

Fated To Not Just One, But Three

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Olivia's POV

An awkward silence filled the air. It wasn't the type of uncomfortable silence that made you want to squirm or run away—it was just tense. Heavy. Like the room itself was holding its breath.

Maybe it was because we were stuck in this closed space, the air thick, and he... God, he was attractive. Too attractive. The kind of man who made you forget your own name for a second if you weren't careful.

His dark hair was messily styled, like he had just run his fingers through it in frustration—or maybe it just grew that perfect. His jawline was criminal, sharp enough to cut glass, and his eyes... damn it, his eyes. That lazy, heavy-lidded stare that made you feel like he could see things you didn't even know about yourself. His broad shoulders strained against his shirt, and the sleeves were rolled up, showing off forearms that had no business looking that good.

He was hot. Objectively, dangerously hot.

But deep down, no matter how hard I tried to deny it, no matter how my brain screamed at me to appreciate what was sitting right in front of me... he still wasn't them.

He wasn't him.

Or him.

Or him.

I cursed myself under my breath.

Pathetic, I thought savagely. Absolutely fucking pathetic.

"So how is life being the mate and wife of the famous triplet alphas?" the handsome stranger asked.

I frowned. "Just one word to sum it up. Hell."

The handsome stranger smiled at my words, revealing his beautiful set of arranged teeth that reminded me so much of Levi. But I cursed myself and pushed the thought of him away.

"You know, many ladies would kill to be in your position."

I rolled my eyes so hard it was a miracle they didn't get stuck at the back of my head.

"Yeah?" I scoffed, crossing my arms tightly over my chest. "Then they can gladly take my place. Hell, I'll even gift-wrap it for them."

The handsome stranger chuckled, a deep, rumbling sound that danced along my skin like an unwanted caress. I hated how my body reacted, goosebumps breaking out even though I was glaring at him like he had personally offended me.

"You don't mean that," he said smoothly, his voice low and teasing.

"I mean every goddamn word," I snapped, harsher than I intended, but I didn't care. The words tasted bitter on my tongue, but they were true.

He tilted his head, regarding me with a strange glint in his eyes, almost like he was trying to peel me open and read every raw, bleeding page inside. I hated it. I hated how it reminded me of them—how they always saw too much.

"Must be hard," he said finally, voice dropping an octave, "being tied to men who don't want you."

My throat tightened.

Don't you dare cry, Olivia.

I forced a smile and looked away.

My eyes roamed around the luxurious room before I moved them back to him, noticing his eyes had been on me.

"What is your name?" I asked, wanting to know his name at least.

"Gabriel," he responded without hesitation. I nodded, noting his sister's name was Abigail.

"Where is she? Your sister?" I asked, needing something—anything—to shift the heavy direction this conversation was heading toward.

Gabriel's lips curled into a small, almost fond smile. "Abigail's not here. She traveled outside the pack a few days ago for some training. She'll be back in a few more days, give or take."

I nodded, tucking a loose strand of hair behind my ear just to have something to do with my hands. The silence between us was still tense.

"And your parents?" I asked, feigning casual curiosity, even though I wasn't sure why I cared. Maybe I just needed more noise, more anything to drown out the mess inside my chest.

"They're away too," he said, leaning back casually against the seat, crossing his arms. "They went on some kind of extended trip. Four months now, actually."

"Four months?" My eyebrows shot up, genuinely surprised. "That's... a long trip."

Gabriel shrugged, his muscles flexing beneath the thin fabric of his shirt far too distractingly. "They needed a break. 'Vacation,' or whatever excuse rich, bored people use to abandon their children."

I laughed at his sarcasm, and Alpha Gabriel smiled. "You should laugh more often... it suits you," he said, staring directly into my eyes.

I looked away and frowned. If only he knew that I had forgotten how to laugh, I couldn't remember the last time I laughed genuinely.

I swallowed the lump in my throat and stared at the floor, forcing my heart to slow down.

"So..." I said after a moment, twisting my fingers together, "what about you? Your wife?"

Gabriel let out a short, unexpected laugh that made me glance up at him.

"Wife?" he repeated, like the very idea was absurd. "There's no one, Olivia."

He leaned forward slightly, resting his forearms on his thighs, his gaze never leaving mine. His voice dropped lower, silkier, sending an involuntary shiver down my spine.

"The space is vacant," he said, a slow smirk curling the corner of his mouth. "Unless..." He tilted his head, studying me like he could breathe through me. "You want it?"

I blinked, my mouth parting slightly in shock.

A laugh—small, bitter, and humorless—escaped me before I could stop it.

"You must be joking. That is not possible," I said with another laugh.

Gabriel shrugged lazily, like my words were just another challenge to him. "Maybe I like impossible things."

I stared at Gabriel, stunned, a weird knot forming in my chest. Was he serious? Was he actually flirting with me? Offering me a place at his side like it was some casual thing?

Something about it felt wrong. Twisted. Like I was betraying something deep inside me, even though the ones I would be betraying had already betrayed me.

I shifted uncomfortably in my seat, feeling uncomfortable.

"I should go," I said stiffly, pushing myself up to my feet so fast my chair scraped loudly against the floor.

Chapter 92: Looking for you

Olivia's POV

Gabriel stood too, his hands raised in a small, apologetic gesture. "I'm sorry," he said quickly, his voice full of regret. "I didn't mean to make you uncomfortable, Olivia. Really."

I hesitated, swallowing down the surge of conflicting emotions churning inside me. His voice sounded... sincere.

"If you want," he said cautiously, like testing the waters, "I could show you around? This place can feel like a prison if you stay locked up in one room."

I chewed the inside of my cheek, considering. Part of me wanted to crawl back to the Full Moon Pack, but another part of me wanted to stay here a little longer.

"Fine," I muttered, crossing my arms again. "I'll leave after that."

Gabriel chuckled lowly, "As your lordship wishes," he said with a wink, and I shyly looked away.

He led the way, walking beside me but keeping a respectful distance.

First, he took me outside, down a wide path that opened into a sprawling, open field. The grass was trimmed low, and sturdy wooden dummies lined one side like silent sentinels.

"The combat grounds," Gabriel said, waving a hand. "Where all the future warriors train."

I nodded, impressed by the size.

He then showed me the gardens, the training rooms, even a small armory tucked away in a stone building. Gabriel talked easily, filling the silence with light stories and funny facts about the place. I found myself listening despite myself, the heavy knot in my chest loosening just a little.

If only one of them spoke this way to me, I thought suddenly, the image of three pairs of familiar eyes flashing through my mind—Lennox's angry intensity, Louis teasing smirks, Levi's guarded tenderness.

My wolf, silent until now, stirred suddenly inside me, her voice urgent and low.

"They're getting worried," she said. "The triplets... they're searching for you. I can feel it, Olivia."

I stiffened mid-step. Gabriel noticed but said nothing.

"You should at least unblock them," my wolf urged. "Let them know you're safe."

My throat tightened painfully.

No.

I wasn't ready.

Not after everything.

"I won't," I whispered to myself harshly, earning a concerned glance from Gabriel.

"Just tell them you're fine," my wolf pleaded. "They are so worried!"

What about my pain? I thought bitterly. Did anyone ever care about that?

I gritted my teeth and shoved the feelings down.

Gabriel, sensing my shift in mood, slowed his pace, giving me space.

"Want to see the lake next?" he asked, his voice careful, like he didn't want to spook me again.

I nodded stiffly, forcing my legs to move forward, trying to push any thought of them away.

The walk to the lake was silent. At first, I thought it was a comfortable kind of silence—the kind that settled when two people had said all they needed to say. But after a few steps, I realized something was... off.

Gabriel's expression had shifted. His shoulders were tense now, his jaw tight. He wasn't relaxed like before. His eyes, usually sharp and focused on me, were glazed, distant.

He's mind-linking someone, I realized instantly.

I stopped walking. My heart kicked painfully against my ribs. Something was wrong. I could feel it.

Gabriel finally blinked and shook himself like he was shaking off water. He turned toward me, his expression serious now—so serious it made my stomach twist.

He took a slow step closer, lowering his voice like he didn't want anyone else to hear, even though we were alone.

"They know you're here, Olivia," he said grimly. "The triplets."

My blood ran cold.

"They're at the border right now," Gabriel continued, his mouth a tight line. "My men are trying to hold them back, but..." He let out a breath, dragging a hand through his messy hair. "It's not looking good."

I swallowed hard, my legs suddenly feeling like they were made of lead.

"What do you mean... not looking good?" I managed to whisper.

Gabriel gave me a look that said he hated what he was about to say next.

"They're threatening to come back with hundreds of warriors if you don't show yourself within the next ten minutes."

The words slammed into me like a punch to the gut. Hundreds. Of warriors.

For me.

My mind reeled, trying to grasp the insanity of it all. They're willing to start a damn war... for me?

My wolf whimpered low in my mind, hope flickering so violently it almost hurt.

"They care, Olivia," she whispered.

I squeezed my eyes shut, breathing hard, trying to shove the emotions back down into the broken, locked-up parts of myself.

Gabriel shifted uncomfortably beside me, clearly waiting for an answer.

I looked at him. "I have to go back. Thank you for your time," I said.

I tried walking away, my legs stiff and my heart hammering so loud it drowned out everything else. But Gabriel matched my pace easily, falling into step beside me without saying a word. His presence was quiet, steady. Like he didn't want me to feel like I was facing this alone, even if, deep down, I knew I was.

The silence between us was different now—not tense, not awkward. Just heavy.

When the towering border gates finally came into view, I saw them immediately. Lennox. Levi. Louis.

All three of them standing there like avenging gods, their bodies coiled tight with barely restrained fury, their auras so thick it was hard to breathe. Warriors behind them bristled with tension, ready to move on a single command.

For a second, my feet faltered. God, they looked so furious...

Gabriel stopped with me, his gaze lingering on the triplets before shifting back to me.

"I hope..." he started, then paused, his voice rougher than usual. "I hope we see each other again, Olivia." He gave me a small, almost sad smile—the kind that didn't quite reach his eyes—and for the first time, I realized something.

He hadn't just been helping me out of politeness. He genuinely liked me.

The thought twisted painfully in my chest.

"Thank you," I whispered, meaning it more than I could explain.

Gabriel gave a single nod, then took a step back, giving me space to face what was waiting for me.

I turned back toward the gates—and them.

Lennox's eyes locked onto me first, and his entire body stiffened like he was barely holding himself back. His hands clenched into fists at his sides, his nostrils flaring with barely contained rage. Louis was next, his jaw tight, his lips pressed into a harsh line. His usual playful smirk was gone—replaced by something raw, something feral. And Levi... Levi looked like he was barely breathing. His eyes, usually so guarded, were wide open, filled with a storm of emotion I couldn't even begin to untangle.

None of them moved.

For one stretched-out heartbeat, we just stared at each other across the distance, the space between us buzzing with tension.

And then, like a snapped thread, all three of them moved forward at once.

Chapter 93: His Clothes

Lennox's POV

For a moment, I couldn't breathe. I couldn't move. I couldn't speak.

All I could do was stare — frozen — as Olivia approached us with Alpha Gabriel.

But it wasn't just that.

She was wearing a male's clothes.

The polo hung ridiculously large on her tiny frame, and the sweatpants dragged around her ankles.

She was wearing his clothes!

"Mine!" my wolf howled loudly in my head, urging me to rip those clothes off her body, but I forced my feet rooted to the ground.

As she drew closer, a thousand scenarios flashed through my mind.

How the hell did she know Gabriel?

Why had she gone to the Shadows Pack?

And why was she wearing his clothes?

Why were they whispering to each other like they were sharing some fucking secret?

Pain hit me so hard, I felt so jealous, so angry that I wished to rip off Gabriel's head. The idiot was smirking at us, and for a second, I wanted to attack him and declare war. But I held back.

Gabriel turned and walked away, leaving Olivia, who was standing a few steps away from us. She didn't look frightened — if anything, she had a challenging look in her eyes as she stared back at us.

Gritting my teeth, I moved forward, and my brothers did too. In unison, we all made our way towards her.

My fists clenched at my sides as I closed the distance between us. My brothers followed me, silent and deadly, radiating the same anger I felt pulsing in my veins. Olivia just stood there, unbothered, almost daring us to confront her.

I didn't hesitate when we reached her.

"What were you doing with Gabriel?" I demanded, my voice loud and full of anger.

"Why the hell were you at the Shadow Pack?" Levi growled.

"And why the fuck are you wearing his clothes?" I added, my eyes narrowing sharply at the oversized polo and sweatpants hanging off her petite frame.

Olivia just crossed her arms over her chest, a challenging look flashing in her eyes. She didn't answer. She didn't even flinch.

The silence stretched between us like a noose tightening around my neck. My wolf scratched furiously at my insides, demanding I do something, anything to assert our claim, to take her away from Gabriel's lingering scent.

"I asked you a question, Olivia," I hissed, stepping closer, but she still said nothing — just lifted her chin higher like she was challenging me to do my worst.

The last thread of my patience snapped.

Without another word, I grabbed her, ignoring her loud gasp as I threw her over my shoulder like she weighed nothing. She started pounding at my back, yelling and cursing at me, but it was useless. I wasn't letting her go. Not when she smelled like another male. Not when she was ours.

"Put me down, Lennox!" she screamed, kicking her legs, but I only tightened my grip.

"Not a chance," I growled.

My brothers followed silently, their anger evident, as I stormed back to the pack house. Warriors and pack members stared as we passed, some whispering, but I didn't give a damn.

I made it to my room, shoved the door open with my shoulder, and my brothers shut it behind us. Finally, I dropped her onto my bed.

She bounced once, sitting up immediately to glare at me with fire in her eyes, her hair a wild mess around her flushed face.

I stood over her, chest heaving, barely containing the rage blinking inside me.

"Start talking, Olivia," Louis demanded as he stepped forward.

Olivia frowned and glared at us. "Talk what?"

I grunted, my fists clenching at my sides as I struggled to keep control.

"Don't play dumb with us!" Levi snapped, stepping forward until he was right beside me. "Why the fuck were you with Gabriel? And why are you wearing his damn clothes?!"

Olivia just lifted her chin stubbornly, her eyes full of anger, daring us to push harder.

"I don't owe you any explanations," she said coldly, each word like a slap to my face.

My wolf roared inside me, furious beyond reason. The smell of Gabriel on her — his scent on what was mine — drove me past the edge.

A low growl rumbled from deep within my chest as I moved before I could think.

In two strides, I was in front of her.

She gasped when I grabbed the front of the oversized polo, bunching it tightly in my fists. I saw the flash of fear in her eyes — but also anger — right before I ripped the shirt apart in one violent motion, the fabric tearing easily under my strength.

She let out a surprised yelp, scrambling to cover herself, but I wasn't done.

My hands moved to the sweatpants next, yanking them down her legs despite her kicks and protests.

I didn't stop until every piece of Gabriel's clothing was thrown to the floor, ripped and useless.

Now, Olivia sat on my bed in nothing, her body flushed and breathing heavy.

Only then did I step back, my chest heaving, my eyes devouring every inch of her.

"Now you don't smell like him anymore," I growled, my voice low and rough. "You're ours."

Olivia was still glaring at me, her cheeks burning with anger and something else — something hotter, something suffocating.

She opened her mouth to say something, but she shut up.

Louis and Levi moved to stand beside me, their gazes just as dark, just as possessive as mine.

I knew Gabriel hadn't touched her.

If he had, I would have felt it. But God, I was so jealous... the fact that he had to see her naked, the fact that he must have imagined something in his head was driving me insane.

I stepped closer, looming over Olivia where she sat on my bed, her bare legs tucked under her, her arms crossed tightly over her chest.

"You think I'm fucking stupid?" I snarled, my voice sharp and dripping with anger. "Did you fuck him, Olivia? Is that why you were wearing his damn clothes? Because you couldn't even be bothered to come back to your own pack after he was done with you?"

The moment the words left my mouth, I saw her freeze.

Her mouth parted in shock, and for a heartbeat, she just stared at me. And then—

She exploded.

"You bastard!" Olivia screamed, launching herself off the bed, her hands shoving at my chest. "How dare you accuse me of that?"

I let her push me — let her tiny fists slam against me — because it was either that or grab her and do something I'd regret.

"You went to his territory!" I shouted back. "You came back smelling like him! Wearing his fucking clothes! What the hell was I supposed to think, Olivia?!"

"If I had fucked him, you would have known, you fucking asshole!" she shrieked, her face blotchy with rage.

Her breathing was ragged, her body trembling, her eyes glittering with unshed tears — not of sadness, but pure, blistering anger.

"You know what?" she spat, her voice full of anger. "Reject me."

She stared straight at the three of us, her body trembling.

"You don't want this bond. You hate me. You were forced to marry me. So why don't you go ahead and reject me?"

She choked on the last words, her pain so evident in her voice.

"This bond... this marriage was a mistake. Let's end it. Let's set each other free."

Chapter 94: Reject Me!

Lennox's POV

For a moment, the room was dead silent.

Only her ragged breathing and the pounding of my own furious heartbeat filled the air.

I couldn't believe what I was hearing.

Reject her?

Set each other free?

As if it would be that easy. As if I could ever let her go.

Louis let out a low, warning growl beside me. Levi looked like he was about to lose his mind.

And me?

I snapped.

I closed the distance between us in a blink, grabbing her wrists and slamming her back onto the bed. Her body bounced beneath me as I pinned her down, caging her with my arms, my face inches from hers.

"Don't you dare," I growled, my voice so low it was almost unrecognizable. "Don't you ever say that again."

Tears filled her eyes, but she glared up at me with the same fiery stubbornness that drove me mad.

"I can't live like this anymore!" she cried. "Living every day wondering if today will be the day you finally hate me enough to reject me—"

"You think we ever wanted to hate you?" Louis barked, stepping forward.

"You think we are happy about this?" Levi added, his voice a guttural snarl.

I leaned closer, my forehead pressing against hers, trying to breathe her in, trying to control myself.

But she glared up at me. "I wish I was mated to someone else... someone who would..."

Without another thought, I crashed my mouth onto hers.

It wasn't soft. It wasn't gentle.

It was raw, desperate, furious.

Our Teeth clashing. Our Breath stolen.

Olivia gasped beneath me, stunned for a split second before her hands, those fists that had been hitting me just moments ago, grabbed at my hair and pulled me closer.

I groaned into her mouth, the taste of her — sweet, angry, mine — sending fire straight through my veins.

Louis and Levi didn't stay back either.

I felt them on either side of us — Louis's hand trailing up her thigh, Levi's fingers brushing her waist.

She moaned against my lips, her body arching up into mine instinctively, seeking more.

God, it was like she was made to fit between us.

I pulled back slightly, just enough to see her lips — swollen, wet, trembling — before I growled, "You're not leaving us, Olivia. We won't let you."

Louis's hands slid higher, pushing her thighs apart, while Levi tilted her face toward him, capturing her mouth in another deep, bruising kiss.

She whimpered into him, and it made my cock throb painfully against my pants.

I trailed my hand along her bare stomach, feeling her shiver under my touch, her body so sensitive, so responsive.

Louis leaned down, pressing his mouth to her inner thigh, biting gently, while Levi pulled away from the kiss and kissed along her jaw, down her throat.

Her head tilted back, her lips parting with a soft cry of pleasure.

"You're ours," I growled, pressing my forehead against her chest, hearing her racing heartbeat. "Say it, Olivia. Say you're ours."

She whimpered, her hands fisting the sheets.

"I don't belong to anyone," she whispered brokenly, her voice cracking under the weight of her emotions.

I frowned.

I kissed my way down her body, worshiping every inch, my hands roaming freely now, no longer restrained by fear or anger.

Louis's mouth followed, and Levi's fingers teased her, making her squirm, making her pant.

By the time I finally reached the apex of her thighs, she was trembling for us, her scent filling the room, sweet and addictive.

"Look at us, Olivia," Louis murmured against her skin, his voice dark and rough. "We'd burn down the fucking world before we let you go."

I slid my hands down her sides, savoring the feel of her bare, soft skin. Then I cupped her breasts, thumbs grazing over her nipples. They were already tight, begging for attention.

"You're so beautiful," I murmured hoarsely, lowering my mouth to one peak.

I sucked her nipple into my mouth, gently at first, then harder, flicking my tongue against it. Olivia cried out, her hands flying to my hair, tugging desperately.

Louis leaned in and took her other nipple between his fingers, rolling it expertly while Levi kissed her mouth again, swallowing her soft moans.

She writhed between us, overwhelmed, trembling.

"No man can give you this," Levi said against her lips, his voice deep and rough.

I kissed my way down her body, nipping and licking the delicate skin of her stomach, until I was kneeling between her legs. She was trembling so hard, her thighs pressed tightly together in embarrassment and raw need.

"Open for us, mate," I coaxed, voice deep and full of praise. "Let me show you what only we can give you."

Slowly, hesitantly, she parted her legs — and my mouth watered at the sight of her glistening pussy.

"Fuck, you're perfect," Louis whispered.

I leaned in, dragging my tongue slowly over her folds, tasting her sweetness. She let out a helpless moan, her back arching off the bed.

I devoured her like a starving man, licking slow and deep, circling her clit with my tongue before sucking it into my mouth.

Olivia sobbed my name, her fingers tangling in my hair, pulling me closer.

Louis and Levi didn't stay idle — Louis continued teasing her nipples, flicking and tugging them until they were red and sensitive, while Levi kissed and nipped her throat, whispering filthy, reverent things in her ear.

"You taste so good," I growled against her pussy, the vibrations making her cry out again.

She was so wet, so responsive, so fucking perfect.

I slid one hand up, finding her clit and rubbing tight, slow circles while I licked into her. Her thighs clamped around my head, her hips bucking uncontrollably.

"That's it, baby," Louis encouraged, tweaking her nipple just right. "Let go."

"Come for us," Levi demanded, biting her earlobe lightly.

She broke with a scream, her whole body locking up, trembling, shuddering around my mouth as she came hard.

I didn't stop until I licked up every drop, until she was gasping and boneless beneath us.

When I finally pulled back, her cheeks were flushed, her lips kiss-swollen, her eyes glazed with pleasure. She looked utterly wrecked — and utterly ours.

I crawled up her body, cradling her face in my hands again, my thumb brushing her bottom lip.

"Never," I said fiercely. "Never talk about rejection again."

Levi sucked on her neck and looked at her. "Yes, we hate you... but rejecting you? Never!"

Louis held her chin and turned her face toward him. "You drive us fucking insane, Olivia," he muttered darkly, his thumb brushing over her trembling lips. "You make us angry, jealous, crazy. But we would rather die than reject you, so take that off your mind."

With that, we all three left the bed and stared at Olivia, lying naked on the bed. It took all the willpower in me not to go back to her. Fuck! She looked so devouring.

Without saying a word, Levi made the first move to leave, while Louis and I followed, leaving my room and shutting the door on Olivia.

Chapter 95: Excuses

Lennox's POV

We walked into Levi's room, each of us taking different positions. I headed straight for the minibar, pouring myself a glass of dry gin. Levi stood at the window, staring outside, while Louis rested his back against the wall.

We all went silent, each of us waiting for the other to speak — but it sure as hell wasn't going to be me.

I knew we had to talk. We had to address what happened back in my room. The problem was: who the hell was going to say it first?

We all kissed Olivia. We touched her. We pleased her. And it sure seemed like we all enjoyed it, so...?

"I wasn't in my right senses," Louis suddenly said, breaking the silence.

I looked his way with a furrowed brow, silently daring him to continue.

"It was my wolf," he added stiffly, crossing his arms over his chest. "He pushed me. I didn't want to... not really."

Levi scoffed quietly from the window but didn't turn around.

"You're full of shit," he muttered.

Louis straightened up, bristling. "The fuck did you just say?"

"I said," Levi growled, finally spinning around to face us, his eyes flashing, "you're lying to yourself. We all are."

A tense silence fell again. I stared into my glass of dry gin, swirling it slowly, trying to gather my thoughts — trying to find a fucking excuse.

Finally, I shrugged, forcing out a cold laugh.

"I don't know what came over me," I said. "Maybe... maybe it's been too long since I fucked anyone. She was just—" I paused, gritting my teeth. "She was naked and I got turned on."

Louis made a low, disbelieving noise. "Yeah, sure. Like that's all it was."

I slammed the glass down on the counter, the sharp crack echoing in the room.

"What do you want me to say?" I snapped. "That I liked it? That I liked touching her, tasting her?"

My hands curled into fists at the memory — the way she tasted, the way she clung to me like I was the only thing anchoring her to this world.

"Fuck," I muttered under my breath, raking a hand through my hair. "It was just... a moment of weakness. Nothing more."

Levi gave a humorless laugh. "Weakness? You call that weakness?"

He paced the room like a caged animal, running a hand down his face.

We all fell silent again, our words settling heavily in the room.

"I mean, it's not like we're in love with her or anything," I said quickly, needing to fill the silence, needing to convince myself as much as them. "It was just... physical."

"Right," Louis agreed, but his voice lacked any real conviction. "Just a release."

"So she's just a body," Levi asked. "A way to get it out of our system?"

I nodded, clenching my jaw so hard it hurt.

"Exactly," I said. "It doesn't mean shit. She doesn't mean shit."

But the words tasted like ash in my mouth.

Because we all knew it wasn't true.

Because right now, if any one of us walked back into that room, saw her lying there — flushed, wrecked, trembling for us — we'd be powerless to resist.

Because she wasn't just a body.

She was ours.

We've loved that girl all our lives.

And no amount of excuses, no amount of hatred, was going to change that.

For a moment, a tense silence hung in the air until Louis cleared his throat.

"Look, we need to get this straight," Louis finally said, breaking the silence once more. His voice was rough, like he was trying to convince himself just as much as us. "What happened in that room... it can't happen again."

I turned to face him, my jaw clenched tight. "What do you mean?" I growled. "You think I want to be back in that fucking position?"

Levi crossed his arms over his chest and leaned against the window. But he said nothing.

"That should never happen again," Louis muttered, the words coming out like he was trying to force them through his teeth. "We... we hate her. We hate what she did to us. We hate how she drives us insane. We can't... let ourselves be driven by that."

I couldn't hold back the sarcastic laugh that escaped my lips. "Yeah, sure. So we just gonna pretend it never happened. That'll work."

Louis glared at me, but there was no real anger behind it. "I don't know about you two, but Olivia deeply hurt me," he said, and I could see the real pain in his eyes, which made me curious.

"What did she do to you, Louis?" I asked, genuinely curious.

Louis looked away and frowned. "I don't want to talk about it," he said with a tone of finality.

I stared at both of them, questions rolling inside me. What did Olivia really do to my brothers? And why the hell wouldn't they talk about it?

Before I could press on, Levi finally pushed away from the window, walking toward us with a curious look in his eyes. "So we make a pact. We make sure this doesn't go any further. We don't touch her again. We don't let our fucking wolves control us."

I turned toward him, the tension thick in the air. The silence hung heavy as we all processed his words.

"I don't want her," I growled through clenched teeth, my fists shaking. "I don't. I don't want to have anything to do with her. This was the first time, and it was a mistake," I lied smoothly.

Levi looked at me with an almost disbelieving look in his eyes. "So we all agree this is never happening again?"

I met their eyes, both of them staring back at me, waiting for me to agree, to make the same fucking promise.

The tension in the room was thick as Levi's eyes stayed locked on me, waiting for me to agree. "So, we all agree this isn't happening again?" he repeated, his voice a little more serious, almost like he already knew I would go behind their backs.

I wanted to say no. I wanted to tell them the truth — that I cannot stay away from Olivia, that despite how much she hurt me I never stopped loving her.

But I couldn't.

I had to pretend. I had to make the promise.

"Yeah," I said quietly, forcing myself to say the words. "It's not happening again."

Levi nodded, but there was still doubt in his eyes. Louis, still stiff and uncomfortable, didn't say much but agreed too.

"Good," Levi said.

I just nodded, not saying anything else, and left the room. The moment I stepped into the hallway, the weight of the situation hit me. I had just lied to them... and to myself.

I stumbled back into the room, closing the door behind me. The bed was untouched, except for the faint outline of where she'd been. I ran a hand over the sheets, dragging them to my face, inhaling deeply.

Her scent wrapped around me, intoxicating, like the most dangerous kind of drug.

I fell back onto the bed, eyes closed, my body trembling with the memories of her — her touch, her taste, the way she gave herself to us, to me.

Fuck, I thought, clenching the sheets in my fists. I couldn't stop myself. The pull, the desire for her, was too strong.

I breathed in again, harder this time, desperate. It felt like she was right there, as if all I had to do was reach out, and she'd be in my arms again. My head swam with the heat of her presence. My body ached for her, and every inch of me screamed in protest at the agreement we had just made.

Because I knew it was a lie.

The pact. The promises. The words.

It didn't matter. None of it did.

Because the moment I touched her again, I would crumble.

A moment in a closed room with her, and I wouldn't be able to stop myself.

For a few minutes, I remained lying there, inhaling her scent — until suddenly, the door to my room burst open, jolting me out of my daze.

Levi and Louis stormed in, looking furious. In Louis' hand was a box.

"Take a look!" Louis growled, throwing it at me.

Chapter 96: Accusing Gabriel

Lennox's POV

Confused, I went for the box, opened it, and stared inside.

Inside were sets of lingerie, bras, and panties, all soft fabrics and lace. My chest tightened the moment I saw them. They were beautiful, expensive-looking...

Tucked on top was a small note.

I picked it up and read the typed writing.

"This will look so good on her."

My fingers curled around the paper, crumpling it a little without meaning to.

"This came for Olivia... not by delivery, but a guard saw it at the door," Louis announced in anger.

Angrily, I threw the box across the room, anger radiating through me. That mysterious sender has sent another present to Olivia... he has done it again and this time he sent something as intimate as underwears.

"Do you think it's Gabriel?" Louis asked, looking enraged.

I paced around the room as I thought about it. Could it be Gabriel? Was he the sender... was he Olivia's lover? Was that why she went to the Shadow Pack, why she was wearing his clothes? Everything was now making sense to me.

"We should question Gabriel," Louis spat.

I growled in anger and looked back at my brothers. "I swear to God, I'm going to kill him if I find out he is the one."

Levi stepped forward. "Calm down, brothers... we are not so sure... let's ask him first before drawing conclusions."

I eyed Levi before going for my cell phone on the nightstand.

I snatched my phone from the nightstand, my fingers trembling with rage as I jabbed Gabriel's number.

Without thinking, I pressed speaker so Louis and Levi could hear every damn word.

The phone rang once.

Twice.

Three times.

"Pick up, you bastard," I growled under my breath.

Finally, the line clicked.

"What do you want?" Gabriel's lazy voice answered, thick with annoyance.

I didn't waste a second.

"Did you send Olivia a box of fucking lingerie and a note? Have you been sending her presents?" I barked, my voice rough with anger.

There was a pause.

Then a low chuckle.

"I wish I was the one, Lennox," Gabriel said, the amusement in his tone making my blood boil. "God, if I had a woman like Olivia, I'd be spoiling her every damn day. You're all fools, you hear me? You have a woman like that under your roof, and instead of cherishing her, you're letting someone else slip notes and gifts to her."

I heard Louis curse under his breath.

Levi rubbed his face roughly, muttering, "Shit."

My hand clenched around the phone so tightly I thought it might shatter.

Gabriel continued, his voice sharper now. "Find out who's trying to take her from under your nose before you lose her for real. And next time you call me, have some damn proof."

I growled in anger. "Really? Proof? Why the fuck was Olivia in your pack? Why was she wearing your clothes, Gabriel?"

For a second, there was silence.

Then Gabriel laughed — a dark, mocking sound that made Louis stiffen beside me.

"You really want an answer?" he said coolly.

"You don't deserve an answer."

I growled low in my throat, but he wasn't done.

"You don't even realize the kind of treasure you have," Gabriel continued, his voice dripping with disdain. "You think you can just question me? Like you have some right over her? Let me make something very clear, Lennox — you and your brothers owe me."

I blinked, stunned.

Louis stepped forward, his fists clenched, face twisted with rage.

Levi's mouth tightened into a hard line.

"We owe you?" I spat into the phone.

Gabriel chuckled again, this time sounding like he pitied us. "Yeah. You owe me. For keeping her safe when you weren't around. For giving her a place when she had no one. For not taking what I could have taken if I was a lesser man."

"You're full of shit, Gabriel," Louis snapped.

Gabriel only hummed in response, like he was already bored of the conversation.

"No explanation. No details. You don't deserve them," he said coldly. "Now get your shit together and leave me the hell alone."

With that, the line went dead.

The phone slipped from my fingers, landing on the floor with a dull thud.

The room was silent except for my heavy breathing.

Gabriel's words echoed in my head, slicing deeper than I wanted to admit.

I sat down on my bed and thought about it. When was the last time I and my brothers actually got her any presents? Four, five years ago? Fuck! There were times we showered her with presents — we practically competed with each other on who gave Olivia presents more.

I looked at my brothers, not knowing how to say it, but I had to say it.

"I know Olivia has hurt us in ways none of us want to talk about," I said, drawing the attention of Levi and Louis to me.

I swallowed hard before continuing. "We all hate her now, I get it, but... she is our mate... our wife, and we can't sit back and let another man keep sending her gifts... we have to do something."

Louis stared at me like I had grown two heads.

"Are you seriously suggesting we start sending her gifts?" he asked, his voice flat, disbelieving.

I exhaled sharply, dragging a hand through my hair.

"Not just gifts," I muttered. "We need to start showing her... that she belongs here. That she's ours. That no other bastard can touch her."

Louis scoffed, pacing the room like a caged animal.

"After everything she did to me? I can't!"

Louis cursed under his breath, kicking the foot of the bed.

"Fuck. Fuck!"

I stayed silent, letting the words settle between us.

I didn't want to say it out loud, but deep down, I knew it — Gabriel was right. Olivia had just asked for a rejection a few moments ago — who knows how far she will go with it? What if she sends a petition to the council of elders? What do we do about that?

I stood up, clenching my fists at my sides.

"We don't have to forget," I said, my voice low and firm. "We don't have to forgive everything right now. But if we don't act, someone else will. Someone else will take what's ours right out from under us."

Louis glared at me, breathing heavily, but didn't argue.

Levi gave a sharp nod.

"So what's the plan?" Levi asked. "You want to start sending her gifts? Flowers? Chocolates? What, Lennox?"

I shook my head.

"No. Not just that. We need to remind her who she belongs to. Remind her why she ever wore our mark in the first place. We need to make sure she never brings up that topic of rejection ever again."

Chapter 97: Gifts

Olivia's POV

It had been a day since I returned from the Shadow Pack, and I hadn't left my room.

Not that the triplets had grounded me—no, it was simply that I didn't want to leave. I didn't want to see their faces.

I wished they would just accept my rejection, be with Anita, and let me move on with my life. But no. They were like predators, and I was their prey. I knew they were never going to let me go.

Sighing heavily, I pulled away the blanket. Lately, something had felt... off. There was a strange sensation inside me, something I couldn't quite explain, but deep down, I knew something wasn't right.

Dragging myself from the bed, I crossed the room and pushed the curtains aside. I opened the windows and inhaled the fresh morning breeze. My gaze swept over the pack—the towering trees, the distant forest—and a heavy sigh slipped from my lips.

I used to adore this place. It had once been my home. But now? Now, all I wanted was to forget everything and leave this place behind.

Start a new life...

There was so much outside these walls. So many people—good people—who wouldn't see me as the daughter of a thief, who wouldn't hate me the way the triplets did. Men like Alpha Gabriel.

I knew it was too soon to think that way, but Alpha Gabriel seemed like a good man. And the way he looked at me... it reminded me of how the triplets used to look at me once, years ago.

I wished I could see him again.

But I knew that wouldn't happen anytime soon.

The triplets would never let me leave this mansion alone ever again.

A soft knock echoed against my door, pulling me from my thoughts. I already knew who it was—Lolita and Nora, my personal maids. I straightened up and called out quietly, "Come in."

The door creaked open and the two girls stepped inside. But instead of the usual tray of food or fresh linens, they were both carrying armfuls of surprises. Boxes wrapped with

golden ribbons, hangers filled with stunning dresses and glittering shoes, and a large bouquet of white roses—my favorite. My brows knitted in confusion.

"What's going on?" I asked, stepping forward slowly.

Lolita smiled shyly. "The Alphas sent these... each of them," she said, setting down the clothes on the velvet chaise.

Nora nodded and placed the roses gently on my dresser, beside the unopened chocolates. "These are from Alpha Louis. He said he remembered that white roses and dark chocolate are your favorite."

My breath hitched. So he still remembers.

Nora then moved toward the largest box and carefully lifted the lid. "This one is from Alpha Lennox," she said softly, pulling out a velvet-lined case filled with stunning jewelry. Diamonds, pearls, and emeralds glistened in the morning light. "He said you used to tell him how you admired your mother's jewelry box, so he thought you should have your own."

Lolita glanced over at the shoes and clothes she had brought. "These are from Alpha Levi. He said... well, he didn't say much. Just that he noticed your old clothes don't fit right anymore. He picked all of this himself."

My chest tightened. I didn't know what to feel—anger, confusion, or the unwanted warmth crawling into my heart. They hurt me... broke me. And now? Now they were sending gifts like I was some princess they were trying to win over.

My frown deepened as I stared at the presents. But part of me... part of me still remembered the way it used to feel when they looked at me like I was their entire world.

Still, why were they sending presents?

They were supposed to be furious with me—for sneaking off to the Shadow Pack, for being around Alpha Gabriel.

Yet here they were... sending gifts?

Confused, I stared at the gifts that would make any woman's heart melt but not mine... I felt something wasn't right. These men hate me, so why are they sending gifts all of a sudden?

I glanced at Lolita and Nora, who seemed even more excited about it than I was.

Narrowing my eyes, I felt my stomach twist into knots.

This was too surprising.

Something was definitely wrong.

Straightening, I turned to the girls, who were still smiling like I had won the lottery.

"This is... surprising," I said slowly, crossing my arms. "Don't you think something's wrong here?"

At my words, they exchanged quick, guilty glances, and to my shock, both of them blushed, their cheeks turning pink.

"Well..." Lolita began, fidgeting with the hem of her apron. "We, um, think it's because of the full moon..."

Nora nodded quickly, her voice dropping to a whisper, as if she was sharing a great secret. "You know, during the full moon week, males offer gifts to their mates... it's tradition."

My heart skipped a beat. Full moon? My mind raced, calculating quickly—and realization slammed into me.

The full moon was happening in a week.

And full moons weren't just about pretty lights in the sky—they were dangerous times, especially for marked females like me.

During the full moon, we went into heat. Our bodies craved the touch of our mates with an intensity that could drive us mad.

If our mates weren't around to satisfy us... it was said some females went as far as sleeping with other males just to calm the unbearable urge.

A big frown etched on my face.

Now it made sense.

The triplets weren't being sweet.

They were pretending—playing nice—because they wanted me to let them touch me.

They didn't want to risk me turning to someone else.

Anger boiled inside me.

How could they do this?

How could they try to trick me like this—just because the full moon was coming?

I turned around sharply, making Lolita and Nora jump.

"Take it back," I said, my voice low but full of anger.

Lolita blinked at me. "W-What?"

"I said take it back!" I snapped louder, glaring at them. "All of it. Every single thing. I don't want their stupid gifts!"

"But Luna Olivia..." Nora said softly, hugging the jewelry box closer to her.

"I don't care!" I shouted. "Tell the Alphas I don't need their fake gifts or their stupid flowers or anything from them! I don't want anything that reminds me of them!"

Lolita looked like she was about to cry. "B-But if we return them, they might—"

"I don't care what they do!" I cut her off quickly. "Let them be angry! It's not my problem! I won't let them buy me with presents! I won't forget what they did to me!"

Both ladies looked scared now, but I didn't care. My heart was pounding and my hands were shaking.

"Now," I said, my voice cold. "Take everything out of my room before I throw it all out the window."

Lolita and Nora quickly grabbed the clothes, shoes, chocolates, and jewelry, almost tripping over each other as they hurried out the door.

When they were gone, I sank onto the bed, my thoughts spinning wildly.

The full moon was coming.

And I was in trouble.

I couldn't escape it.

I would go into heat.

And I wouldn't be able to resist them...

"Shit," I whispered, burying my face in my hands.

"What should I do? Lock myself up? Hide? Run away?"

I was so confused. So lost.

Suddenly, I heard heavy footsteps storming down the hallway.

I already knew who it was.

Chapter 98: Full Moon Soon

Louis' POV

"She said she doesn't want them," one of Olivia's maids muttered, holding the unopened packages in her hands.

I frowned and exchanged glances with my brothers. Lennox and Levi had the same angry expression on their faces. I could tell that just like me, they were pained that she rejected our gifts.

Without saying a word, Lennox was the one who led the way, while Levi and I followed with the maids trailing behind us.

When we reached Olivia's room, the door was unlocked. Lennox pushed it open, and we stepped inside.

She was seated on the bed as if waiting for us. As if she knew we were coming. We didn't say a word, but I signaled to the maids, and they placed the boxes near the foot of the bed before slipping out and quietly closing the door behind them.

My brothers and I turned to Olivia, our eyes fixed on her, but she didn't seem to care.

Lennox was the first to speak. "Why did you reject our gifts?" he asked, his voice calm, his tone different from the anger etched on his face. It was almost as if he didn't want to annoy her.

Olivia folded her arms and glared at all three of us. "Since when did you three start showering me with gifts?" she scoffed, one brow arching. "I think you've made a mistake. Maybe these were meant for your mistress—Anita, was it? You should take them to her."

"No... it's for you," I said, moving forward.

Olivia stared directly at me. "For me?" she asked, seeming angry, which made me wonder why she seemed so angry at the idea that we got her things. I thought she was supposed to be happy.

"Yes, Olivia, it's for you," Levi responded.

Olivia scoffed and stood to her feet. She eyed the presents and then looked back at the three of us. "You three think I'm a fool? That I don't know why you suddenly sent gifts to me?" she asked, and I frowned. Did she know our plan?

"What are you talking about?" Lennox asked.

Olivia moved her gaze away from me and settled it on Lennox. "It's the full moon soon... you three sent these so you can fuck me! So I can let you three fuck me! But guess what—it's never happening."

I blinked. "What?" I breathed out, stunned. "Olivia—what the hell are you talking about?"

Lennox took a step forward, his jaw clenching. "That's not what this is."

She laughed bitterly, like she didn't believe a damn word we said. "Don't act clueless. I know how your kind works. The full moon heightens everything, doesn't it? You're all just hoping I give in to the bond."

Levi frowned. "The full moon?" He looked between me and Lennox, confused. "That's still—wait, is it close?"

Lennox cursed under his breath, realization dawning. "Shit. It's in a week."

I blinked again, turning back to Olivia. I hadn't even checked the calendar. We'd been too consumed with worry, with... her.

"You really think we'd try to manipulate you like that?" I asked, more hurt than I wanted to admit. "You think that's what the gifts were for?"

Olivia's eyes narrowed, but there was something uncertain in them now. A flicker of hesitation.

"Why else would you send them?" she asked, crossing her arms tightly.

"Because we wanted to gift you something nice," Levi said, his voice low. "Because you are our wife... our mate, and we realized we haven't gotten you any gift for years!"

"We just wanted to get you something nice, Olivia," Lennox added, his tone gentler now. "We don't care about the full moon. We never thought of it."

I stepped forward, slowly, hands at my sides. "We didn't even remember the full moon until you mentioned it. That's not what this is. We just... we thought maybe you'd like these gifts."

Olivia's lips parted slightly, her arms loosening. I could see the confusion in her eyes now. The battle between suspicion and trust.

"You're lying," she said, but her voice wasn't as sharp. "You're always lying."

"No, Liv," I said softly. "Not this time. We sent those gifts because we wanted you to look good. That you are still—"

"Don't," she cut in quickly, holding up a hand. Her voice cracked. "Don't say it."

Silence stretched as we all waited for her to say something. My wolf was howling uncomfortably inside me, and it was driving me insane.

Slowly, she turned to the gifts on the bed and frowned.

"Are you sure these are even my size?"

Before I could open my mouth, Levi stepped forward.

"I could never miss your size," he said without hesitation. "I picked the dress. The shoes. Everything."

Olivia turned her gaze to him slowly, her brow furrowed. "That was a long time ago, Levi. I'm not the little girl you used to dress up like a doll and twirl around the garden."

He smiled faintly, but there was pain behind it. "I know you're not. I know you've changed." His voice dropped to a murmur. "But I haven't stopped seeing you."

She blinked, her guard wavering. "You're making this difficult," she muttered, more to herself than to us.

Lennox spoke next, his voice calm. "You say you've changed, and maybe you have. But you're still our mate. That doesn't change. Not to us."

"We never stopped noticing you," I added, my voice thick.

She didn't respond. Just stared at the gifts like they were something dangerous. Like accepting them would open a door she'd tried to nail shut.

And then, slowly, she stepped forward.

Her fingers hovered above the box for a moment before her hand reached in, brushing over the soft fabric of the midnight blue dress. She paused, then pulled it out.

It was a sleek, elegant thing—fitted at the waist, flowing just enough at the hem, with sheer sleeves and a delicate silver embroidery that shimmered faintly in the light.

She held it up in front of her body, eyeing it critically. Her mouth twitched—almost a smirk. "If this doesn't fit, I'm burning it."

"You won't need to," Levi said confidently. "It'll fit."

She cast him a glance, then turned away from us, walking toward her bathroom with the dress clutched in her hands.

"Don't get excited," she tossed over her shoulder. "I just want to prove you wrong."

We said nothing. None of us dared breathe too loud.

Chapter 99: Miss Her

Lennox's POV

The moment Olivia stepped into the bathroom, the room fell into a heavy silence. Louis stood rigidly by the bed, Levi looked like he was forcing himself not to move, and I—well, I couldn't stop staring at the door she'd just vanished behind.

My wolf was restless. My heart was worse.

Then the door creaked open.

She stepped out slowly, and time stopped.

The dress hugged her body like it was made just for her. The midnight blue fabric shimmered with every step she took, flowing like water, clinging to her waist, showing off every soft curve. The sheer sleeves gave her an air of grace, while the neckline dipped just low enough to make my throat go dry.

She looked... stunning.

No, she looked like she belonged on a throne, not in this room—like a queen. Our queen.

I didn't realize I was staring until Levi nudged my side and whispered, "Close your mouth, Lennox."

I ignored him.

She stood in front of us, arms crossed again, but not as tightly this time. She raised a brow. "Well?"

"You look..." I cleared my throat, unable to stop myself from stepping forward. "You look perfect."

She rolled her eyes, but I saw the pink rising on her cheeks.

Louis opened his mouth like he wanted to say something, then just gave a slow nod, his eyes still locked on her.

Then I spotted the last piece we hadn't given her yet—the diamond necklace, resting on top of the box. I picked it up carefully and walked over to her.

"Can I?" I asked.

Olivia looked at me for a second, hesitating. Then, without a word, she turned around and lifted her hair.

My fingers brushed against her skin as I clasped the necklace around her neck. She shivered slightly, and I didn't miss the way her breath hitched.

I leaned in just a little. "It's beautiful," I said softly, "but not as beautiful as you."

She turned slowly to face me again, her eyes unreadable.

"You're not very good at flattery, Lennox," she said softly, then looked away from me and toward the others.

For a moment, I couldn't breathe. I just stared at her. She was stunning, but it wasn't just the dress. It was her. And for a heartbeat, I wanted to forget everything. I wanted to forget that she'd hurt me, that things had fallen apart. I wanted to pretend we were in good terms, just like we were before. God! How I missed her so much! How I missed her taunting, her non-stop talking.

By now she would've been throwing out snarky remarks like, "The clothes don't even look good," or, "Bet you guys bought it cheap."

But she was quiet. And I missed that, I missed her sense of humor.

Louis stepped forward, clearing his throat gently. "You look beautiful, Olivia. And not because of the dress."

She gave him a long, unreadable look. "You're all acting different. It's... unsettling."

I understood exactly how she felt. Even we didn't know what was wrong with us.

Olivia sucked a deep breath. "Thanks for the gift." She sounded not excited about it, but we nodded.

We just stood there. None of us knew if we should stay or leave. I didn't want to leave. I wanted to stay, right here, and keep looking at her.

She raised an eyebrow at us. "I think you should go. Anita's sick and needs your attention. Go to her," Olivia said dismissively as she began arranging the things we'd brought her.

From where I stood, I exchanged a look with my brothers. A silent agreement passed between us before we nodded and turned to leave.

When we reached my chambers, not one of us said a word. It was like seeing her dressed in something we chose had robbed us of our voices.

After a long silence, Levi finally broke the silence. "So... are we getting her more gifts, or are we stopping here?"

I sighed and sat on the bed. I thought of Olivia, of how beautiful and happy she looked. She might have hidden it, but I saw it... I saw how she was moved by our gifts even though she seemed to hate us.

"I think we should get her more things," I muttered, rubbing a hand down my face. "That way, that bastard won't be able to win her over with his gifts."

Louis leaned against the wall, arms crossed, his expression unreadable. "More gifts? You think that's the way to make her not think of rejection?"

Levi flopped onto the chair by the fireplace, his eyes thoughtful. "Not just gifts. Meaningful things. Things she won't expect."

I nodded slowly. "Exactly. Something unique... something only we can gift her... something that idiot won't think of gifting her." I growled.

I felt like I was competing with whoever that bastard is that has been sending her gifts.

Louis shifted, running a hand through his hair. "Exactly, but we need to be careful. She already thinks we're trying to manipulate her because of the full moon."

"Then we don't give her anything seductive," Levi added quickly. "No lingerie. No perfume. Nothing that could be taken the wrong way."

I scoffed. "Did you even think of buying her lingerie?"

Levi raised a brow. "Would you have complained if she wore it?"

Louis groaned. "Focus."

I stood and began pacing. "What about a book? She used to love reading. Something rare. A first edition or something that means something to her."

Levi perked up. "What about that old poetry collection she used to hide under her pillow? The one she made us read to her when she couldn't sleep?"

Louis's eyes lit up with recognition. "Moonlit Verses. The one with the pressed flowers in it."

"She lost it during the fire," I said quietly, memories flooding back. "She cried for days."

"What if we find another copy?" Levi asked. "A real one. Not a replica. The same edition, maybe even signed by the author."

I nodded, heart racing. "She'd never expect that. And it would mean something."

Louis looked between us. "Alright. That's one. What else?"

"She likes music," Levi added. "What if we get her a music box? Something custom-made. Maybe with her name carved into it—or a melody that soothes her wolf."

I glanced at him, surprised. "You remember that?"

"She used to hum in her sleep," he replied quietly. "I memorized the tune."

Silence fell for a moment, heavy with nostalgia. We were remembering the version of Olivia before the pain... before the walls. The girl who used to fall asleep in the sunroom with books on her chest and humming under her breath.

Louis straightened. "I'll talk to the vault keeper about the poetry book. See if we can track a copy down through one of the auction houses."

"I'll sketch out a design for the music box," Levi said. "Maybe even get the melody commissioned."

I took a breath and sat again, heart thudding. Maybe we were lying to ourselves about a lot of things... because when it came to Olivia, we remembered everything about her. Maybe we never stopped loving her.

Suddenly, Levi cleared his throat, drawing our attention.

I noticed he scratched the back of his neck—an old habit when he was nervous.

"I have a confession to make."

Chapter 100: Confessions

Levi's POV

I could see the confused but curious looks on Louis and Lennox's faces as they both stared at me—waiting. For a moment, I wanted to take it all back, to keep playing the game. But I saw no point anymore. I had already achieved what I wanted.

"Actually... I have two confessions to make," I said.

Lennox raised a brow, clearly intrigued. Louis folded his arms, the muscle in his jaw tightening as he waited.

I took a deep breath, stepped into the center of the room, and stood there. A moment of tense silence stretched between us before I finally spoke.

"I've been the one sending those gifts," I said, loud and clear.

Lennox blinked. Louis frowned. Both looked utterly confused.

"There is no secret admirer. Olivia doesn't have a lover." I paused. "It's been me. This whole time. The flowers. The teddy bear. The lingerie. All of it. I sent them."

Silence.

Then Lennox's eyes narrowed. "You what?"

"I sent them," I repeated, slower this time. "I just... I wanted to see if she'd smile. I wanted to remind her she was loved—even if it had to be anonymous."

Louis stared at me like he didn't recognize me. "You let us believe someone else was trying to steal her. You made it look like she had a lover."

"Yes," I responded firmly. "And I had my reasons for doing that."

Lennox frowned, his jaw tightening. "And what's your fucking reason, Levi?"

I met both their eyes, no longer backing down. "To make you two jealous."

The words hit the room like a slap.

Louis stiffened, eyes narrowing dangerously. Lennox scoffed, disbelief flashing across his face.

"To make us jealous?" Louis repeated, stepping forward. "You played games with her emotions—for us?"

"Don't twist it," I shot back. "I didn't play with her emotions—I played with yours."

Lennox crossed his arms. "Why?"

"Because neither of you were doing anything!" I barked, my voice rising with frustration. "I wanted you two to realize that you still love her no matter what!"

Louis looked like he wanted to argue, but I didn't give him the chance.

"You both noticed the gifts. You both reacted—hell, it wasn't until you thought Olivia had a secret lover that you even considered stepping up. You suddenly wanted to fight for her. You started sending your gifts, checking in on her more, being present. I saw it. She saw it."

Lennox glared at me. "So this was all a setup?"

"Call it whatever you want," I said. "But it worked."

They both looked furious—but deep down, they knew I was right.

"And that brings me to my second confession," I continued, looking at my brothers. For a moment, I wanted to keep it to myself. But I couldn't anymore.

"I have decided to forgive Olivia for what she did to me," I announced.

Their eyes widened—Louis's brows shot up, Lennox's mouth parted in disbelief—but I didn't stop.

"I realized that I never stopped loving her. And I never will stop loving her... I want Olivia back in my life."

The room fell into a stunned silence.

Louis was the first to speak. "Are you serious right now?"

I nodded. "Dead serious."

"But after everything, she—" Lennox started, but I cut him off.

"I know what she did. I remember the pain. The heartbreak. The months I spent trying to hate her. But every time I looked at her... every time I saw how broken she looked, how lost she seemed—I just knew. I have hurt her too by my actions. I don't know why she did what she did to me... why she hurt me so much, but I want bygones to be bygones. And I'm done punishing both of us for the past."

Louis ran a hand through his hair, pacing. "This is insane, Levi. You forgave her just like that?"

"No," I said quietly. "Not just like that. It took time. It took everything in me. But yes—I forgave her. And I want to fight for her now. Not from the shadows. Not through tricks or games. For real."

Lennox let out a breath, shaking his head. "You're telling us this now... because you want us to? Join you? Forgive her too? Do you know what she did to me? I bet you have no idea."

I looked at him, my voice calm but unwavering. "No. I'm not asking you to forgive her. That's your decision to make. I don't know what she did to you two, so I have no right to tell you what to do. But I'm letting you know—I'm going after Olivia. I want to love her the way a mate should. I'm done living in the past."

Their angry eyes locked with mine, but I continued.

"I know you both love her too. I've seen it. I feel it every time one of you looks at her. But I'm done sitting on the sidelines pretending I don't care. I do care. More than anything. And if she's willing to give me a second chance... I'll take it. I'll take her."

Louis was quiet, his fists clenched. Lennox looked like he'd just been punched in the gut.

I took a step back, my voice softer now. "I don't know what she did to you two, but I want you to think about it... Olivia was just fourteen. Think of it as a mistake of a little girl, not just as men who feel hurt."

Louis frowned. Lennox's jaw tensed, but neither said a word.

"I'm not here to beg you to do what I'm doing," I added, voice low. "But I am here to say that I'm done hating her. I'm done running. I still love her. And I'll be damned if I lose her again without a fight."

"I'm going to court Olivia," I declared. "Openly. Honestly. No more secrets. No more games."

They both froze.

"I'm not hiding how I feel about her anymore. I'm going to show her that I still want her. That I never stopped." I paused, letting the words sink in. "And I'm telling you this now because I respect you. Both of you. You're my brothers. I love you. I don't want to do it behind your backs."

Louis's jaw ticked. Lennox's brows were furrowed so deep they practically touched.

"I'm not asking for your approval," I said quietly. "But I'm asking for your understanding. You want to keep hating Olivia—fine! But I've made my choice. I'm forgiving her."

After I spoke, I waited—for one of them to say something. Anything. But neither of them did. They just kept staring at me like I'd completely lost my mind.

Maybe they were right. Maybe I had lost my mind. I was going back to the same woman who had nearly destroyed me.

So yes, I was insane.

"With no comment, I'll take my leave."

And with that, I walked out on them.