your brothers."

Lennox didn't stop. He continued to devour me—his stubble tickling my inner thighs, his hands pinning my legs to the ground, his fucking eyes taking in every inch of my body. I gazed around the woods, worried.

I bit my lip to hold in my moans. "Nox," I whispered. My legs began to tremble, and I knew I was seconds away from releasing myself onto him.

"Lennox, please stop."

I pressed my lips together. Oh, my Moon Goddess. I gulped, trying to draw my legs together again, but Lennox pushed them down.

"Stop," he ordered. "Look at me." I gazed down at him, then looked away. He growled and snatched my chin.

"Me," he said, voice full of dominance.

I gnawed on the inside of my cheek. "Someone might walk in," I said in a hushed voice. There was no doubt in my mind that someone might be around.

He released my chin, thrusting a finger back into my pussy and watching me squirm.

"I will finish what's mine. No one will interrupt me."

He pressed his tongue against my clit. One hand wandered up my torso to my breast, and he grasped it in his hand, pinching my nipple between his fingers.

I parted my lips, slapped a hand over my mouth to muffle my moans, and came all over him. Wave after wave of pleasure pulsed out of me, sending me higher than I had ever been. My mind was foggy, my whole body tingling. Yet, he didn't stop massaging my clit with his tongue.

Pressure rose in my core again. I curled a hand in his hair, brows furrowing.

"Lennox"—I threw my head back—"I'm going to..."

He wrapped an arm around my waist and picked me up off the ground and pinned me to a nearby tree. I dug my fingers into his shoulders as he thrust his fingers into my pussy, hard, his canines grazing against my neck, poking the skin just barely.

"Yes," I said softly into his ear. A rush of heat warmed my core. Hell, I didn't even know what I had said, what he had done, or what he would do. All I knew was that it felt too fucking good, and I wanted more.

"Please."

Lennox pressed his lips against my ear.

"I want to hear you scream, Olivia. So fucking loud that everyone in this goddamn pack hears you."

He brushed his thumb against my swollen clit.

"Cum for me."

I parted my lips, my toes curling, and moaned his name, unable to hold it back.

"Fuck, baby," he said, fingers slowing down until I had totally collapsed in his arms.

For a moment, we didn't move; rather, we remained in each other's arms until he gently pulled away and gazed at me with lustful desire in his eyes.

"This should be our little secret."

His words echoed like poison in my ears.

Secret.

Like I was something to hide. An embarrassment. A whore he wanted to keep tucked away where no one else would see. Just like always—me in the shadows, Anita in the spotlight. Them holding me close when no one was watching, only to pretend I didn't exist when others were around.

Suddenly, all the warmth between us turned cold.

A lump formed in my throat as shame washed over me like icy water. What was I doing? Why did I let him touch me? I knew better. I knew what this was. And still... I craved it like a fool.

I shoved Lennox with all the strength I could gather. He stumbled back a step, clearly caught off guard. I didn't care.

"Don't touch me," I hissed, snatching my clothes from the ground and dressing in anger. My hands trembled, not from the cold this time—but from disgust. At myself. At him.

Lennox opened his mouth to speak, but I cut him off before he could even form a word.

"Don't you dare say anything," I snapped, yanking my gown down. "You make me feel like I'm worth nothing more than a dirty little secret. Like I'm something to use and hide."

"Olivia—"

His jaw tightened, but he said nothing.

I shook my head, swallowing the pain that was threatening to crack my voice.

"If you ever come near me again—if you ever lay another hand on me—I will go straight to your brothers and tell them exactly what you've been doing."

A flash of something flickered in his eyes. Anger? Regret? I didn't care.

"This ends here," I said coldly. "I'd rather be alone than be your dirty secret."

And with that, I turned and walked away, tears stinging my eyes, but I drew them back, not wanting them to fall.

Chapter 82: Full Moon Soon

Lennox's POV

I felt terrible.

For the past two hours since I came back from the woods, I couldn't stop thinking about what happened there. The raw pain I saw in Olivia's eyes, the anger—it told me how my words must have hurt her so dearly.

I felt horrible and had the thought of going to her, but if I did, then what am I going to say? Apologize? Tell her I won't keep it a secret? Tell her I will let go of the past and accept our bond?

All that was not possible, So what was the point in going to her? Maybe she was right. Maybe this... whatever it is between us... needs to end. She never truly wanted me. It was never me. So I should just leave it that way.

With a heavy sigh, I walked over to the far end of my room where a small safe was tucked behind a shelf. My fingers trembled slightly as I reached out and brushed the dust off the keypad. I hadn't opened it in months. Maybe even a year.

Six... one... seven... eight...

The soft click echoed in the silence as the safe unlocked.

I hesitated for a moment, staring at the small door, then slowly opened it. My hand reached inside and pulled it out.

I just stood there, staring at it as the weight of memories came crashing into me. My throat tightened. Tears pricked at the corners of my eyes, but I didn't blink them away.

It's been four years.

Four damn years.

And it still hurt like hell.

Every time I saw it, it felt like a blade twisting in my chest all over again. I could never bring myself to burn it... never could throw it away either.

I kept telling myself that one day—one day—I'd confront her with it. Look her in the eyes and demand answers.

But every time I got close... I froze.

Because deep down, I wasn't sure I wanted the truth.

What if she admits it? What if she looks me dead in the eye and says, Yes, I did it? What then? How the hell would I survive that?

I inhaled deeply and shoved the item back into the safe. Closed it. Locked it.

I returned to the couch, picking up my glass of whiskey, trying to drown myself in alcohol, like I did that day. I almost drank myself to death. Olivia had hurt me so dearly. How can I still have a place for her in my heart? Why can't my heart see reason and hate her? I was supposed to feel nothing but hate for that woman.

A sudden knock came on the door, and before I could ask the person to go away, the door pushed open, and I frowned, already knowing it was my mother through her vanilla scent.

She stepped in and slowly shut the door. Immediately, her eyes landed on me, and a worried look spread across her face.

I grumbled wishing I had locked my door.

"Lennox, is everything okay?" She sounded so worried as she moved closer to me.

I rubbed my forehead. "Yes, Mother," I replied. "Just... pack stress." I lied.

Mother, who didn't seem to believe me, sat on my bed as she settled her eyes on me as if studying me. It was obvious she didn't believe me, but my mother knew I hated being questioned. When I said I was fine, it was better not to question me.

After a moment, she sighed. "I'm here to discuss an important matter with you. I should have discussed it with you and your brothers, but since you are the eldest, I thought of coming to you."

I frowned. "Mother, we're triplets. None of us is older."

Mother rolled her eyes. "You know that is not true. You came out first from me, and ten minutes later, I had Levi, and five minutes later came Louis," she argued.

I scowled at her. Here she went again, bringing up this age debate. I wasn't in the mood for it.

"Fine," I muttered. "Go on, then. What is it you need to say?"

She glanced at the whiskey glass in my hand, then looked back up at me. "The full moon is in two weeks."

My heart skipped a beat. My fingers froze around the glass.

I didn't say anything. I didn't need to.

I knew exactly what that meant.

Olivia's first heat.

My jaw clenched tightly as I stared into the amber liquid swirling in the glass. The room suddenly felt colder, like someone had cracked open the window and let winter inside.

In werewolf tradition, any she-wolf who has been marked—willingly or not—experiences heat under the full moon. It's intense, uncontrollable... primal. She desires her mate, aches for him. But if the mate isn't there or refuses her, that ache becomes torment. Desperation. And sometimes... she'll take anyone just to ease it.

My throat burned with that thought.

Another man touching her.

Another man holding her the way only I should.

No.

My grip tightened around the glass, and I had to force myself not to shatter it in my hand.

"I thought it's best to remind you," my mother continued gently, watching me with a mixture of sympathy and hesitation. "You and your brothers marked her, Lennox. Whether you accept her or not, the bond exists. You might not be ready, but your wolf—her wolf—won't care about your reasons."

I shut my eyes briefly and exhaled through my nose. "Why are you telling me this now?"

"Because you need to prepare yourself—you and your brothers. This is Olivia's first heat. I know what she will go through if you men refuse to touch her."

The room fell into silence.

I understood what Mother said. I know what it means for a woman to go through her first heat after being marked. Some whose mates aren't around end up sleeping with different male wolves just to quench the heat.

I thought of Olivia. Of how she had broken me. Then I looked away.

"Mother, I think you should have the discussion with either Levi or Louis because Anita also bears my mark, and she will be on heat that day, so I will be with her," I murmured and saw the disappointment on my mother's face. "Maybe one of them will choose to be with Olivia," I added, even though I knew the odds were slim.

My mother glared at me, clearly disappointed, but she didn't argue or press on. Rather, she stood to her feet and walked away.

I downed the rest of the whiskey and slammed the glass on the table. The burn in my throat didn't compare to the pain clawing through my chest. I ran a hand through my hair and let out a low growl.

What pissed me off the most was... she was right.

My wolf was already agitated just hearing it. The thought of Olivia needing—craving—a touch during that damn full moon and me not being there?

No.

Hell no.

But then I reminded myself.

She hurt you.

She never even wanted me. Not really. She said it herself—

So why the hell did I still care?

Even now... even after everything... a twisted part of me still ached for her. Still saw the girl who once looked at me like I was her whole world—even if it was all a goddamn lie.

I thought of Levi and Louis. I knew they would also not accept to be with Olivia. They hate her too. But what if one of them agrees? Or worse, what if both my brothers agree? Then what will happen?

Would I be with Anita... while my brothers touched the woman I still dreamed about?

The thought made me restless.

I couldn't even imagine it in my head

Fated To Not Just One, But Three #Chapter 83: At The Front Door - Read Fated To Not Just One, But Three Chapter 83: At The Front Door

Chapter 83: At The Front Door

Olivia's POV

I didn't feel like going to the table for breakfast. I didn't feel like seeing any of the triplets. Since I came back from the woods yesterday, I had been indoors in my room, trying to gather myself.

Now this is a new day, and I wished I could just stay in my room all through today, but I knew I couldn't. I had responsibilities to attend to, and despite how much I hated it, I knew I would have to see them.

So, bracing myself, I left my room and made my way to the dining room for breakfast.

Reaching the dining room, my foot halted for a moment as I watched what was before me. Seated around the table were the triplets and Anita—but that was not what made me halt my step.

What made me halt my step was the scene playing out in front of me.

Lennox was sitting beside Anita, his face softer than I'd ever seen it lately, his eyes full of gentle warmth I didn't even know he was capable of anymore. He was holding a spoon up to her lips, feeding her with care, murmuring something low that made her smile.

She leaned into him like it was the most natural thing in the world, brushing her hand against his thigh as she took the bite he offered. And Lennox—he didn't flinch. He didn't pull away. He just smiled faintly, the way a man might smile at the woman he loves.

Something twisted painfully in my chest.

I gripped the door frame before I lost my balance.

That shouldn't hurt.

But it did.

Because for a moment, I was twelve again.

I remembered that day like it was stitched into my soul—the three of them sitting on either side of me, practically fighting over who got to feed me. I'd refused to eat because I was sick and stubborn, and Louis had brought me soup. Levi had stolen the spoon and made silly faces while feeding me. Lennox, irritated, took the bowl and declared, "I'm feeding her—because she listens to me."

And I did. I always listened to him.

I remembered how I'd looked up at him with wide eyes, and he'd tucked a strand of hair behind my ear and said, "Good girl."

That memory hurt now.

Because that version of him—of them—was long gone.

I forced myself to straighten. I could feel their eyes on me now—one after the other.

First Levi.

Then Louis.

And finally Lennox.

His smile disappeared. The spoon paused halfway back to the bowl.

Anita followed his gaze, then turned to look at me, her expression blank—but I knew how happy she felt.

I clenched my jaw and lifted my chin, walking toward the table with as much grace as I could summon, even though my knees felt like jelly and my heart was pounding far too loud in my chest.

"Good morning," I said, voice steady—too steady.

Levi mumbled a greeting. Louis gave me a short nod.

Lennox didn't say a word.

I slid into the empty chair across from them and reached for a piece of toast, ignoring the tightness in my chest, the heat in my eyes, and the lump forming in my throat.

I would not cry.

Not over them.

Not again.

And definitely not in front of her.

But no matter how calm I pretended to be, one thought kept echoing inside me like a cruel drumbeat.

That used to be me. They used to feed me.

Ignoring the pain I felt, I focused on buttering my toast like it was the most important task in the world.

I didn't look up.

I didn't need to.

I could feel Anita's smug gaze on me, her body language practically screaming I won.

I took a slow bite of my toast, chewing mechanically. The silence at the table was thick, suffocating, but I forced myself to act like I didn't care. Like my heart wasn't quietly breaking in my chest.

Just as I reached for a glass of juice, a maid appeared beside me, clutching a small, elegant box wrapped in gold paper.

"Luna, we found this at the front door. It has your name on it," she said gently, placing it in front of me.

All eyes turned to the box.

I blinked at it, confused.

"What...?" I muttered.

I hadn't been expecting anything. A note was tagged on it. The mystery sender was back at it again.

I felt Lennox's gaze burn into the side of my face, but I didn't meet it. I was too focused on the strange pressure in my chest as I slowly pulled the ribbon off the box.

Lifting the lid, I froze.

Inside was a stunning set of gold jewelry—delicate, but clearly expensive. A necklace with intricate designs that glittered under the morning light, matching earrings nestled beside it, and a bracelet that looked like it belonged in a royal collection.

My fingers trembled slightly as I lifted the small folded note that came with it.

In neat, typed writing, it read:

"I heard the Alphas burned the teddy bear. This will replace it."

My stomach dropped.

I swallowed hard, quickly folding the note again before anyone could snatch it. I glanced up only to find all three brothers watching me.

Levi's brows were furrowed.

Louis looked confused.

Lennox—his jaw was clenched tight.

And Anita? Her eyes narrowed on the box like it personally offended her.

"From your lover again?" Levi asked bluntly, breaking the silence.

I shrugged. "I don't know who the hell this person is."

"Really?" Louis added, his tone sharper now.

I didn't answer. I simply closed the box and pushed it to the side like it didn't matter.

But it did.

God, it did.

Because someone out there saw me. Someone out there cared.

And whether that should terrify me or comfort me...

I honestly didn't know.

Slamming his fist against the table, Lennox got up on his feet, the leg of the chair scraping against the tiled floor.

"It's time we finally find out who your mysterious lover is," Lennox growled, his voice low but filled with rage.

He didn't even wait for a response. He turned sharply toward Louis and Levi. "The CCTV cameras must have caught whoever dropped this off. No one gets near the house without being seen."

Louis was already rising from his seat, lips pressed into a thin line. Levi didn't hesitate either, his expression unreadable. Anita said something under her breath, but no one paid her any mind.

I blinked, my breath caught in my throat.

He was really going to check?

Panic and curiosity tangled inside me—because deep down, some part of me wanted to know too. Whoever kept sending me these gifts... they were getting bolder. Showing up at the front door?

Without thinking, I stood as well.

Lennox frowned at me, but I didn't care. I was going to see this through. I needed to know who this person was.

Chapter 84: Hand it over

Olivia's POV

We made our way down the hallway, the air tense, our footsteps echoing off the walls like a countdown ticking in my ears. No one said a word. I didn't know what scared me more—finding out who it was... or not finding anything at all.

As we neared the control room, I could see the tightness in Lennox's shoulders, the way his hands curled into fists at his sides. He was pissed. Possessively pissed.

Louis punched in the code to unlock the door, and the heavy steel slid open.

Inside, the room was dim, lit only by the glow of monitors lining the walls. Dozens of feeds showed every angle of the house, the grounds, and the front gate.

Lennox didn't hesitate. He moved like a man on a mission, fingers flying across the controls as he pulled up the timestamped footage from earlier this morning.

We all leaned in, holding our breath.

And then—

"There," Levi pointed sharply.

The screen showed a tall figure approaching the entrance, dressed in black, hoodie pulled low, and face hidden beneath the shadows of a cap. They moved swiftly, confidently—too confidently. They bent down, placed the box gently in front of the door, then turned and walked off.

My heart was pounding in my chest as Lennox froze the frame. He zoomed in, trying to catch even a glimpse of a defining feature, but the figure had been careful—too careful.

"Damn it," Lennox muttered.

Louis leaned closer. "They know where the cameras are... look at the angle. They're deliberately avoiding a clear shot."

Lennox's jaw tightened as he rewound the clip, replaying the figure's smooth exit.

"That's not some random admirer," Levi muttered. "That's someone who knows how to move around the mansion."

Lennox stepped back from the monitors, his breathing heavy. "Levi, find out who was on patrol at that hour. If someone let them in, I'll have their head."

He turned abruptly and looked right at me for the first time since we entered the room. His gaze pinned me in place.

"Whoever this is, tell him I'm coming for his head."

I swallowed hard, unsure whether I should be scared or... strangely flattered.

Because something about the way Lennox said it—possessive, dark, furious—sounded less like he was jealous...

Confused, I left them at the control room and went back to the table, where Anita was still seated.

"Has your lover been revealed?" she asked, sounding curious. Obviously, I was by now certain she had no hand in it.

I ignored her question and picked up the box of jewelry again, staring down at it. Whoever sent this had money—serious money. The set of gold jewelry gleamed, exquisite and expensive.

I sat back at the table, the box of gold jewelry resting lightly in my lap.

The sound of hurried footsteps got my attention.

I looked up just in time to see all three brothers re-enter the dining room—Lennox in the lead, storming toward me like a thundercloud about to break. His eyes were locked on the box in my lap, dark and burning with emotion I couldn't name.

"Give it to me," he said sharply, stopping just in front of me.

I blinked. "What?"

"The box, Olivia. Hand it over."

I stared up at him. "No."

His jaw tensed, his nostrils flaring. "I said give it to me. I want it gone."

I stood, holding the box tightly against my chest. "You already burned the teddy bear. I let you do that, even though it was a harmless gift. But this?" I shook my head. "No. I'm not letting you destroy this too. This is expensive."

He took a step closer, his presence towering, his anger suffocating. "You think this means something? You think I can't get hundreds of them for you with just a snap of my fingers?"

"But you never did," I shot back, my voice rising. "What you couldn't give, someone else did."

Lennox's eyes flashed. "Really? So gifts were your problem? You wanted them? Is that what you told him?"

I glared at him, breath trembling. "Gifts were never my problem, and I don't need your damn gifts, Lennox."

That hit him. Hard. He flinched like I'd slapped him.

His eyes widened, darkening furiously. "Hand it over. That's an order, Olivia."

"I'm not one of your pack members to command," I bit back. "I'm your Luna. You don't get to bark orders at me just because you're pissed."

"Alright, enough!" Levi suddenly stepped in, his voice authoritative but calm. "Lennox, back off."

Louis nodded in agreement, coming up behind him. "We need to focus on who left that box, not fight Olivia over it."

Lennox didn't move for a long second. His jaw clenched, and he stared at the box like it personally offended him. Like it had stolen something from him.

He stared at me, his breathing ragged, like he was fighting the urge to say something he'd regret.

I clutched the box to my chest, trembling, furious, confused... and somewhere deep down, aching.

Because the way he looked at me—it wasn't just anger.

It was jealousy.

Possession.

The kind that only comes from a man who's in love.

Before anyone could speak again, Anita suddenly gasped and reached for the edge of the table.

"I... I don't feel so good," she whispered, swaying in her seat.

Louis rushed to her side, concern flashing across his face. "Anita?"

She blinked slowly, her body listing like she couldn't hold herself upright. "Dizzy... everything's spinning..."

Before I could even process what was happening, Lennox moved.

Gone was the fury, the rage—his whole body shifted into protector mode. He was at her side in an instant, scooping her into his arms as if she weighed nothing.

"Anita," he said, voice tight with worry, "I'll take you back to your room."

I stood frozen as I watched him cradle her against his chest, murmuring something low I couldn't hear. Her head lolled slightly, and she pressed her face into his neck with a soft, breathy sound.

Lennox didn't hesitate. He turned sharply, striding out of the dining room, carrying her like she was something fragile—something precious.

Louis and Levi followed behind quickly, murmuring to each other in hushed tones.

And I... I just stood there.

The box of jewelry was still clutched tightly in my arms, pressed against my chest.

I couldn't move.

Couldn't breathe.

Couldn't feel anything beyond the sharp, cold pressure of watching him carry someone else like that. Watching my mates giving someone else such attention.

My legs threatened to give out under me.

I sank slowly back into my seat, the weight in my chest growing heavier by the second.

It was like I was invisible again.

Forgotten.

Like I'd never been the girl who once had all three of them fighting to hold her hand.

Like I hadn't meant anything.

And maybe I didn't.

Not anymore.

I glanced down at the box of gold jewelry in my lap, fingers tightening around it.

At least someone out there still sees me.

Chapter 85: Slapped Me

Louis' POV

Lennox gently laid Anita down on her bed, and I stepped in to tuck the blanket around her. She sighed, her eyes fluttering shut, her breathing uneven and shallow. I reached out to touch her forehead—and cursed under my breath.

She was burning up.

"We should call the healer," I told my brothers.

"No... don't... I'm fine... it's normal for me to feel this way," Anita said weakly, her eyes still closed.

I exchanged a silent look with my brothers. None of us said a word. We just stood there, watching her.

"It's my turn to look after her... you two need to go out there and find out who that bastard is," Lennox said through gritted teeth.

"I'll question the men who were on duty," Levi offered.

Lennox nodded. "Good. And we need to set a trap. If he comes back, we take him down—"

"Can you three just stop it already?" Anita's voice sliced through the air, stronger than it had been just moments ago.

We froze.

"I'm lying here, burning alive, and all you care about is Olivia and who her mysterious lover might be?"

Anita's sudden outburst caught us all off guard. Her eyes had snapped open, fiery despite the dark circles beneath them, her voice no longer weak and breathy but laced with fury and frustration. Lennox immediately stepped back from the bed, his jaw clenching. Levi blinked in surprise, and I... I just stared at her.

"I'm right here, burning up, feeling like my insides are being set on fire, and you three are busy planning ambushes and interrogations over Olivia's drama?" she hissed, pushing the blanket off her like it was suffocating her.

"Anita—" Lennox began, his tone defensive.

"No! Don't 'Anita' me." She sat up, swaying slightly, but the stubborn fire in her eyes didn't waver. "You all barged in here like you cared, but clearly, I'm just an afterthought. I could drop dead, and you'd be halfway through hunting down Olivia's imaginary lover before someone remembered to bury me!"

Levi shifted uncomfortably, rubbing the back of his neck. "It's not like that..."

"It's exactly like that," she snapped. "Ever since you three found out she is your mate, it's always been Olivia this, Olivia that. Meanwhile, I'm here—I'm still here—hurting, burning, breaking... and no one sees it."

Silence settled thick in the room. Lennox looked like he wanted to argue, but even he knew she had a point. Ever since Olivia became our mate, everything has been about her like it was before. But Anita can't blame us... we once loved that girl with everything in us.

I stepped closer, lowering myself to the edge of her bed. "You're right," I said quietly. "And I'm sorry."

Anita frowned and looked away. "You three can leave. I can take care of myself—" Anita began, but I cut her off gently.

"No. Let us take care of you for once."

Anita blinked rapidly, and I could see the tears building in her eyes despite her best effort to fight them.

"I wonder what is so special about her," she murmured as she lay back on the bed and pulled the blanket over herself.

She was wrong.

She couldn't see it—but Olivia was special in more ways than she'd ever know.

She used to bake us those terrible, burnt cookies when we trained late into the night. We'd eat them anyway, pretending they were delicious—just to see her smile.

The night I had my first severe allergic reaction, she stayed by my side, crying, praying in that tiny, broken voice of hers. I heard her, even when I was unconscious. She begged the illness to leave me and come to her instead.

She made us laugh. God, she made us laugh—back when laughing was easy.

She's kind. Thoughtful in quiet ways. The type to remember someone's favorite meal, the way they take their tea, or the song they hum when they're nervous or happy.

She never asked for attention. She just... gave love without needing anything in return.

She was warmth. She was home.

Even after everything—after the years, the distance, the hate—just hearing her name brought something alive in me.

Anita couldn't see it.

But the truth is...

I never really stopped loving Olivia.

Maybe my brothers did, but I never did.

"I'm leaving," I said, and before they could respond, I walked out.

I needed to breathe, to move, to think, so I found myself walking toward the training grounds. The familiar thudding of fists against punching bags, the clang of metal, and the sharp whistles of commands helped clear my head—until I saw her.

There she was.

Olivia.

Standing near the edge of the combat field, her blonde hair pulled up into a messy bun, eyes lit up with laughter. She was laughing—really laughing—with Maddison, the head of our warriors. His massive frame loomed beside her as he chuckled, clearly amused by something she had just said.

Then she touched his arm.

Just a touch—but it felt like betrayal.

My hands clenched into fists.

What the hell?

Maddison? He had a mate. A mate who adored him. But the way he was looking at Olivia now... like he'd do anything to make her laugh again... it twisted something in my gut.

Jealousy.

Sharp, ugly, and completely consuming.

What if he was the secret lover? The one who'd been sending gifts?

I didn't think. I just moved.

In a blink, I was there—cutting between them.

"What's so funny?" I demanded.

Olivia's laughter died instantly. Her smile faded. "Louis—"

"No, seriously." I turned to Maddison. "You got something hilarious to share with the rest of us? Or is this some private joke between lovers?"

Maddison looked confused, and he took a step backward. "Alpha, I don't understand what you are saying?"

But I wasn't even looking at him anymore. My eyes were locked on Olivia's. "It's been years since you laughed like that... with me."

The air shifted. Warriors training nearby stopped and turned, drawn to the growing tension.

Olivia's eyes widened, her breath caught in her throat. "How can you accuse Maddison of such an act, Louis?" she said, voice trembling with controlled rage.

"Oh, I can do more," I snarled. "Tell me—is he the one? Your lover? Are you fucking him? You whore!"

Her hand flew faster than I expected.

SLAP.

It echoed across the field, and for a moment, everything stopped.

Even my heartbeat.

Pain flared across my cheek, but the pain in her eyes burned more than her slap did.

She looked at her hand like it betrayed her—then looked at me like I did.

"I'm sorry," she whispered. "I didn't mean to—"

But she didn't finish.

Olivia turned and ran—away from the field, from Maddison, from me. The crowd of warriors stood in stunned silence, watching her disappear.

I stood there, my cheek stinging, my pride shattered, my heart breaking all over again. I wasn't angry that she slapped me. I was angry that in a bit of jealousy, I called her a whore loud enough for the warriors to hear.

I turned on the gathered warriors, rage boiling in my chest.

"What are you all staring at?" I snapped. "Get back to training before I take someone's head off."

Then I turned and stormed off the combat field.

Chapter 86: Regret

Louis' POV

I walked back into my room feeling pissed off. I didn't even care that Olivia had slapped me in public, which was a taboo. All I regretted was the name whore I called her, and I knew soon it would start spreading like wildfire.

Raged, I hit my fist against the wall, and it hurt, but it wasn't compared to the guilt I felt deep down.

Suddenly, the door to my room pushed open and Levi walked in, his eyes narrowing at me.

"What is it I just heard?" Levi asked, sounding angry, and I didn't know if the anger was directed at me or on something else.

"You insulted Olivia? Accused Madison of being the lover? What were you thinking? Doing all that before hundreds of men!" Levi spat angrily.

His anger could be felt. He was so angry that where I stood, I had to take a step back—afraid he might attack me.

"How could you, Louis! Do you know what that means? The news will spread around the pack. Pack members will start mocking her! Calling her names!"

I couldn't look at him. I couldn't face the disgust in his eyes—not when I already hated myself enough.

"I know," I muttered hoarsely, my voice barely audible.

"You know?" Levi took a step closer, his jaw tight with fury. "Then why the hell did you do it? You called her a whore, Louis. In front of everyone!"

I swallowed the lump in my throat. "It slipped out. I was angry. I—"

"You think that's a damn excuse?" Levi roared, his eyes glowing with the faint shimmer of his wolf trying to surface. "You let your jealousy get the better of you."

I turned away, unable to meet his gaze, staring down at the blood trickling from my knuckles where I had hit the wall. "I didn't mean it."

"But you said it," Levi snapped. "And now that word's going to stick to her like a curse. You branded her in front of the pack."

His words hit harder than his fists ever could have. I sank onto the edge of my bed, pressing my hand against my face, trying to breathe past the guilt.

"I should have never said it," I whispered. "I was jealous. Seeing her with him... laughing. It's been years since she looked at me like that."

Levi crossed his arms, glaring down at me. "She is your mate, your wife. If you want her to laugh with you then do it... make her laugh and stop being jealous over someone doing it," he spat in anger.

I frowned but didn't say a word. Rather, I looked away, my wolf growling angrily inside me.

"I better go talk to Olivia," Levi grunted and stormed out of the room, slamming the door hard.

A shaky breath left my lips as I continued staring at the floor, the ringing of Levi's words still echoing in my ears. She's your mate... make her laugh, stop being jealous.

I knew he was right. I knew I'd messed up so badly I wasn't sure how to come back from it.

Minutes passed in silence, my thoughts spinning faster than I could catch them, until suddenly—

Bang!

The door burst open again. Levi stood there, breathless, his expression darker than before.

"She's not here," he said flatly, his voice cracking.

I blinked, pushing myself off the bed. "What do you mean she's not here?"

"I mean she's gone, Louis." Levi stepped fully into the room, running a hand through his hair in frustration. "I asked one of the guards outside. He said she left the pack house a few minutes ago. Didn't say where. Just... walked out."

My heart dropped into my stomach.

"Gone?" I echoed, my voice hollow. "Where would she go?"

Levi shook his head, his jaw clenched tight. "After what you did? Anywhere that isn't here."

My chest tightened, a surge of panic flooding through me. My wolf snarled beneath my skin, pacing and agitated. We needed to find her.

"I need to go after her," I muttered, already grabbing my jacket.

Levi grabbed my arm before I could pass him. "Are you even in the right state to face her right now? You think she wants to see you?"

"I don't care," I growled, yanking free. "I can't let her wander off alone, not like this. Not after what I said."

"What is going on here!" Lennox's voice sounded from the door and I swallowed hard, turning around to face him.

My eyes met with his, and I could tell he had already suspected something wasn't right.

My heart was already beating erratically, but the moment I saw Lennox—I felt ice grip my spine.

Of the three of us, Lennox was always the most temperamental. The quickest to anger, the hardest to calm down once fired up. And judging by the way his jaw was clenched, and his sharp eyes scanned both me and Levi, I knew this wasn't going to end well.

"Lennox, you're here?" I tried to keep my voice calm, neutral. "You were supposed to be with Anita—"

"That isn't the answer to my question," he cut me off coldly, taking a step into the room. His eyes settled on my bloodied knuckles. "What the hell is going on?"

I tensed, shooting a quick glance at Levi—begging him silently not now. But Levi had never been good at keeping his mouth shut, especially not when he was pissed.

"It's Louis," Levi said tightly, his voice like a blade. "He insulted Olivia. Called her a whore. In front of the whole damn training ground."

The words slammed into the room like thunder, and I watched Lennox freeze.

Then, he growled.

A deep, feral sound that rumbled through the floor and made the hairs on my neck stand up.

"You did what?" Lennox's voice was low, dangerous.

I opened my mouth, trying to speak—to explain—but he didn't give me the chance.

In two strides, he was in front of me. His fist clutched the collar of my shirt and slammed me against the wall with a force that made my vision blur.

"You called our mate—our Luna—a whore?! In front of the warriors?!" he shouted, his face inches from mine, his eyes blazing with rage.

"I didn't mean it," I croaked, my breath caught in my throat. "It just—slipped out."

"You think I give a damn if you said it inside these four walls?" Lennox snarled. "Say what you want in here—but outside? You branded her, Louis! You humiliated her in front of the entire pack!"

"I know, alright? I know I messed up!" I shouted back, guilt choking me like a noose.

"She's not in the pack house," Levi added grimly, stepping closer. "Guard said she left minutes ago. Didn't say where."

Lennox's frown deepened. "You better pray nothing goes wrong with Olivia," Lennox spat, his grip on my collar tightening. "Because if something happens to her... if she's hurt or gods forbid gone—I swear, I'll forget that we're even brothers."

I stared into his furious eyes, chest heaving.

Lennox released me with a hard shove, pacing the room like a caged wolf. "Fuck!" he cursed under his breath, his fists clenched at his sides.

I watched Lennox close his eyes, and without being told, I knew he was trying to reach out to her through the mind link.

"I tried, but she isn't responding to mine," Levi announced.

"Even mine," Lennox growled and opened his eyes.

"Get the warriors," he barked at Levi. "We're splitting up. Search the borders, the river path, everywhere. If she's not back here by sundown—Louis, you better start praying."

And just like that, he stormed out.

I leaned back against the wall, my chest rising and falling rapidly. I'd never seen Lennox that angry before. And I was so worried, so scared.

Chapter 87: We Meet Again

Olivia's POV

Getting to the woods, I undressed, shifted into my wolf and began racing down the thick woods.

Thankfully, I slipped past the border unnoticed. The guards hadn't even sensed me. Useless. I made a mental note to deal with that when—if—I returned. Goddess, even in my rage, I was still thinking like a Luna. I hated it.

Growling angrily, I kept racing down the woods. I just wanted to be free, to escape the torture of being mated to those dickheads. The afternoon breeze hit my fur, and I felt alive.

I was still angry. Furious, actually. Louis had called me a whore in front of hundreds of warriors. And I had snapped. I slapped him. Right there. In front of everyone. It was wrong, reckless. No matter how much he deserved it, striking our Alpha was taboo.

A part of me worried. Would I be punished? Banished? Worse?

No. I couldn't think about that now.

I kept racing, my paws pounding against the forest floor—until suddenly, I skidded to a stop.

Three wolves appeared ahead, blocking my path. Massive. Black. Their eyes locked on me with amusement.

They weren't from my pack. I could already sense it.

I lowered my stance, growling low, baring my fangs.

Suddenly, one of the black wolves shifted into his human form. Naked and standing before me was a well-built man with a scar on his left cheek.

He smirked. "Who do we have here? A lone wolf?" he taunted.

I growled, baring my fangs.

The naked man didn't seem bothered by my growl; rather, he moved his gaze over me. "And a beautiful one at that," he said, staring lustfully at me. "Shift!" he demanded.

I growled, taking a step backward.

The man scoffed. "Don't you dare think of running away. Running is a bad idea," he said smoothly, his voice slithering through the trees like poison. "We mean no harm... not really."

My ears flattened. I didn't trust a single word that came out of his mouth.

He stepped closer, his bare feet sinking into the mossy earth. "All we want..." he paused, letting his tongue run over his bottom lip, "...is a taste."

My growl deepened into a snarl.

He chuckled darkly. "You see, it's simple. Let us fuck you—just the three of us—and you can go on your merry way. No one gets hurt."

I lunged forward a step, my fangs bared and ready to tear his throat out, but he didn't flinch. The other two wolves flanked him, growling low, ready to pounce.

I was outnumbered.

I crouched low, calculating my odds.

Then—

A sudden gust of wind swept through the clearing, carrying a scent that made my entire body freeze.

From behind them, a massive black wolf leapt into the clearing with terrifying speed and power. His fur was darker than night, his eyes glowing like burning embers. The earth seemed to tremble under his paws as he landed, snarling with an authority that made the air crackle.

The three men dropped their heads instantly, whimpering.

"Alpha," one of them murmured, voice trembling.

My heart raced. I knew that wolf.

I'd know that scent anywhere.

This wolf seemed so familiar, but before I could think of it, the wolf shifted, and a familiar man appeared. My eyes widened when I recognized him. He was the wolf I met in the woods some time ago.

I moved my gaze to his left arm and saw the same shadow tattoo on his left arm, which confirmed my suspicion.

I swallowed hard as our gaze interlocked, but he smiled at me. "Luna Olivia, we meet again," he said softly while I growled but still didn't shift. I wondered how he knew I was the one, even with me still in my wolf.

"Get out!" he yelled, his eyes still on me. For a second, I thought he directed those words to me, but it was when I saw the other wolves sprinting away that I realized he was talking to them.

The men left, and I was left with the naked stranger who they just called Alpha. Does that mean he is the Alpha of the Shadow Pack?

Slowly, I shifted into my human form, naked. For a second, his eyes trailed over me, but he reluctantly looked back into my eyes.

"Don't you know it's risky to be racing beyond your borders?" he asked, his voice calm but laced with authority. His gaze was steady now, fixed on my eyes, not my body—which, oddly, made me feel more exposed.

I straightened my shoulders, unbothered by the cool breeze brushing over my skin. "I just needed to clear my head," I said simply, my voice low but firm.

He tilted his head slightly, as if reading deeper into my words. "Bad day?" he asked, one brow rising.

I let out a short, bitter laugh. "You could say that."

His eyes softened just a little, like he understood something he wasn't ready to say out loud. "Shift," he said gently. "Come with me."

I frowned, cautious. "Why?"

"You're not safe out here. Not alone. And definitely not with men like them roaming these woods." His voice darkened at the mention of the others, and a flicker of anger passed through his eyes. "I won't hurt you. I swear it."

I hesitated. Everything in me screamed not to trust anyone—especially one from the Shadow Pack—but something about him, something in his presence, made it hard to say no.

My wolf didn't retreat. She watched him carefully, but she didn't resist either.

"Should I trust you?" I asked, raising a brow at him.

He nodded, lifting a hand up. "I swear on my sister's life. I won't hurt you or let any harm come after you."

For a moment, I held his gaze and when I saw the sincerity in his eyes, I decided to trust him.

I nodded once, then dropped to the ground and shifted, fur rippling over my skin as I landed on all fours. He followed a beat later, his massive black wolf towering beside me.

Without a word, he began to walk, slow and measured. I padded after him through the woods, still unsure of where he was taking me, but I still followed.

Chapter 88: Missing

Levi's POV

"She has blocked me from communicating with her," Lennox growled angrily as he kicked a stool.

Where I stood, I was worried, scared, and at the same time angry. I moved my gaze to Louis, who stood in a corner, his expression full of regret and worry.

"Alphas..." Maddison called as he stepped into the sitting room.

"Any news yet?" I asked.

Maddison shook his head. "No, Alpha... the border guards didn't see her leaving, so that means she might still be around the pack."

I growled and ran a hand through my hair. "Then where might she be? Where would she have gone!" I said in anger.

Lennox growled. "Go house to house and begin the search. Make sure every home in this pack is searched," he commanded.

"Roger that, Alpha," Maddison said with a bow before walking out on us.

Deep down, I knew nothing was wrong with Olivia. If anything was wrong, my wolf could have felt it. I knew Olivia was fine, but we were just worried about where she was.

"And why the fuck is she blocking us from communicating with her?" Lennox growled.

Lennox's growl echoed through the walls, shaking a picture frame slightly off balance.

I clenched my fists. "She's angry," I muttered. "That's the only reason she'd shut us out. And given what happened earlier..." I glanced over at Louis, who hadn't moved from the corner. "Can you blame her?"

Louis didn't respond. His jaw tightened, but his eyes said it all—he blamed himself more than any of us ever could.

Lennox shot him a deadly glare. "Just pray we find her and in one piece."

"Enough," I snapped. The tension was suffocating. "This isn't the time to tear each other apart. Olivia's gone, and we need to focus on finding her before someone else does."

"Like who?" Louis asked, his tone sharp. "Who would even dare touch our woman?"

Lennox went quiet. His eyes flicked toward the window. "What if she has left this pack and the men at the border didn't notice?"

My stomach twisted. He was right.

I took a deep breath. "I'll try again," I said, closing my eyes and calling out to my wolf, hoping somehow she'd let him in.

Olivia. Where are you? Please, talk to me.

But nothing.

Just silence.

Lennox turned abruptly. "We need to search the woods. If she left, that's the only way she could've done it without being seen."

"The warriors should have seen her!" Louis said through gritted teeth.

"What if they didn't... what if she sneaked out on them." Lennox narrowed his eyes. "If anything happens to her, Louis—"

"It won't," I interrupted firmly. "We all want her safe. That's all that matters right now."

We stood in silence for a beat.

Then Lennox nodded. "Gear up. We move now."

Lennox led the way, his steps fast, anger radiating off him in waves. Louis was beside me, silent but visibly fuming. We all were. None of us could understand how the guards let this happen. Or how Olivia had managed to disappear...

We reached the eastern border within minutes, where three warriors stood on patrol, spears strapped to their backs, shoulders straight. They snapped to attention the moment they saw us.

"Alpha!" one called out.

Lennox didn't even stop moving. "Did you see anyone pass through here?" he barked.

The lead guard, a young warrior named Bren, frowned. "No, Alpha. Nothing unusual."

"You're sure?" I stepped forward, my eyes narrowing. "No sign of a wolf crossing? No scent? No movement in the trees?"

They exchanged confused looks, then shook their heads.

"No, Alpha Levi. We've been alert all day—"

"Then explain this!" Lennox snarled, stepping forward and grabbing Bren by the front of his shirt. "She's gone. Olivia's gone. And somehow, she slipped right under your noses!"

The warriors paled.

Louis growled low, pacing behind us. "She couldn't have flown. She's a wolf. That means she ran—and someone should've seen her."

Just as Lennox dropped the trembling guard and turned away in frustration, a sudden breeze rolled through the trees—carrying her scent.

I froze.

"Wait," I whispered, eyes scanning the woods. "You smell that?"

Lennox turned his head sharply, sniffing the air. "Olivia..."

Louis was already on the move, his body tense. "She was here."

We followed the scent trail without another word, deeper into the trees. The warriors trailed behind us, confused and panicked. The further we went, the stronger her scent became—wild, crisp, familiar. Then—

"Stop," Lennox said, holding up his hand.

There, just ahead, near a patch of soft moss beneath a large oak, lay a neatly folded pile of clothes. Olivia's clothes.

My heart stopped for a second.

She had shifted here.

The air buzzed with her scent, so fresh it made my wolf restless.

"She did leave," I said, my voice tight with anger. "She walked right past your border, and none of you noticed."

Louis stormed forward, scooping up her clothes. He pressed them to his face for a moment, inhaling deeply. His shoulders shook.

"She's out there. Alone," he muttered. "And the guards—you idiots—you missed her."

The warriors stood frozen, their shame evident.

Lennox's voice dropped to a dangerously low growl. "When she returns—if she returns—you all better pray she's unharmed. Or I'll personally rip out your throats."

I looked deeper into the woods, my heart pounding.

"She raced out of our border... this is dangerous... what if she encountered one of those rogues... fuck!" I grunted, panic lacing my voice as my heart pounded faster.

"What if she's captured?" Lennox growled, his furious gaze snapping to Louis. "This is all your fault—"

He didn't finish the sentence.

With a roar, Lennox lunged at Louis, his fist connecting with Louis' jaw so hard it sent him stumbling backward, blood spraying from his mouth. Before Louis could recover, Lennox was on him again, hitting him.

A deep gash opened on Louis' lower lip, splitting it open brutally. Blood poured down his chin.

"Lennox, stop!" I shouted, rushing forward, but he was blinded by rage.

"You are the cause of this!" Lennox roared, slamming Louis against a tree.

Louis' growl thundered as he shoved Lennox back with all his strength, stumbling but steady, wiping the blood from his mouth with the back of his hand.

"Don't you dare act like you've been some fucking saint to her!" he spat, the words sharp despite the blood coating his lips. "You're just as bad, Lennox. If not worse."

Lennox snarled, his eyes glowing with anger.

"You hated her, pushed her aside, barked orders." Louis stepped forward, fire in his eyes. "You act like you love her, but all you've ever done is hurt her more than anyone else!"

"That's enough!" I roared, pushing between them and shoving them both back with a force that trembled the ground under us. "You two want to fight? Do it after we find her. Not now. Not while she's out there, alone!"

They stood there, panting like wild beasts, blood on their fists and anger in their eyes. But they didn't move.

I turned, my chest heaving. "She's our mate. All of ours. And right now, she needs us united—not tearing each other apart!"

Lennox wiped his mouth and finally stepped back. Louis stared at the blood staining his fingers, his jaw clenched.

I took a shaky breath. "We follow her scent. We find her. Then we deal with this shit."

They both nodded, reluctantly.

Chapter 89: Shadow Pack

Olivia's POV

I followed this strange man into the Shadow Pack. It was a reckless act, but I didn't regret it. We were still in our wolf forms, moving swiftly through the dense trees and into unfamiliar territory. He didn't look back once, but I could feel his presence—strong, commanding, and oddly reassuring. I couldn't explain why, but I trusted him, even though I didn't even know his name.

As we passed the final line of trees, I slowed, my eyes widening in surprise. The Shadow Pack wasn't what I expected.

It was just like the Full Moon Pack—civilized, structured, and well-developed. There were tall, modern buildings made of stone and glass, stretching high into the sky. Roads were clean and organized. Wolves in both forms moved around with purpose, working, talking, training. It was a world within the forest, hidden yet thriving.

But what truly caught my attention was the way everyone reacted to the man ahead of me.

Every wolf we passed lowered their head in respect. Some even stepped aside quickly, avoiding his gaze. He didn't acknowledge them, simply kept walking as though it was expected of them.

I received a different kind of attention.

Suspicious, wary eyes followed me. I saw whispers exchanged, a few growls barely concealed. They didn't recognize me, and I wasn't one of them. Their stares made it clear—I wasn't welcome here.

Yet none dared to approach me. Not while I was walking beside him.

Who was he?

And why did the Shadow Pack fear and respect him so much?

We kept moving deeper into the Shadow Pack's land, still in our wolf forms. The strange wolf in front of me walked with confidence, like he owned the ground he stepped on. I followed without thinking, but a nervous feeling started to grow in my chest.

Then I remembered something.

Back in the woods, those men had called him Alpha. They lowered their heads and made way for him. At the time, I was too caught up in everything to notice. But now it sank in.

I might be following the Alpha of the Shadow Pack.

The thought made my steps slower, my heart beat faster. I didn't know if I should turn around or keep going, but it was already too late.

He finally led me to a huge building up ahead. It looked more like a fortress than a house. Without being told, I knew it was the pack house.

It was beautiful in its own way, regal even, but it didn't compare to the grand opulence of the Full Moon Pack's mansion.

Two guards stood at the entrance. As soon as they saw him, they moved aside and bowed their heads. They didn't look at me. They didn't even breathe too loudly.

Inside, the building was busy. Servants were moving around—some carrying trays, others cleaning. There were wolves and humans working together. Every single one of them stopped when they saw him. They bowed, lowered their eyes, and stayed quiet. Not one person dared to speak to him.

They all looked at my wolf, though.

I could feel their eyes, full of questions. Who is this wolf? Why is she here? Their faces said it all. They didn't know me, and they weren't sure they liked me being here. But they didn't say a word—not while I was next to him.

The inside of the building was surprisingly nice. There were big windows letting in sunlight, clean wooden floors, and decorations on the walls with symbols I didn't recognize. It was warm, cozy.

He led me into the sitting room, still not saying a word, but in the sitting room, he finally stopped.

Then he turned—and right in front of me, he changed.

His wolf form shifted smoothly into a man's body. One second, he was a strong, black wolf. The next, he was tall, muscular, and completely naked. Tattoos covered his arms and chest. He didn't look shy or bothered at all. He acted like being naked was normal.

His green eyes met mine. "Follow me," he said, his voice calm but firm.

I growled a little, confused if I should.

He raised a brow at me. "You are scared?" he asked, but I didn't say a word.

He sighed. "I won't hurt you... I swear on my sister's life," he said again.

I frowned. Does he even have a sister?

As if reading my thoughts, he pointed in a direction, and I followed it to see a portrait of a lady who looked exactly like him. Same black hair, same green eyes—she practically had his face, but the woman version of him.

"That is my twin sister, Abigail," he announced.

I looked at the picture one more time before looking back at him.

"Come with me... I won't hurt you," he said firmly. Then he turned around and went up the stairs.

I stood there for a moment, unsure. My paws were frozen in place. I didn't know who he really was. But I had already come this far.

So, I followed him.

I climbed up the stairs behind him.

I followed him up the stairs, my paws padding quietly against the polished wooden steps. Everything around me felt grand and intimidating, yet quiet—like the walls themselves respected his presence. He didn't look back, didn't check if I was following. He simply walked with purpose, as if he knew I would come.

He led me to the last door in the hallway—a tall, dark wooden door with silver patterns carved into it. He pushed it open and walked in, then finally turned to glance at me, signaling me to come inside.

I stepped in slowly.

The room took my breath away.

It was beautiful.

Warm light streamed in from large windows, casting a soft glow on the deep emerald curtains and dark wood furniture. A grand four-poster bed stood in the center, the sheets black with golden designs. The walls were decorated with paintings, shelves full of books, and a large fireplace that crackled quietly in the corner. The room was beautiful, and strangely peaceful.

But then I saw it.

A portrait hanging above the fireplace.

It was him.

The same green eyes, the same strong features, only this time in human form—wearing a crown.

My heart skipped.

This wasn't just any room.

This was his room.

I had been brought into the Alpha's chambers.

Why? Why would he bring me here?

Chapter 90: We've Met

Olivia's POV

Before I could react, he walked to a large closet in the corner, pulled the doors open, and rummaged inside. A moment later, he turned around, holding something in his hands.

A plain black shirt and a pair of pants.

He walked up to me and stretched them out.

"You can shift now," he said calmly. "Put these on."

I blinked at him, still unsure.

He gave a soft chuckle, almost amused by my hesitation. "Unless you prefer to walk around naked too?"

I growled lightly, embarrassed, but took the clothes from his hand in my mouth and turned around, padding into the corner of the room.

With a deep breath, I shifted back to human form, my bones reshaping, fur pulling back, until I stood up—naked and cold. I dressed quickly, his shirt slightly oversized but soft and warm. The pants were a bit loose, but they fit well enough.

When I turned back around, he was already halfway through dressing himself. He stood in front of the mirror, pulling on a black button-down shirt over his toned chest. His pants were fitted perfectly, making him look even more powerful than he already did.

He glanced at me through the mirror.

"I didn't bring you here to scare you," he said, his voice softer now. "You looked like you needed help."

I didn't respond, still trying to understand everything.

After he finished buttoning up his shirt, he walked over to the corner of the room where a mini bar stood. I watched him quietly as he opened a cabinet, took out a bottle of red wine, and grabbed two glasses. His movements were calm, controlled—like everything he did was thought through before he even acted.

He walked to the couch and set the glasses down on the table in front of it.

"Come, sit," he said, nodding to the seat beside him.

I hesitated for a heartbeat before slowly walking over and sitting down. The couch was plush and comfortable, and I sank into it slightly as he poured the wine.

The rich scent of it filled the air, and the clink of the glass as he handed it to me felt too normal for how surreal everything else was.

I took it, still unsure of everything swirling in my head.

"Are you..." I began, then paused. "Are you the Alpha of the Shadow Pack?"

He didn't even blink.

"Yes," he said simply, his voice smooth and steady.

My fingers tightened slightly around the glass. "Do you know me?"

He smiled, then let out a soft laugh, the sound deep and warm. "Yes, Olivia. I know exactly who you are."

I blinked in surprise. "How?"

"I attended your wedding," he said, turning slightly to face me. "With the triplets. I was one of the guests."

My brows furrowed. "You were there?"

He nodded. "Didn't you see me?"

I shook my head slowly. "No... I—I barely remember that day."

His expression softened. "I understand. You looked lost that day. Your eyes... they weren't present. Like you were standing there, but your soul wasn't."

His words struck something in me, like a bell echoing through my chest. I remembered standing at the altar, people clapping, lights flashing—but I didn't feel like myself. I had felt numb, confused... like everything around me was spinning, and I was just trying to stay upright.

"I'm not the only one who noticed," he added quietly, sipping his wine. "Some of the guests could see it. Your worry. Your confusion."

I lowered my gaze to the glass in my hands, the liquid swirling gently.

"I didn't even know what was happening around me," I whispered. "I was just... there."

The room went quiet for a moment. Not awkward silence—but heavy, thoughtful.

He didn't say anything right away. He just watched me. Like he understood more than I wanted anyone to.

He watched me for a moment, his gaze unreadable, then set his wine glass down gently on the table.

"Do you want to talk about it?" he asked. "Why you weren't in a good mood today?"

I hesitated, feeling my throat tighten. "It's nothing, really," I muttered, taking a sip of the wine to avoid meeting his eyes.

He let out a quiet hum, like he didn't believe me but wasn't going to push too hard—yet. Then, with a calm certainty, he said, "By now, the triplet Alphas are probably going crazy looking for you."

I frowned. The thought should've made me panic... but it didn't. I set my glass down a little too harshly. "I don't care."

That surprised him slightly, his brows lifting just a little. "You really don't?"

I shook my head, my chest tightening. "They don't get to be upset. Not after everything."

He leaned back, watching me again with that calm, patient stare. Then he tilted his head slightly and asked, "Don't you remember me?"

His words caught me off guard. I stared at him, my heart suddenly thudding. "You... look familiar," I admitted slowly. "But not just from the woods. It's something else. Somewhere else."

He chuckled, a rich, amused sound. "I'm not surprised. You were so young when we first met. You might've been ten?"

I blinked. "What?"

He nodded. "It was at the Full Moon Pack. I came with my father—we were there for the triplet Alphas' father's birthday celebration. I was fifteen at the time."

The memory tugged at the edge of my mind, blurry but there.

"We met in the main hall," he continued, a smirk curving his lips. "You were holding a glass of juice and bumped into me by accident. Poured the whole thing on my shirt."

I gasped, the memory flashing in my mind like a spark. A boy with striking eyes. A shocked gasp. My panicked apology—

"I was trying to say sorry," I murmured, half-laughing. "And then... one of the triplets came over and dragged me away. He looked furious."

He laughed with me, the sound soft and nostalgic. "Yeah. I think it was the youngest one. He glared at me like I'd just declared war."

I stared at him, the pieces slowly clicking into place.

"You've really known me since then?" I asked, my voice quieter now.

He nodded. "I never forgot. How could I?" His eyes lingered on mine, warm and sincere. "Even then, you were... beautiful... arguably the most beautiful girl in that hall. I can't forget such a face."