

Fated To Not Just One, But Three #Chapter 225: It's Her - Read Fated To Not Just One, But Three Chapter 225: It's Her

Chapter 225: It's Her

Levi's POV

"No... No," I whispered, shaking my head in disbelief. "This can't be true."

My hands trembled at my sides. My heart was racing, pounding so hard it felt like it would burst. My mind was spinning, refusing to accept what I had just heard.

Olivia... dead?

Just like that?

Gone?

I took a step back, like I could physically escape the truth. But it clung to me—cold, heavy, suffocating.

The Seer's gaze met mine, her eyes swimming with pity. "I'm sorry, Alpha Levi," she said softly. "But this was bound to happen. It was the prophecy. If she left the Snow Moon Pack, she would die... and Olivia did not harken to it."

"I should have stopped her," I whispered, barely recognizing my own voice.

I shook my head violently. "No. No! You're wrong. Prophecies can change—she can't be dead! There has to be another way—she can't be gone!"

Louis's hand gripped my arm, but it couldn't comfort me. It only reminded me that this was real. That body was hers.

But my heart still refused to believe it.

Lennox's voice broke the heavy silence.

"Who did this?" he growled, stepping forward. His eyes were burning with rage, his voice sharp with anger. "Tell me who did this to her!"

The Seer didn't flinch. She nodded slowly and turned to the door.

"Come inside," she said. "There's only one way to try and see."

We followed her in silence into the small, dimly lit cottage. The air inside was thick with herbs and smoke. The smell of sage and something sharp burned in my nostrils.

The Seer moved to the center of the room, where a stone bowl sat on a table. She lit a small flame beneath it, tossing in strange powders, roots, and dried leaves. She chanted softly under her breath, words I couldn't understand.

The flames danced higher, then turned a deep blue.

She leaned over the bowl, eyes closed, and whispered something again.

We waited.

Then she opened her eyes and gasped.

"What is it?" Lennox barked impatiently. "What do you see?"

The Seer blinked slowly. "It's... not clear," she said. "Someone cloaked their presence. Someone powerful."

"Who?!" Lennox yelled, stepping closer. "Who did it?!"

She winced at the force in his voice but didn't back down. "It was one of your enemies... someone who carries deep hatred. But I can't see who. Their identity is hidden behind a veil of blood magic."

My blood ran cold.

Louis clenched his fists. "You're saying someone killed her on purpose?"

"Yes," she answered quietly. "And not just to kill her, but to hurt you. They knew how much she meant to you."

Lennox let out a strangled sound and slammed his fist into the wall. The wood splintered, a jagged hole forming. Where I stood, my legs felt weak, and just as I was about to collapse, Louis rushed to me and held me.

Lennox growled in anger as he paced around, shaking his head in denial, while Louis held me up. But I could feel his pain through every trembling breath he took.

"I swear, I'm going to kill Gabriel," Lennox spat.

The Seer shook her head. "No," she said calmly. "Gabriel is innocent."

Lennox stopped in his tracks and turned sharply toward her.

"He's not the one," she continued. "If anything, he begged her to stay. He may be many things, but when it comes to Olivia, his heart was sincere. He loved her. Just like you did. Just like all three of you."

She looked at each of us, her gaze firm. "But Olivia was stubborn. She refused to listen. She didn't listen to Gabriel. She didn't listen to the prophecy. She didn't listen to any of you."

Lennox's fists clenched again, his chest rising and falling with ragged breaths.

"I don't care what any of you say," he said, voice low, trembling with a mix of rage and heartbreak. "That body... that's not her. It can't be her. I refuse to accept it."

The Seer walked toward him. "You're in denial," she said gently. "You know it's her, but your heart can't handle it. That's why your soul keeps rejecting it. Because you can't live with the truth."

Lennox's eyes filled with pain.

"I won't believe it," he muttered, backing away. "I won't believe she's dead. I won't."

Then he turned, stormed past us, and walked out of the cottage, slamming the door behind him.

The silence that followed was heavy.

I swallowed hard, trying to find the strength to stand on my own. Louis finally let go, sensing I had steadied a little.

I turned to the Seer, my voice barely more than a whisper. "Please... keep looking. Find out who did this. We need answers."

She gave a small nod. "I will do everything I can."

Without saying another word, I turned and left with Louis behind me.

We got outside and found Lennox already shifting into his wolf form. His massive dark wolf stood there, muscles tense, chest rising with wild breath. Then—without a sound—he took off, sprinting into the trees.

"Lennox!" I called out, but he was already gone.

Louis and I exchanged a look, both of us reading the same fear in each other's eyes.

"He's not thinking straight," I said.

"He'll hurt himself," Louis added.

"Let's follow him," I said without hesitation.

Right there, we both shifted into our wolves and ran after him, leaving the car behind. Our paws pounded the ground as we followed his scent through the forest. It was strong—full of rage, sorrow, and heartbreak.

We reached the pack house.

There, in the middle of the yard, was Olivia's body. It was covered with a white sheet. She lay on a stretcher, and pack members were standing all around in silence. Some had tears in their eyes. Some just stood, frozen.

Lennox had already shifted back to his human form. He was naked, on his knees, holding her body tightly in his arms. He was crying—loud, painful cries that cut through the silence.

He rocked her back and forth. "Olivia... please," he whispered, "This can't be you."

Louis and I shifted back and ran to him. We stood beside him.

Lennox didn't let go. He just held her, his head resting on her chest like he hoped to hear her heart beating again.

Father and Mother stepped forward and Father asked, "What happened?" But none of us responded; rather, we all three kept staring at the covered body.

I could hear whispers and murmurs from the pack members, and it was driving me insane.

"Everyone! Leave!" I ordered.

The crowd started to step back slowly, startled by the sharpness in my voice.

"Everyone! I said leave!" I growled again, louder this time.

One by one, the pack members obeyed. Heads down as they left, leaving only our parents and the guards behind.

The silence that followed was crushing.

Mother walked over to me carefully, her face pale with worry. "Levi..." she said gently, reaching out to touch my arm.

I pulled away.

"Don't," I whispered. "Don't touch me."

Tears burned in my eyes, but I didn't let them fall. I dropped to my knees, right beside where Lennox still held Olivia's covered body.

I scooped up a handful of dirt and held it tightly in my palm, my fingers squeezing until it hurt.

"I swear..." I said, my voice shaking. "By everything in me... by the moon, the stars, my wolf, and my blood—"

I slammed the handful of dirt to the ground.

"—I will avenge her."

Louis stood still, his fists clenched by his sides.

"I'll find them."

"I'll make them suffer."

"Not just them—their family. Their bloodline."

"They'll wish they never touched Olivia."

My voice cracked, but I didn't stop.

"I'll make them feel this pain. Ten times worse. I'll make them wish they never laid eyes on Olivia."

Lennox still held Olivia close. He didn't look up. He was shaking, silent tears falling as he hugged her tightly.

Our father stepped forward slowly. "We're with you, sons," he said in a low voice. "But don't let revenge destroy you."

"I already feel destroyed," I whispered.

Mother tried to comfort me again, but Louis gently stopped her with a look.

Right now, we didn't need comfort.

Chapter 226: New Identity

Olivia POV

We arrived at Alpha Damien's mansion, and he showed me a room. When I got in, I moved my gaze around the room. It was well-finished... a big bed... a dresser... a closet... the room was screaming luxury. I swallowed hard and turned to Alpha Damien, who was casually leaning against the door.

"Here," he spoke, bringing out a fancy gold bracelet. "This is to subdue your wolf and scent." he said, stepping closer.

When he got to where I stood, He held out his hand, silently asking for my wrist, which I hesitated for a moment, but I did, and he unclasped the bracelet around my wrist.

The moment the cold metal touched my skin, I felt a surge of strange energy. It was even stronger than the choker around my neck. Then he stepped behind me, and I felt the soft prick of a pin as he unlocked the choker.

The moment the choker was unlocked and taken off, I massaged my neck and breathed heavily. I tried to reach out to my wolf, but it was useless because the bracelet was now doing the work of the choker... even better.

Damien stepped in front of me, then he brought out a small bottle filled with a glowing purple liquid. It looked like magic.

"Drink this," he said, handing it to me.

I frowned and stepped back a little. "What is it?"

"It's for your voice," he replied. "Right now, your voice still sounds too much like you. Someone might recognize it. This potion will change your voice—make it fit your new identity. Trust me."

I stared at the bottle in my hand, heart pounding. I didn't want to drink it. I didn't want to become more... unrecognizable than I already was.

But what choice did I have?

With a shaky breath, I uncorked the bottle and took a sip.

It burned slightly as it went down.

Then a warm, tingling feeling spread through my throat.

"Now," Damien said, stepping back. "Say something."

I hesitated, then finally opened my mouth.

"What do you want me to say?" I asked.

But the moment I heard my own voice, I gasped.

It didn't sound like me at all.

My voice was softer... slower... and carried a distinct Indian accent. It was strange hearing myself sound in such manner.

I touched my throat, stunned.

Damien smirked. "Perfect. Now no one—not even your mates—will ever recognize you."

I swallowed hard, feeling the weight of that truth settle deep in my chest.

He casually tucked his hand in his pockets and took out a box. He opened the box, and I noticed a diamond ring was sitting pretty on it.

I stared at the diamond ring in the box.

It sparkled like it was mocking me.

"Take it," Damien said softly, but there was power in his voice—one that didn't leave room for arguing. "From today onward, we are married."

Married.

I looked at the ring again, my chest tightening. My hands moved on their own as I reached for it. Slowly, I slid it onto my finger.

It fit perfectly.

Then, Damien brought out another ring from the same box and slipped it onto his own finger.

"There," he said with a smirk. "Now it's official."

I didn't say anything. I couldn't. My throat was tight with emotion.

"Look at the desk," he said, nodding toward the corner of the room. "Pick up the file. Read it. That's your new life."

I walked slowly to the desk. There was a neat brown folder lying on it. I opened it—and my eyes widened.

There was a picture of me. Not the real me, but the new face that stared back in the mirror. Beside it was a name I didn't recognize.

Riya. English name: Rebecca.

I kept reading.

The file said I met Alpha Damien two months ago... during his trip to India. It claimed I was a small-time writer—just a simple human woman who had no idea he was an Alpha.

It said we fell in love quickly and secretly got married last week.

Every single word was a lie.

My stomach twisted.

I looked back at Damien. He was already watching me.

"That's your new identity," he said. "That's the story. Memorize every detail. If you slip up, even once, it could cost us everything."

I swallowed hard. "But—"

He raised a hand, cutting me off.

"Rules," he said. "Let me make them clear."

He stepped closer, eyes now cold and serious.

"One: You don't go anywhere without me or my permission."

"Two: No contacting anyone from your past. Not even by accident."

"Three: You are human now. No mention of wolves, powers, or anything supernatural."

He paused.

"Four: Don't you dare try to find out who has this face."

"And five..." He stepped even closer, lowering his voice, "You are my wife. You will act like it. In public, you will smile. You will play the role. Do not embarrass me."

His words hit like bricks, one after the other.

I wanted to yell back at him, but I nodded slowly, biting the inside of my cheek to keep the tears back.

"Good," he said. "Now rest. You'll start living your new life tomorrow."

Then he turned and left, locking the door behind him.

Left alone, I collapsed onto the bed and stared at the ceiling.

This was my life now. A new name—Rebecca. The wife of Alpha Damien.

I picked the file up again.

It said I was twenty-two years old, an orphan, with no living relatives.

It said I was born in Chandigarh, India, and moved to the States at eighteen to pursue writing.

My eyes burned. I could barely recognize the girl described in those pages.

Everything I was... everything I had been... was gone.

I must have laid there for hours, staring at the ceiling. The room was silent, too silent. Every tick of the clock echoed like a scream in my head.

Eventually, there was a soft knock on the door. Before I could answer, it opened slowly, and two women stepped inside. Maids—dressed in soft gray uniforms, their eyes downcast.

One of them carried a silver tray.

"Lunch, ma'am," she said quietly, placing it on the table.

I sat up but didn't move toward it. I didn't feel hungry. My stomach was still twisted in knots from everything that had happened.

They bowed slightly and left, closing the door behind them.

I glanced at the food—roasted meat, vegetables, fresh fruit—but I barely touched it.

Later that evening, they came again. Dinner. Another tray, different dishes. This time, the scent was richer, more tempting.

But again, I barely ate.

I couldn't stop thinking.

Would the triplets believe I'm dead now?

Were they mourning me?

Has Lennox done something stupid?

Were Louis and Levi taking it well?

The thought made my chest ache.

Were they okay?

Can they even feel that I'm still alive?

Tears stung my eyes, but I blinked them away. I had cried enough. I turned over, hugging the pillow to my chest.

And eventually, sleep took me.

Morning light streamed into the room.

I stirred slowly at the warmth against my face. I hadn't opened the curtains... and then I heard movement.

The maids were back.

One of them gently pushed the window open to let the morning sun in. The other moved to the edge of the bed.

"Good morning, ma'am," she said softly. "Alpha Damien has a meeting at 8 a.m. He requests your presence in the throne room."

I sat up, rubbing my eyes. "A meeting?"

"Yes, ma'am. You are to dress and join him. He said it is important."

The maids didn't wait for me to protest. They opened a wardrobe I hadn't even noticed before—inside were elegant gowns, silk robes, shining shoes, and expensive jewelry. One of them picked a deep maroon dress, embroidered with gold and lined with velvet. It looked like something a queen would wear.

They helped me bathe and slipped me into it, brushing my hair out and pinning it back with gold clips. One applied a light makeup on my face. Another fastened a golden chain around my neck.

When they were done, I barely recognized myself.

I looked... regal. Royal. Like someone meant to sit on a throne.

But inside, I still felt like a ghost.

The maids led me through the mansion, down a long hallway lined with tall mirrors and art I didn't bother to look at. My heels clicked on the floor with every step.

Finally, we reached two massive doors.

They opened, revealing a grand throne room filled with pack members and high-ranking wolves. The space was quiet, but all heads turned when I entered.

And then I saw Alpha Damien.

He stood from his throne, dressed in a black tailored suit, eyes locked on mine.

I froze.

Without hesitation, he walked toward me, his expression unreadable.

And then, to my shock, he leaned down and kissed me.

Deeply.

His lips pressed against mine like we were truly in love—like we had a bond no one could break. My body went stiff, but I didn't pull away.

He pulled back slightly, turned to the room, and said loud and clear:

"This is my wife. Rebecca."

There was silence for a beat... and then soft claps filled the room, followed by bows and nods of respect.

I stood beside him, still reeling from the kiss, from the weight of his words.

His wife.

Rebecca.

But inside... I was still Olivia.

And my heart?

It still belonged to three broken boys who didn't even know I was still alive.

Chapter 227: Room

Olivia POV

"Come with me, darling," Damien said gently, his tone both soft and affectionate as he led me toward our seats. I could feel every pair of eyes on us... a sea of questions hung in the air, silent but heavy.

Damien led me toward the seats and gestured for me to take the one beside him, which looked like a smaller version of his. I swallowed hard and sat down, folding my hands in my lap as I lifted my chin to meet their gazes. Every eye was watching, analyzing.

Then, one man rose from the crowd and bowed politely. "Alpha Damien," he began, "I... I can't sense any wolf energy from her. Is she human?"

A murmur of agreement rippled through the room. Heads nodded. Eyes narrowed in curiosity, maybe even doubt.

Damien didn't seem bothered.

"Yes," he said without pause. "She is human."

Gasps echoed around us, the tension in the air thickening.

"But," he continued, his voice stronger, filled with authority, "she is also my mate."

My eyes widened slightly at his words, but I kept my expression composed. I couldn't let my real feelings show.

A few voices rose again in hushed tones, uncertain murmurs buzzing from corner to corner.

Then another woman, seated near the front, raised her voice with concern. "Forgive me, Alpha... but can she carry your pups?"

Silence.

All eyes turned back to Damien.

His jaw clenched slightly, but his reply came without hesitation.

"Of course she can," he said confidently. "She is my mate. The Moon Goddess makes no mistakes."

Relief flooded their faces. Heads nodded. The tension in the room melted just a little.

"Then she is one of us," an older wolf declared from the back. "If she can carry the Alpha's pups, then she is our Luna."

A wave of quiet agreement followed.

One by one, people stood, bowed their heads, and welcomed me.

"Welcome, Luna Rebecca."

"Welcome."

"May the Goddess bless your union."

The voices grew louder, more genuine. Some even smiled at me.

I forced myself to smile back, nodding gracefully as I clutched the edge of my chair. Inside, my heart still ached. They were calling me Rebecca. Accepting me. Believing every word of this illusion.

And I had no choice but to play along.

Damien leaned in slightly, whispering in my ear, "You did well."

Then he stood, taking my hand again.

"We'll take our leave now," he announced to the room.

They all bowed once more as he led me out of the throne room. Once we were out of sight, I let out a breath I didn't even know I was holding.

Alpha Damien turned to me with a rare softness in his voice. "You did well... Remember to—"

He stopped mid-sentence when a guard came running toward us, panic written all over his face.

The man halted in front of us, bowed deeply, and said, "Alpha, you need to see this. Right away."

His voice shook. Something was wrong.

Damien's jaw tensed, a low growl almost rising from his throat. "What is it now?" he muttered under his breath before glancing back at me. "Go back to your room," he said, voice clipped and commanding.

Then, without another word, he turned and walked away with the guard.

I stood there for a second, my heart pounding as I watched them disappear down the hallway. I didn't know what was going on, but whatever it was had shaken even Damien.

I frowned, but I didn't dwell on it. Obeying his order, I turned and made my way up the grand staircase that led to my room.

My heels clicked softly on the polished floor, the corridors silent except for the soft rustle of my dress. But just as I reached the door to my assigned room, something strange happened.

I stopped.

A few steps away, just beside my door... was another door.

A door I hadn't noticed before.

I knew this part of the hallway well enough. I had passed it just this morning. That door wasn't there. Or... had it been, but I didn't notice?

It wasn't Alpha Damien's quarters—his room was in the opposite wing.

So... whose was this?

My heart started beating faster. I should've gone into my room and stayed there like I was told, but something about this door pulled me in. It felt like gravity had shifted slightly, drawing me toward the unknown.

My hand moved on its own, reaching for the handle.

Don't do it, I told myself.

But I did.

I pressed down on the handle, expecting resistance... but there was none.

It opened with a soft click.

Not locked.

I stepped back instinctively. The air around the room felt colder, heavier—as if something had been waiting behind that door for a long time.

A part of me screamed that this was a mistake. But the other part—my wolf, maybe, or whatever was left of her—urged me forward.

I stepped cautiously into the room.

The first thing I noticed was a mop leaning against the wall and a half-full bucket of water sitting nearby. The water was still slightly rippling... like someone had just been here. Cleaning.

I looked around slowly.

The room was lavish—almost identical to mine. Velvet drapes, gold-trimmed mirrors, a thick, plush bed with satin sheets. It screamed wealth. Whose room is this?

My eyes scanned the walls, the scent of lilac faint in the air. Then I moved to the wardrobe, curiosity getting the better of me. I opened it—and froze.

The hangers were lined with elegant women's clothing.

Gowns. Dresses. Shoes. Perfume bottles lined neatly in a glass case nearby.

This was a woman's room.

But whose?

My heart began to thump as I slowly turned. That's when I saw it—a picture frame on the nightstand.

I walked over and picked it up.

And froze.

It was her. Sofia.

Damien was right.

She looked like me.

No—she looked like an older version of me. Same bone structure, same eyes. She could've been my elder sister.

So this... this must have been her room.

I took a step back, my chest tightening with something I couldn't name. Fear? Confusion? She was the second person I'd seen having the same face as me.

Suddenly, I bumped into a low table behind me. A thud echoed in the silence, and several items tumbled to the floor.

I bent down quickly, gathering them—only to pause when I saw what had fallen.

A photo album.

It had been tucked under a small stack of books. I picked it up, unable to stop myself from flipping it open.

The first few pages were filled with photos of Sofia—laughing, smiling, posing near a lake, dancing in the garden.

She was beautiful. Free.

But then... I turned a page and froze.

There he was.

Damien.

Only... not the one I knew.

He looked younger. Happier. His eyes were filled with light. He had a wide, genuine smile—different from the cocky one he wore now. His arm was around Sofia, and he looked at her like she was his entire world.

They looked so happy. In love with each other.

Page after page, their love spilled out—picnics, festivals, parties. I could feel the bond between them even through the photos.

Then, I turned another page... and my hands began to tremble.

A photo stared back at me.

Sofia was there—but she wasn't alone.

Standing beside her was a girl.

My breath caught.

The girl... whose face I'm wearing now.

It was her.

The real owner of this face.

The same smile. The same eyes. The same dimples I now saw in the mirror.

I dropped the album.

My legs gave out, and I sank to the floor.

A storm of questions swirled in my head.

Who was she?

Why do I have her face?

And most of all...

What happened to her?

Chapter 228: Findings

Olivia's POV

It's been three days since I arrived at Alpha Damien's mansion, and I hardly stepped outside my room. It wasn't like I was locked in... it was my own choice.

Alpha Damien had been busy. He only visited at night, checking on me quickly before rushing off again. I could see the tired look in his eyes every time—like something heavy was weighing on him. I didn't ask. Whatever it was, I knew it wasn't about me. Probably pack problems.

I sat on my bed, hugging my knees, and thinking about that picture I saw in Sofia's room. The picture of her... and the girl beside her. The girl whose face I was now wearing. Who was she? Were they close? Were they sisters? Friends? Where is she now?

My mind wouldn't stop asking questions I had no answers to. I just wanted to know the truth, to know whose face I now wore.

My throat felt dry. I needed water.

I stood, left the room, and quietly made my way downstairs. The house was peaceful, and every servant I passed lowered their heads in respect. I forced a smile, trying to look normal—even though inside I felt like a stranger in my skin.

When I entered the kitchen, I found an older woman there. She was wiping her hands with a towel and turned toward me with a bright, warm smile.

"Luna Becca," she said sweetly. "What would you like?"

I froze.

Becca? That was a nickname. It seemed... she knew the owner of this face.

"Do you remember me?" I asked cautiously.

The woman chuckled, placing a hand on her hip. "Of course I do, my dear. You used to spend hours in this kitchen trying to teach me those Indian meals. Miss Sofia, your best friend, would always laugh and say, 'Becca thinks she's a chef now.'" She smiled at the memory, her eyes glowing.

My heart dropped.

The girl in the photo was Sofia's best friend.

I leaned against the counter, suddenly feeling a bit dizzy.

The woman stepped closer, lowering her voice. "I must say... I never expected you and Alpha Damien to be a thing."

I looked up at her, startled.

She held up her hands. "Oh, don't worry. I'm not judging. Alpha Damien says you're mates now, and I believe him. But still... back then, you once told me you were engaged to someone else. You were so in love... I remember your eyes lit up when you talked about him."

I looked away, the lump in my throat growing.

She gave me a sad smile. "Wherever Miss Sofia is, I believe she'd be shocked... maybe even hurt. To know her best friend and her man ended up married. But... she left him first, didn't she?"

I didn't respond.

Because I didn't know how to.

I wasn't Becca.

But I was living in her face... wearing her story... taking her place.

And now... I was married to Alpha Damien. Her best friend's man.

That was who I was now, at least to them. But I didn't know her life. I didn't know what she liked, who she loved, or what she left behind. I didn't know anything.

I needed answers—but I had to be careful. If I asked too many wrong questions, someone might suspect something.

So I forced a small, nervous smile and stepped a little closer to the cook.

"I'm sorry," I said gently, "Have I seemed... a little off lately?"

The woman tilted her head in concern. "No, dear, why do you ask?"

I looked down, pretending to fidget with my fingers. "It's just... ever since I got sick a few weeks ago, I've been forgetting little things. The doctor said it was mild amnesia from stress... nothing serious, but sometimes memories get fuzzy."

Her eyes widened. "Oh dear. I didn't know that."

I smiled faintly. "I didn't want anyone to worry. But I was hoping... maybe you could help me remember a few things?"

She softened immediately. "Of course, sweetheart. Anything you need."

I nodded, heart racing.

"Can you remind me... how did I meet Alpha Damien again?"

Her expression brightened. "Oh yes. Miss Sofia invited you over three years ago, remember? She said you were just sightseeing, curious about how a werewolf pack works."

She chuckled. "You told us you were human—always so wide-eyed and curious. You'd wander the pack grounds asking questions about everything."

I blinked, pretending the memory was coming back. "Right... and I stayed for a while?"

"Three months," she said with a fond smile. "You stayed exactly three months. And honestly, we all got used to having you around. Even Alpha Damien seemed to become friends with you too."

I nodded slowly, trying to piece it all together in my mind. "Then I left?"

She nodded. "Yes. You said you had to return home. Something about your fiancé, I think. You never said much, but I could tell you were torn."

She sighed. "Then, not long after—maybe three months later—Miss Sofia left too. It broke Alpha Damien. He didn't speak of it, but it was clear."

"And now..." she looked at me with a kind expression, "Now you're back. And mated. The Moon Goddess must've written it this way."

I forced another smile, but my heart was heavy.

Where is the real Rebecca? And why did Alpha Damien give me her face knowing she was Sofia's best friend? Was this some twisted ploy to make Sofia jealous... to draw her out?

Was that his plan?

"Are you okay?" the elderly woman asked, and I forced a nod. She smiled and turned to continue what she was doing, but out of curiosity, I spoke.

"I heard the Luna of the Full Moon Pack is dead...Is that true?" I asked, wanting to know if she had any information to give me. I wanted to know what was going on with the triplets. I was scared... worried about them... how were they taking the news of my supposed death.

The cook sighed and shook her head with sympathy. "Yes... we heard it and also heard her memorial ceremony is taking place tomorrow..." she sighed again. "Poor girl was beheaded, her body and chopped head delivered to the triplets alphas..."

My eyes widened in shock.

Beheaded? That's how they said I died?

The room suddenly felt colder, like the air had been sucked out. My heart started pounding in my chest as the cook went on, clearly unaware of my discomfort.

"Such a painful way to go... I just pray the Moon Goddess brings justice."

I nodded stiffly, not trusting myself to speak. My lips were dry. My stomach churned.

Beheaded... That's what the triplets saw?

How could Alpha Damien do that? And his witch? Whose body did they use? How did they make it look like me?

And then it hit me.

What if it was Rebecca? The real owner of this face.

My hand flew to my mouth as nausea rose in my throat.

Did they... kill her?

Did they murder her just to make me disappear in the eyes of the world?

No. No, no.

I could feel the walls closing in on me. I couldn't stay there a second longer.

"I... I need to lie down," I said quickly, turning away before the cook could ask anything more.

I hurried out of the kitchen, my hands trembling, my chest tight.

The moment I reached my room, I slammed the door shut behind me and collapsed onto the floor.

Tears burned my eyes, but I couldn't even cry properly.

So this was it?

This was how Alpha Damien planned to keep me hidden? By killing someone... and putting her headless body in my place?

I was trying to control my breath... to stop myself from thinking about it when suddenly the door to my room pushed open, and I perked up to see Alpha Damien step in, his expression unreadable.

I swallowed hard, wiping at the corners of my eyes quickly before standing to my feet.

He looked around the room briefly, then locked eyes with me. "We have to leave," he said firmly.

I blinked, confused. "Leave?"

He stepped closer, voice calm but tense. "The Head Council election is in three weeks. My spies tell me that a few of the candidates running against me are getting desperate. They're planning something stupid. Dangerous."

"What kind of dangerous?" I asked slowly, fear rising in my chest.

He sighed. "They're planning an attack. A bombing. On this pack."

My eyes widened.

"Not because of the pack itself," he continued. "But because of me. They want to take me out. Eliminate me before the election. They think it will give them a better chance."

He paced once, then looked at me seriously. "I can't risk staying here anymore. Not just for my safety—but for the people who live under me. They don't deserve to be caught in the crossfire."

I stared at him, still struggling to understand what he was saying.

"We're leaving," he repeated. "Pack your things."

I swallowed hard. "Leaving where?"

He looked at me, his eyes dark and full of impatience.

"To a pack bigger than mine. A pack more powerful. A pack they won't dare touch. One whose name alone keeps enemies from breathing too loud."

I didn't breathe.

"Where?" I whispered, though I already knew.

He exhaled slowly.

"A pack every other Alpha fears attacking."

My heart pounded.

"A pack so strong, even the thought of attacking it would be suicide."

Then he looked me dead in the eye.

"We're going to the Full Moon Pack."

Chapter 229: Still In Doubt

Louis' POV

Silence.

Heavy. Suffocating. Endless silence.

The kind that presses down on your chest and makes it nearly impossible to breathe.

I glanced around the room at my brothers. They were both here... but barely.

Lennox sat slumped on the couch, eyes blank, staring into nothing. His hands rested uselessly in his lap, his expression hollow. Like life had been drained from him.

Levi was lying on the bed, his eyes locked on the ceiling. He hadn't spoken much today... or yesterday.

And me?

I sat on the floor, my back against the wall, knees up, head resting on my arm. Just... blanking out.

It had been three days.

Three days since we found Olivia's body.

Three days since our world shattered.

We had no clue who did it. We sent trackers everywhere, across all borders. Hoped for something—anything—that could lead us to the one responsible.

But everything came back empty.

Whoever did this... was good. Smart. Careful.

Clean.

And no matter how much pain we were in, we were still struggling with one thing—we didn't believe it.

That body... headless, lifeless...

Could that really be Olivia?

Especially Lennox.

One moment he would be mourning, crying like his world had ended... and the next, he'd snap up, yelling, "That's not her! That's not Olivia!"

None of us wanted to accept it. And deep down, we couldn't.

Even with all the signs. All the proof.

Still, we needed more.

We decided to do a DNA test. Just to make sure.

We took a strand of hair from the headless body. And another from Olivia's old hairbrush. Sent it to the best lab we knew.

The results came in.

A perfect match.

It was Olivia.

She was gone.

Another brutal confirmation that she really was gone.

I didn't even realize I was crying until I tasted the salt on my lips. Lennox stood up then, punched the wall, then sank to his knees.

"I still don't believe it," he muttered. "I don't care what some test says. That's not her. It can't be."

Levi didn't speak, but I could hear him sob quietly. A sound that tore me apart.

Maybe the Seer was right.

Maybe it was denial.

Our hearts just refused to let go of her.

Suddenly, Lennox looked at me. His voice low and rough. "Louis... mind-link Olivia's mother. Let her know the memorial is tomorrow night."

I hesitated. "Are you sure? I mean...."

"She deserves to know," Lennox said, his eyes red. "She's her mother."

I nodded slowly and reached out through the pack's mind link.

Mrs. Parker?

There was silence for a moment... then her voice came through, angry and sharp.

What do you want, Alpha?

"We're... having Olivia's memorial tomorrow night. We thought you should know."

There was a long pause.

Then she replied—cold and flat.

I'm not coming.

My heart sank. "Why?"

Because that's not my daughter. I don't care what you boys say or what proof you think you have. That's not Olivia. She's not dead. She can't be.

I blinked, fighting back another wave of tears. "Mrs. Parker..."

Don't call me again, unless it's to tell me my daughter is alive.

And then the link went dead.

I opened my eyes and looked at Lennox and Levi.

"She's not coming," I whispered. "She doesn't believe it either. She said... that's not her daughter."

We all sat in silence again, each drowning in our sorrow.

My wolf... he had completely withdrawn. I hadn't felt him since the night we found her. He was mourning too. Our mate bond with Olivia might be broken, but not our feelings for her.

We loved her—even before the Moon Goddess made it official.

A soft knock echoed against the door.

We didn't respond.

A few seconds later, it creaked open, and our mother stepped in quietly, holding a tray with food none of us had the strength to even look at.

She paused, her eyes scanning the room, lingering on each one of us.

Her face was pale, her lips trembling. "Please," she said gently, "just eat something. Anything."

No one moved.

She stepped further in, placing the tray on the table. Her voice cracked. "It's been three days... You boys haven't touched a single meal since—since Olivia..."

Her voice broke, and she cleared her throat, composing herself. "I know you're hurting. I know how much you loved her. But you can't do this to yourselves. You're leaders. Alphas."

We still didn't speak.

She took a breath and continued, "You have a pack looking up to you. Hundreds of werewolves under your protection. They need you. Your strength. Your presence."

Still silence.

Then she added softly, "And don't forget... you'll be fathers soon."

That was the breaking point.

Lennox's head snapped up, his eyes bloodshot, rage flashing across his face.

"Get out."

Her eyes widened in shock. "Lennox—"

"I said get out!" he roared, his voice echoing off the walls.

She flinched, stepping back instinctively.

"You think we care about being Alphas right now?" he growled, rising to his feet. "You think we care about anything else when the one person we lived for might be gone?"

He pointed toward the door, breathing heavily. "We don't need your lecture. Get out, Mother."

Tears welled in her eyes as she whispered, "I'm sorry," and turned to leave.

The door closed behind her, and the silence returned.

"Damn it... I shouldn't have spoken to her like that," Lennox muttered, sinking back onto the couch, running a shaky hand through his hair.

We all knew he didn't mean it. We were just... broken. Grief had turned everything inside out, made us lash out at the people we still had left.

Before any of us could speak, the door opened again.

We frowned, thinking she had come back.

But it wasn't her.

It was our father.

He walked in slowly, hands behind his back, face unreadable. We waited, expecting another lecture... maybe another attempt to get us to eat.

But he didn't say anything like that.

He cleared his throat, his voice calm but firm. "I came to inform you of something."

We looked up slowly.

"Your uncle, Alpha Damien, just sent word," he said. "He'll be coming here. Staying in the pack house for a few weeks... with his new wife."

The room went dead silent.

"What?" Lennox's voice was sharp, full of rage.

"He says it's temporary," Dad added. "Just for protection. His sources told him some candidates running against him in the Werewolf Council election are planning something dangerous... an attack, maybe even a bombing."

He sighed. "He believes someone's targeting him and wants to lie low for a while—here, where it's safe."

"No," Levi said firmly, sitting up. "Not after what he did."

I clenched my fists. "He shows up three days after Olivia's death, and we're supposed to just let him in like nothing happened?"

"He's not stepping foot in this house," Lennox snapped. "Not after what he pulled. Not after everything."

Dad sighed, but his expression remained steady. "Boys, I understand how you feel. But you can't stop him."

"Yes, we can," Lennox growled. "We're the Alphas—"

"And he's a Luciano," Dad cut in gently but firmly. "Just like you."

That shut us up.

He stepped forward. "This pack house belongs to our bloodline. Damien is family. He has every right to stay here, especially if it concerns his safety. Whether you like it or not."

I clenched my jaw, my wolf growling softly in the back of my mind.

Lennox looked like he wanted to rip something apart.

Levi muttered under his breath, "So he gets to hide here... under our roof... while we grieve the girl he probably helped kill? Because of his stupid revenge. Olivia rejected us... if she hadn't, she would never have left this pack. She would have never been killed."

Dad didn't respond to that.

He only said, "Please stay calm. He'll be arriving tonight." Then he turned and walked out.

The door clicked shut behind him.

We sat there again, stunned. Furious.

Lennox turned to me. "When did he suddenly get married?"

I sighed. "I have no idea."

A cold chill slid down my spine. Something about the timing didn't sit right.

Three days ago, Olivia was found dead.

Three days later, Damien's coming... with a wife we've never heard of.

"It's good he's coming," I finally said, my voice low. "Because I have questions. A lot of questions he has to answer."

Lennox looked at me. "You're suspecting him?"

I nodded slowly. "Apart from the three of us... everyone else is a suspect."

Chapter 230: Back Home

Olivia's POV

There was a tense silence inside the private jet. The hum of the engine filled the cabin, but my mind was louder, racing with fear, doubt, and a hundred unanswered questions.

I was going back.

Back to the Full Moon Pack.

Back to the triplets.

It had only been a week... just a week since I last saw them. But with everything that had happened, it felt like years.

So much had changed.

I sat stiffly in my seat, hands curled tightly in my lap, eyes glued to the clouds outside the window. My heart thudded against my ribs like it wanted out. I didn't know what I would find when I got there.

Would they recognize me?

Should I even tell them?

Should I expose everything—tell them the truth?

That I was alive. That this face wasn't mine. That I was wearing someone else's identity. That Alpha Damien had faked my death and trapped me in a life I never chose.

My fingers trembled.

Maybe... maybe they could help me.

Maybe—

"Olivia," Damien's voice sliced through my thoughts like a blade.

I turned slowly, my heart skipping.

He was seated beside me, calm as ever, sipping from a glass of wine like the world was under his control... perhaps not the world, but I was under his control.

"I want to show you something," he said smoothly, placing his glass on the table and reaching into his pocket.

I watched warily as he pulled out a small, sleek remote.

"What—"

Suddenly, pain.

A sharp, violent jolt tore through my body.

I couldn't even scream.

My lungs seized up. My vision blurred. My entire chest felt like it was being crushed from the inside out.

The pain was electric—burning, choking, stabbing—and then...

It stopped.

It only lasted a few seconds, but it felt like I was dying.

When it finally stopped, I slumped against the seat, trembling. My eyes burned with tears as I tried to pull in a shaky breath.

My hands flew to my wrist, where the gold bracelet sat—innocent-looking and beautiful... but deadly.

Damien leaned closer, his voice low but threatening. "I can kill you in less than a minute with that."

My whole body shook. I stared at him, wide-eyed, my chest heaving.

He continued, his voice calm but sharp with warning. "Don't get any ideas, Olivia. You and I had a deal. One year. You keep your mouth shut. You play the perfect little Luna wife. You do what I say."

He leaned back, watching me like a snake waiting to strike.

"If you betray me..." he tapped the remote gently, "you die."

My throat closed up. I nodded slowly, forcing myself to breathe through the terror.

He smiled, satisfied. "Good girl."

And just like that, he picked up his wine again, as if nothing had happened.

I looked away, my heart panting... now I realized the bracelet wrapped around my wrist wasn't just to subdue my wolf or hide my scent—it was connected to my heart... Alpha Damien could actually kill me with it.

What have I gotten myself into?

The jet began to descend. Outside, the land below stretched like a map I once knew by heart. I swallowed hard as the seatbelt light blinked on.

We were here.

The Full Moon Pack.

The place I once called home.

When the jet came to a soft landing, a black SUV was already waiting at the end of the private airstrip. Damien stood and adjusted the cuff of his shirt like this was just another routine meeting. He motioned toward the open door.

"Let's go."

I stepped down the stairs slowly, the heat of the afternoon sun instantly hitting me. The air here felt... heavier.

Familiar.

Painfully familiar.

The driver opened the car door, and we slid into the back seat. Damien remained composed beside me, scrolling through his phone as if nothing had happened back on the plane. As if he hadn't just nearly killed me minutes ago.

The engine rumbled to life and the SUV began to roll down the familiar dirt path leading into the Full Moon territory.

The roads hadn't changed.

Tall trees framed both sides. The grass danced lazily under the sunlight. I caught glimpses of the training grounds far in the distance and the old watchtower that once stood as our childhood adventure spot.

Everything looked the same.

And yet... nothing felt the same.

As we approached the heart of the pack—the grand pack house—I saw the flags flying at half-mast. A sign of mourning.

They still believed I was dead.

My chest tightened.

The car passed the gates, driving into the wide-open courtyard. Several guards bowed as we drove past, their faces grim.

We finally pulled up before the pack house entrance.

Home.

But not really.

The driver stepped out and opened our doors.

Damien stepped out first, buttoning his suit and adjusting his stance.

I stepped out behind him, shielding my eyes from the bright sun.

This was it.

I was standing on the very soil where I had once laughed, trained, cried... loved.

I was back in the Full Moon Pack.

But this time, I wasn't Olivia.

The first person I noticed was Sir Damon, who stood at the entrance, and with him was Lady Fiona. I swallowed hard, wondering if they would recognize me, but I doubted it because even the guards who knew me well didn't even recognize me.

Alpha Damien suddenly slipped his arm around my waist, and I flinched inwardly. His touch disgusted me—but I had to play the part.

He guided me toward Sir Damon and Lady Fiona. As we approached, my eyes scanned around the area. The pack house looked deadly silent. It was as if everyone was walking on eggshells, scared of making a sound.

I scanned around, practically searching for them...

Where were they?

I wanted nothing more than to see them... I wanted to be sure they were okay.

When we reached where Sir Damon and Lady Fiona stood, Alpha Damien introduced me.

"Brother... Lady Fiona... this is my wife, Luna Rebecca."

Sir Damon gave me a nod, no sign of recognition from him. But Lady Fiona stepped forward. Her eyes met mine and without hesitation, she pulled me into a warm hug.

"Luna Rebecca," she said softly, "welcome. We're so glad you've come."

I froze.

Her arms wrapped around me gently, but every fiber of my being screamed in disgust. The hug felt wrong. Like I was being suffocated.

When she finally let go, I forced a tight smile.

"You're... very kind," I muttered, barely meeting her eyes.

She reached up to tuck a strand of hair behind her ear.

"You look lovely. So radiant. I was wondering if you two would like separate rooms or—"

"We're sharing," Damien interrupted smoothly, cutting her off before she could finish the thought. His tone was light but firm, leaving no room for argument. "She's my wife now. We don't need space between us."

Lady Fiona gave a polite laugh. "Of course. I only asked out of courtesy."

I nodded silently, my face blank. But inside, questions, and bitterness churned like a storm.

Was she mourning me?

Did she even shed a single tear when she thought I was dead?

My eyes shifted toward Sir Damon, who stood silent beside her. His face gave nothing away, but his eyes... they flickered to me once, then back to Damien. There was something in that brief look. Something unreadable.

But one thing was clear.

They didn't recognize me.

I looked around again. Somewhere in this house, I knew the triplets were here.

My heart pulled toward them like a compass starved for its true north.

I just needed to see them.

"Let's go in," Alpha Damien said softly.

I nodded, even though my legs felt like stone and my heart pounded so hard I could hear it echoing in my ears. With his arm still resting around my waist, he guided me past Sir Damon and Lady Fiona, through the grand double doors of the Full Moon Pack house.

The air inside was thick.

Too thick.

It was quiet—too quiet for such a large, once-vibrant home. The halls that used to echo with footsteps and voices now felt hollow, like they, too, were grieving.

We stepped into the living room.

And then I saw them.

I froze.

At the top of the stairs, all three of them stood—Lennox, Levi, and Louis—side by side, as if they had come down together. Maybe they had. Maybe they still moved like one even while their hearts were broken.

My breath caught.

They were still handsome, still powerful in presence... but gods, they looked different.

Their faces were pale, drawn with grief. Their eyes were hollow, bloodshot, and tired. Their once-strong builds looked a little leaner, like they hadn't been eating properly. Even across the room, I could see what grief had done to them.

They were barely holding themselves together.

Lennox was the first to start descending, slowly, followed by Louis and then Levi. Their steps were heavy, quiet, like every movement took more effort than it should have.

And then it happened.

Their eyes met mine.

All three of them.

And for a second—just a second—I swore time stopped.

My heart leapt into my throat.

Lennox's eyes locked with mine, and I felt a jolt go through my chest. A thousand unspoken things hung in the air between us. His steps slowed slightly, his brows subtly pulling in.

Levi's gaze narrowed, flickering from my face to Damien's arm still holding me.

And Louis... he stared the longest.

But none of them said a word.

None of them reacted.

They just... looked.

Blank. Expressionless.

My heart shattered a little more.

They don't recognize me.

