

Fated To Not Just One, But Three #Chapter 231: Familiar - Read Fated To Not Just One, But Three Chapter 231: Familiar

Chapter 231: Familiar

Lennox's POV

My heart raced, and I didn't know why.

The moment my eyes landed on the woman standing beside Damien—his so-called new wife—something inside me jolted. Hard.

She was beautiful, yes. Striking, even. But that wasn't it.

That wasn't why I couldn't look away.

That wasn't why my heart was pounding in my chest like it was trying to claw its way out.

There was something... familiar.

Painfully familiar.

She stood there quietly, letting Damien hold her like some prize, but her eyes—those eyes—they weren't soft or smiling or warm.

They were guarded. Sharp. Haunted.

Broken.

And the way she looked at me...

No, not just me—all of us. Like she recognized us. Like we mattered to her.

I didn't know why, but I couldn't breathe properly.

My chest felt tight. My throat, dry.

For a moment, everything around me dulled—the voices, the silence, even my brothers standing beside me.

It all faded into the background, and all I could focus on was her.

I forced myself to look away, to keep walking, but I could still feel her gaze on me.

My wolf stirred uneasily beneath my skin, something he hadn't done in days.

What the hell is going on with me?

I clenched my fists at my sides, jaw tightening as I stood before them.

It made no sense.

None of this did.

Why was this stranger—this lady—making me feel like the ground beneath me had shifted?

And why, for the first time in days...

Did I feel like Olivia was standing right in front of me?

Damien planted a kiss on her cheek before turning to face us.

"Lennox, Levi, Louis. Meet Rebecca, my wife," he introduced.

My eyes were still fixed on the strange woman. She smelled nothing like Olivia—but strangely, her scent of vanilla mixed with roses was comforting... it gave me the same feeling Olivia's scent always gave whenever she was close.

The lady bowed slightly, respectfully.

"Greetings," she said.

Neither I nor my brothers said a word.

We just stood there, staring at the woman a few feet away. She looked like she was from India, with her long black hair and sharp features. But even though she was a stranger, something about her felt familiar.

Damien's voice broke the silence.

"I'm sorry to hear about Olivia," he said, sounding sympathetic—and it annoyed me.

Levi's jaw clenched, his voice cold as ice.

"You should be thanked for that, shouldn't you?" he snapped. "Wasn't it you who helped her leave in the first place?"

Damien raised a brow, unbothered.

"You shouldn't blame me," he replied smoothly. "If you three had treated her like real men—like true mates—she wouldn't have rejected you to begin with."

The words hurt... but he was right.

"I'll excuse myself," Damien continued casually, completely unbothered. He slid an arm around Rebecca's waist again, possessive and controlling.

"It's been a long trip. My wife needs rest."

With that, he turned and began to lead her up the stairs.

Her steps were graceful but slow. She didn't look back—but I wished she did.

I needed her to look back.

I just wanted to look into her eyes again.

We stood frozen, watching them disappear down the hall.

The moment they were out of sight, I turned to my brothers.

They turned too.

All of us silently shaken.

All of us thinking the same thing... but none of us willing to say it out loud yet.

Our father's voice broke the tension.

"Sons," he said, stepping forward. "It's wrong to stare at your uncle's wife like that."

We looked at him, still quiet.

His tone was calm but firm.

"Are you planning to take out your revenge on her? Is that it? You want to carry your anger onto Damien and use this woman to do it?"

"No," I muttered, though I wasn't sure if I meant it.

"She looks innocent," he continued. "She looks like someone who's already been through more than enough. Leave her out of this. Don't punish her for being married to the wrong man."

I swallowed hard, my chest still tight.

We didn't say anything.

Instead, I turned back toward the stairs, and my brothers followed me.

Once in my room, I turned to face them.

"Did you guys... feel it?" I asked, my voice low, like I was scared of the answer.

Levi was the first to respond. His brows furrowed, lips pressed tightly together.

"I don't know what the hell I felt," he muttered. "But it wasn't normal. The moment she looked at me—at us—it was like something inside snapped awake."

Louis nodded slowly, his arms crossed over his chest. He looked more unsettled than I'd seen him in days.

"It's not just you," he said. "I felt it too. My wolf stirred. It wasn't just attraction. It felt... deeper."

He paused, then said the words that made my stomach twist.

"What if... she's our second chance mate?"

The room fell still.

Levi and I both stared at him, but he wasn't backing down.

His eyes were serious.

"I mean it. What else explains the connection? The way we reacted? Our wolves haven't responded to anything since Olivia died. Not food. Not people. But they responded to her."

I felt my chest tighten again—this time with anger, pain, denial.

I shook my head slowly, taking a step back.

"No," I said firmly, my voice rough. "I don't want a second chance mate."

"Lennox—" Louis tried to reason.

"I don't want anyone else," I cut him off. "I want Olivia."

Silence again.

A painful, echoing silence.

"I don't care what the Moon Goddess thinks she's doing," I added, pacing now, my hands running through my hair.

"I don't care what fate says. I only want her. Olivia is still alive."

Levi finally spoke, softer now.

"But what if she really is gone?"

I froze.

The air seemed to thicken.

Levi's voice cracked slightly.

"What if the Moon Goddess is trying to give us... someone to help us move on?"

I looked at both of them, my chest heaving.

"No one can replace her," I said bitterly. "No one."

Louis nodded in agreement. "And why would the Moon Goddess give us a second chance this early? It's supposed to take months—years—before we'd even be offered a second chance mate if we were lucky. So why now?"

I shook my head again, stepping toward the window and staring out.

"I don't know what she is... or why I felt that way, but hell no, she can't be our second chance mate. Why would the Moon Goddess mate us with our uncle's wife? Why would she do that?"

Neither of my brothers responded.

Instead, a tense silence filled the air.

I sucked in a deep breath and reached out to my wolf, who had clearly been awakened by that woman's arrival.

"What do you think? What do you feel?" I asked.

My wolf was silent, like he didn't want to respond—but he eventually did.

"I feel a strong connection with her... I can't feel her wolf, but there is something about her..." he paused for a few seconds, then continued.

"I think Louis is right... she might be our second chance mate."

Chapter 232: Another Deal

Olivia POV

Inside the room I would be sharing with Alpha Damien, I went over and sat on the couch. My heart hadn't stopped racing since I saw them. Lennox. Levi. Louis.

It took everything in me not to run into their arms, to scream that it was me—that I wasn't dead. That their Olivia was standing right in front of them. That I was here.

Alive.

But I didn't.

Maybe I was a coward.

Maybe I was just... too scared.

They looked broken. Shattered. The weight of my supposed death was clearly taking a toll on them, and it crushed me.

Across the room, Alpha Damien walked in and sat on the bed directly in front of me. I could feel his eyes on me, but I didn't look at him. I didn't want to. I hated this man—hated him with every ounce of breath I had left.

And God help me, if someone handed me a knife right now, I wouldn't hesitate to drive it straight into his chest.

"Impressive," he said casually. "What you did down there. Keep it up. We'll be leaving soon."

I finally looked up at him, my eyes cold, blank—but full of hate.

He frowned. "Why are you acting like I'm the devil?" he muttered, clearly annoyed. "I practically saved your life. If it weren't for me, your head would've been rolling on the floor."

I met his eyes without flinching. "You didn't save my life, Damien," I said, voice steady. "You just gave me another kind of death."

His face darkened.

I expected him to lash out, but instead, he simply got to his feet and turned away, walking out without a single word.

The door clicked shut behind him, leaving me alone.

And finally—I exhaled.

I clutched at my chest, the ache inside me growing deeper with each passing second. What was I doing? What was I still waiting for?

Tell them, my mind screamed.

They needed to know. I couldn't keep this up.

I stood abruptly and stormed to the door. I have to tell them. I don't care what happens. They have to know I'm alive.

I stepped into the hallway, my heart pounding, feet moving fast as I searched desperately for them.

But before I could go far, I heard footsteps.

Two figures appeared at the end of the hall.

Lady Fiona and an obviously pregnant Anita.

They both smiled as they approached, and I quickly lowered my head, trying to compose myself.

"There you are," Lady Fiona said warmly. "We were actually coming to see you."

I froze in place, forcing a smile that didn't reach my eyes.

"This is my would-be daughter-in-law, Anita," she continued proudly, motioning to Anita beside her. "She's pregnant—with the triplets' children."

My heart stopped.

Would-be daughter-in-law?

Lady Fiona kept smiling. "The men are still mourning Olivia right now, poor things. But once the funeral is done, they'll need to move forward. They'll make Anita their Luna... and their mate."

I felt like the floor had just vanished under my feet. My vision swam.

Anita gave me a small smile, rubbing her stomach gently, clearly pleased with herself. "Finally I will be officially theirs," she said softly, brushing widely.

No.

This couldn't be happening.

I opened my mouth to say something—anything—but another voice cut through the air.

A voice I now hated.

"Rebecca," Damien called, suddenly appearing behind me. His expression was unreadable, but his voice left no room for argument. "Come with me. Now."

I turned, helpless.

And without a choice, I followed him.

He led me back into the room and turned to face me, thrusting a phone into my hands. "Watch this," he ordered.

I furrowed my brow as I took the phone from him. And immediately, when my eyes saw what was on the screen, I gasped. On the screen was Sofia. I knew it was she... She looked just like the photo—so much like me. But why was she tied to a chair, her lips sealed shut with tape? My stomach twisted painfully as I stared at her on the small screen.

Damien's voice cut through my shock. "Two days ago, I received this," he said, his tone surprisingly calm for the kind of situation. "It came from one of the men running the title race. I don't know who exactly—yet. But they found Sofia. They kidnapped her."

I tore my eyes away from the video, glaring at him. "How did they find her? You've been looking for her for years—"

"I know," he snapped, pacing in front of me. "I searched everywhere and found nothing. But they found her—so easily. And now they're using her to get to me. They told me to step down or they'll kill her."

My throat went dry. "Then step down, Damien!" I hissed. "For God's sake, just step down and save her life!"

Damien shook his head, pacing slowly as he spoke. "Of course, I considered that. But I've been in this game long enough to know men like that don't stop. Even if I stepped down, they'd keep her. Use her. Maybe even kill her just to send a message."

His jaw clenched as he continued. "I've searched for her for years, Olivia. Years. And I never found her. Now suddenly, they find her so easily? It's too calculated. So I responded to them."

I frowned. "What do you mean you responded?"

He sighed. "I told them I don't care about Sofia. That I'm married now—that I love my wife." His eyes locked onto mine, unblinking. "You."

My mouth fell open. "You what?"

He stepped closer, voice low and urgent. "They're watching, Olivia. Or Rebecca, or whatever the hell you want to be called now. They're watching me—us. If they believe I don't care about Sofia, that she's of no importance to me anymore, they might let her go."

The phone in my hand trembled as I looked down at the frozen image of Sofia bound and gagged, her eyes swollen from crying. A pang of something sharp and bitter twisted inside me. Pity? Guilt? I didn't know. But I felt it.

She didn't deserve this.

I glanced up at Damien, my voice cracking. "And if I refuse? If I refuse to play your doting wife—what then?"

He didn't answer immediately. Instead, he reached into his pocket and pulled out another phone. He unlocked it, tapped the screen, and shoved it into my hands.

I didn't want to look.

But I did.

And my heart stopped.

My parents—my mother and father—were tied to chairs, just like Sofia. My mother's head hung low, her hair covering her face. My father's eyes were wide open.

My eyes widened... my father... was that really my father...

"No..." I whispered, fear gripping me. "You didn't—"

Damien moved closer to me, his eyes hard as stone. "I didn't do it, Olivia. But I have them. And if you do anything stupid—if you try to run, or betray me, or open that pretty mouth of yours to those nephews of mine you claim to love—they're dead. All of them. I'll mind link my men to kill them, and you will never reunite with your father ever again and your mother, you will never see her."

Tears burned behind my eyes, but I forced them back. I wouldn't cry in front of him. I couldn't.

He narrowed his eyes, brushing imaginary dust from his sleeves. "So here's what's going to happen. You're going to be the perfect little wife. You'll smile at me. You'll touch me. You'll convince them that we were in love until I find Sofia."

I didn't move. I couldn't breathe.

"And in return," he continued, "I will let your parents go, and you will get back your face and be free. Do we understand each other?"

I looked down at the video again. My father—he was truly alive, and my mother was with him. I looked at Damien and spoke. "Why should I trust you? First you told me after a year you will let me go, but now you are saying if I act like a loving wife and Sofia is rescued you will let me go... Which word should I believe?"

Damien frowned, clearly annoyed. "I made the first deal with you when Sofia wasn't kidnapped, and now she is my main concern... just do what I asked you and once she is rescued you are walking free... so do we have a deal?"

His words hung in the air as I thought about it... Firstly, I thought of my parents. I knew Alpha Damien wasn't bluffing... this man could actually kill my parents if I do something stupid, and I can't let that happen... I won't be able to live with that guilt and besides I need to see my parents... I need to see my father. I have a lot of questions to ask him... Why was he alive all this time and never reached out to us? Or wait a minute, was he reaching out to mother? Were they together all this while? Why do I feel this might be true?

"We don't have time. Are you in or out?" Alpha Damien asked impatiently.

I swallowed hard and then nodded. "I'm in."

Chapter 233: Connection With The Strange Woman

Levi's POV

An awkward silence hung in the air. Not the kind of silence that brought peace—but the heavy, suffocating kind that made your chest feel too tight and your thoughts too loud.

None of us spoke. None of us needed to. Ever since she arrived... we hadn't been the same. We were all thinking it. All feeling it. But none of us wanted to say it out loud. She couldn't be our second-chance mate. The universe couldn't be that cruel. And yet, nothing else explained the pull. The way her scent made something in us calm, the way her eyes—haunted and too familiar—cut deeper than they should've. We hadn't accepted the body we found as Olivia's. We hadn't fully let her go. And now, this woman... this stranger... she had stirred everything back up.

A knock broke the silence, and instinctively, we all looked up. We should've told whoever it was to go away. But when I caught the scent... and the voice followed, I changed my mind.

"It's Dustin," came the voice from the other side.

"Come in," I said.

Dustin stepped inside, shutting the door quietly behind him.

"I have news," he announced.

We sat up straighter. For the first time in hours, maybe the whole day.

He continued, "Silas has been found. Our men tracked him down in South Korea. He's being brought back as we speak. If all goes well, he'll be here by tomorrow night."

A collective exhale escaped our lips.

Finally.

We were convinced he was paid, manipulated by someone who wanted to ruin everything between us and Olivia. And now, we'd get the truth out of him.

"Thank you, Dustin," I said, nodding.

But he didn't leave. His expression told us he had something more to say.

"What else?" I asked.

"The funeral," he said quietly. "Preparations have started. I thought you'd want to know."

My chest tightened.

The word funeral still felt like poison in my mouth.

Lennox, voice low and hoarse, finally spoke. "Supervise everything for us. Please."

Dustin nodded and left the room.

The room went back to its usual quietness until another knock. This time, it was lighter. Softer.

A maid peeked through the door. "Dinner is ready, Alphas."

We were about to wave her off, like we had the past three nights. We hadn't eaten. Couldn't stomach the idea of food since Olivia's... death.

But then the thought hit me.

She would be there.

Damien's wife.

The woman who made my wolf stir. The woman whose eyes made my throat ache.

Lennox didn't say anything. Neither did Louis. But we all stood.

We didn't need to speak.

For the first time in three days—we were going to eat. Just to see her again.

When we entered the dining room, the sight that greeted us made something inside me twist.

There she was.

Sitting beside Damien.

Laughing softly—too softly—at something he said. He reached out and tucked a strand of hair behind her ear, smiling at her like she was his world.

She smiled back at him. And then her eyes... flicked to us. Just for a second.

And my heart stopped.

I sucked a deep breath and took my seat... wondering how just a look from this stranger could steal my breath away. I dragged my gaze away before it did something stupid to me.

"I'm so happy you all decided to come," Mother said from across the table, sounding genuinely pleased. "You need strength... especially now."

We all nodded slightly but said nothing. The food on our plates went untouched for a moment until I forced myself to take a bite. It didn't taste like anything.

I wasn't here for food anyway.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Damien take her hand, kissing her knuckles like they were in some damn romance novel. "I'm sorry, my love," he said softly, just loud enough

for all of us to hear, "that we're spending this time here instead of on our honeymoon. This wasn't what I wanted for us."

Rebecca turned to him with a smile so sweet, so calm, it made me feel sick.

"Anywhere with you is where I want to be," she said gently, brushing her thumb across his hand. "We don't need beaches and candles. I already have everything I need."

My fork clattered against the plate before I could stop it.

Lennox slammed his hand on the table suddenly, making everyone jump.

"We're mourning," he snapped, his eyes locked on Damien and his wife. His voice wasn't loud—but it was sharp. Raged. "This pack is mourning. If you want to flirt and play the happy couple, go back to your room. Don't do it here."

The room went dead silent.

Tension thickened like a fog.

But it wasn't just anger I heard in Lennox's voice.

It was something else.

Jealousy.

The same thing that was choking me.

Because watching them act like that—like they were in love, like they belonged together—felt like a knife twisting into my chest.

Rebecca looked down quickly, biting her lower lip. Damien, surprisingly, didn't argue. He simply reached for his wine glass.

"I understand," he said after a pause, his tone cool. "We'll keep it down."

I frowned and looked away, but just then Damien's phone rang, and he excused himself. The moment he left, my eyes fell on her and I could see her uneasiness... clearly, she wasn't comfortable. Before any of us could say a word, she pushed her chair back abruptly.

"Please excuse me... I beg to take my leave," she said hastily, and didn't wait for anyone to respond before walking away.

Everything in me screamed to go after her—to follow her. But I forced myself to stare down at my untouched plate instead.

I pushed the food around on my plate, but every bite felt like sand in my mouth.

My appetite vanished the moment she left the table.

Everything in me wanted to run after her. Ask her why she looked so uneasy. Ask her why the moment Damien left the room, her smile disappeared like it was never real.

But I clenched my jaw, trying to suppress the urge.

Without saying a word, I stood up from the table, ignoring the way Louis shot me a knowing look. Lennox didn't say anything either, but his eyes followed me as I walked away.

I needed to get back to my room and calm my racing heart.

I started climbing the stairs, heading toward my room, but halfway down the hallway, I saw her.

Leaning against the wall, gasping for breath.

My heart dropped.

"Hey!" I rushed to her without a second thought, panic tightening in my chest. "Are you okay?! What's wrong?"

She clutched her chest, her face pale. "My heart..." she said breathlessly. "It's sharp... the pain—just sudden... but it's easing."

I hovered over her, unsure what to do. "Should I call the healer?"

"No," she shook her head, still breathless. "Just... help me to my room. Please."

I nodded quickly and moved to wrap an arm around her shoulders—but she was barely able to stand.

Without thinking, I scooped her into my arms.

She gasped lightly, but then her body relaxed against me.

I didn't understand why the feel of her in my arms felt so natural.

So right.

I carried her gently down the hall. When we reached the room, I pushed the door open with my shoulder and walked in.

Carefully, I laid her down on the bed—but before I could pull away, her arms wrapped around me, holding me in place.

Her face was close.

So close.

Our foreheads nearly touched, our breath mingling. Her lips were parted slightly, eyes wide.

For one heartbeat, everything stopped.

It felt like I'd done this before.

Held her before.

Breathed her in like this before.

My lips inched closer, instinct driving me to kiss her. But just before our lips could meet, I stopped.

Reality crashed back in.

I cleared my throat and slowly pulled back. "Are you okay now?" I asked quietly, keeping my eyes on hers.

She nodded softly. "Yes... I'm okay. You don't have to worry."

But I did.

I didn't say it, but I did.

I stood up slowly and headed for the door, hand on the knob—still rattled by everything I'd just felt.

I opened it—and nearly collided with Damien.

His cold eyes moved from me to her, lying on the bed, then back to me, and his gaze narrowed sharply.

Chapter 234: A strange Old Woman

Olivia's POV

I could see the anger burning in Alpha Damien's eyes as he glared my way, then back at Levi. He growled, "What are you fucking doing here?"

Levi, who looked completely unbothered, cast a glance at me before turning back to face Damien. "You should be thanking me," he said. "Your wife had a heart attack. I just helped her back to her room."

Damien's eyes darkened with disbelief. His frown deepened, face twisting in suspicion. "My wife has no genetic condition," he snapped. "So why the hell would she have a heart attack?"

Levi scoffed, taking a step forward. "Maybe you don't know your wife as well as you think you do." He tried to walk past, but Damien moved swiftly, blocking his path.

"Levi," he growled. "I want you and your brothers to stay the hell away from my wife." That struck something deep. I could see the way Levi's shoulders stiffened, the way his jaw clenched so tightly I thought it might snap.

"Why?" Levi asked coldly. "You scared we'll do to you what you did to us?"

Damien's eyes narrowed. "I didn't do anything with her," he said, voice low. "Not with Olivia." Levi growled then. The sound was raw. Deep. Full of pent-up anger and pain.

"Don't fucking lie to me," he snapped. "We're not fools, Damien." He took a step closer, chest rising with rage. "You took advantage of what happened between us. You wormed your way into her life. Into her head. You fucking kissed her. You flirted with her. You made her feel like she didn't need us." Damien's eyes flicked toward me for a brief second, but Levi wasn't finished.

"She was our mate. Our wife. And you used every damn weakness we had to take her from us."

Damien glared at Levi. "So what now? You wanna pay me back?"

Levi growled. "I wish I could, but I'm not like you, Damien... I don't claim to love someone but end up marrying someone else."

Damien's jaw tightened. "Leave."

Levi frowned. "You can't order me out... this is my mansion... this is my pack," he snapped.

Where I lay, I watched the two men exchange glares before Levi shoved Damien aside and walked away without looking back. I let out a shaky sigh of relief — for a moment I thought they would tear each other apart right in front of me.

Alpha Damien stepped in and slammed the door shut. His angry gaze locked on me. "What is he talking about... what stunt were you pulling?" he asked, his voice sharp. I frowned at him. I wasn't pulling a stunt. I did have a heart attack... the pain was so

intense that for a moment, I thought I would die, but just as the pain came it disappeared.

I sat up on the bed and glared right back at him. "I should ask you that, Alpha Damien... suddenly I had a heart attack — did you by any chance press the remote?" I accused, because at this point, that was the only thing that made sense.

Damien narrowed his eyes at me. "I did no such thing," he said, sounding genuinely baffled — but I didn't trust him. I didn't trust anyone anymore.

For a moment, a tense silence hung in the air before Damien finally said, "For your own good, stay away from the triplets. I don't want to see you anywhere near them."

I frowned at his words but refused to give him a response. When he realized I wasn't going to answer, he growled low and dropped onto the couch... his eyes locked on his phone.

For an hour, we sat in silence, despite how late it was. From where I sat on the bed, I glanced at him and saw he was still staring at that phone — not typing, not scrolling... just staring. For over an hour, he didn't look away once. And though I couldn't see what was on the screen, I could read the tension on his face. His jaw tight, lips pressed into a hard line, eyes... eyes heavy with something I hadn't seen in him before. Was he looking at a message? A photo? Deep down, I already knew the answer. He was staring at a picture of Sofia.

Even if I couldn't see it, I felt it. "Do you love her that much?" I asked quietly, unsure why I even said the words. He didn't respond. He didn't move. But I kept going anyway. "What is she like? I want to know her." Still, he said nothing. I almost gave up, thinking he'd never talk. Then, softly—his voice barely above a whisper—he spoke.

"She hates hotdogs," he murmured. "Can't even stand the smell." I blinked. "I hate them too." "She eats the crust first when she has pie," he added. "Says the best part should come last." A small, almost unnoticeable smile tugged at his lips. But his eyes... they were still distant. Still heavy.

"She used to braid her hair at night. Not because she liked it that way. Just... a habit. She'd undo it after five minutes. Said it helped her think." I watched him quietly. My heart ached. "She's terrified of deep water," he continued. "Pretends she isn't, but I know. She stares at the lakes like they're going to swallow her." The way he spoke—slow, gentle, full of memories—it hurt to hear.

"She'd hum when she was deep in thought," he said, chuckling dryly. "Always off-key. Always loud." I didn't know why, but hearing these things made me feel strange. I didn't know Sofia, but in those little moments, I felt like I did. Felt like... we were oddly similar.

And then I noticed it. A single tear escaped the corner of Damien's eye. He didn't wipe it. He didn't look my way, he stood up, turned his back to me, and walked out of the room.

After he left, I sucked a deep breath and lay on the bed... it was obvious Alpha Damien loved Sofia, which made me wonder why she left him... perhaps there was more to it.

For a few minutes, I pondered in thoughts until my eyes grew too heavy.

I didn't even realize when I fell asleep. But suddenly, I felt something gently tap on my arm. When I opened my eyes, there was an old woman sitting on the edge of my bed. I froze. She had long red hair, even in her old age, she looked beautiful. She had a small smile on her face, but strangely, there was something oddly familiar about her—like I'd seen pieces of myself in her face.

She smiled warmly at me.

"Who... who are you?" I asked, confused and a little scared. She reached out and touched my hand gently. Her touch was warm and calming.

"My name is Hailee," she said. "I'm your great-grandmother."

I blinked. "This... this has to be a dream."

She nodded slowly. "It is, my dear. But dreams sometimes carry truth. And you need to hear this."

"Hear what?" I asked, sitting up slowly. Her smile stayed, but her eyes turned serious.

"Because you need to know the truth. There's so much you don't know about yourself. About who you really are."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

She sucked a deep breath. "You've been hurt. You've lost a lot. But things are about to change. You're not just the triplet's mate. You're not just a Luna. You're something much more."

My heart started beating faster. "What are you talking about?" I asked softly.

She looked straight at me. "You'll find the truth. You'll find your power. Your past. Everything is coming. And you must be ready."

I frowned and wanted to ask more, but suddenly, she began to blur. "Wait... wait!" I called out, but she was already fading.

Her voice echoed softly in the air—"Be ready, Olivia. Everything is about to begin." And then she was gone.

I felt a light tap on my arm. I jolted awake. My chest rose and fell quickly as I looked around the room. My heart was pounding. Damien stood by the bed, staring at me with a confused expression. His hand still rested lightly on my arm.

"Who were you telling to wait?" he asked, his voice calm but curious. "You were talking in your sleep."

I swallowed hard and blinked, trying to calm my racing heart. I didn't answer him. How was I supposed to explain that I had just seen a woman I'd never met—my great-grandmother—and she told me I was something more?

Chapter 235: A message

Lennox's POV

"Lennox... son... wake up."

I felt a gentle tap on my arm, and my eyes slowly fluttered open. At first, everything was blurry, but then I saw her—an old woman sitting at the edge of my bed. I blinked hard, confused... until her face became clearer. My heart jumped.

"Great-grandmother?" I whispered, staring at her in shock.

A warm smile spread across her face, that same smile I had always remembered.

"Yes, it's me, Nox," she said, using the nickname she always called me when I was little.

I wanted to smile back... but something didn't feel right. She had died. I was only ten years old when we buried her. The last time I saw her was after her funeral—when I cried myself to sleep holding her scarf.

So why was I seeing her now?

Almost like she read my mind, she reached out and gently patted my hand.

"Don't worry, sweetheart. This is a dream. Just a dream."

I let out a slow breath and nodded. Somehow, her touch still felt real.

"But... why are you here?" I asked quietly. "Why now?"

Her eyes softened. "Because you're about to discover something," she said gently. "Something important."

"What do you mean?" I asked, my voice tense.

She looked down for a moment, then back at me. "Something is coming, Lennox. Something that will shake you and your brothers. It will hurt... it will break you for a while."

I swallowed hard, dreading her next words.

"But don't be afraid," she added softly. "It was meant to be. It's part of your destiny. Everything you're going to find out—was always written for you."

I frowned deeply. "What is it? Tell me now."

She smiled faintly and shook her head. "You'll find out tomorrow night. When the time is right."

That answer made my chest tighten. But deep down, I knew I couldn't force more from her. So instead, I looked at her... really looked at her. And the emotion hit me all at once.

"I missed you," I whispered, my voice cracking. "If you were still here, maybe... maybe things wouldn't be so hard."

She reached up and brushed my cheek with her thumb. "It was time for me to go, Nox. I lived a full and fulfilled life. And where I am now... I'm at peace."

I closed my eyes, trying not to cry.

"And your great-grandfather Nathan says hi," she added with a smile.

At the mention of him, I broke. A tear slipped down my cheek, and I quickly wiped it away. I hadn't heard his name in years. I could almost see his face again—his strong voice, his stories by the fire. They both used to mean everything to me.

"I miss him too," I whispered.

"I know," she said gently. "But we're always with you. Watching. Guiding."

She leaned forward and kissed my forehead. "Be strong, Lennox. Take care of your brothers. And whatever happens tomorrow... don't let it destroy you."

I blinked again, and just like that... she began to fade.

"No... wait," I called out, reaching for her. But she was already gone.

And I woke up.

My room was dark and quiet—but my heart felt heavy. I sat up, breathing hard. I looked at the time—3 a.m. A heavy sigh escaped my lips as I pushed myself out of bed. My chest felt tight. I couldn't sit still, not after that dream. Not after seeing her.

What did she mean? Something that would shake us? Something that would break us? Why tomorrow night?

I paced my room slowly, running a hand through my hair. My great-grandmother hadn't appeared to me since her funeral. I was just a boy then—mourning her in silence, hugging her scarf like it could bring her back. But now... she came with a message. A warning.

The thoughts kept racing in my head, twisting and turning, refusing to settle. Before I knew it, the dark sky outside had begun to lighten. Dawn was here. But the weight in my chest hadn't lifted.

Still restless, I left my room and walked outside. The morning was cold, quiet... but not silent. People were already moving around the courtyard. Setting up. Arranging white flowers. Covering tables with white cloth. Funeral preparations.

My chest ached. I didn't stop to respond to the greetings. My feet just moved on their own... carrying me to the only place I could think of: the family cemetery.

It wasn't far. Just behind the eastern woods—built long ago for royal bloodlines. I walked past rows of familiar names. Uncles. Aunts. Alphas. Betas. Warriors. And then I found it.

Her grave. Great-grandmother Hailee. Her stone was elegant and simple, just like she had been. Right beside her was great-grandfather Nathan's.

I stood between them, swallowing the lump in my throat. Then... I noticed something else. A fresh grave. Already dug. The soil piled beside it. The name on the temporary wooden plaque made my knees weak.

Olivia Parker.

I took a sharp breath and looked away. I wanted to fall to my knees. I wanted to scream. But I didn't. I stood still... biting down every emotion... every ounce of grief and confusion.

And then I heard footsteps behind me. I turned. It was my father. Of all people, I didn't expect him here. Not this early. Not at the graves. He stopped beside me, looking down at the tombstones with a faraway look in his eyes.

"What are you doing here?" I asked, my voice hoarse.

He didn't look at me. "I... saw her last night."

I frowned. "Who?"

He turned slowly and met my eyes. "My grandmother. Hailee."

My heart dropped. "You saw her too?" I asked, shocked.

He nodded slowly. "First time since her funeral."

My throat tightened. "What did she say to you?"

But instead of answering, he looked away again. His jaw clenched, and his hands balled into fists at his side.

"I... I can't say," he muttered.

"What do you mean you can't say?" I asked, confused and frustrated.

He shook his head. "It's personal."

He looked as if he wanted to say more. But whatever it was—he wasn't ready. Or maybe... too afraid.

I frowned, looked back at Olivia's grave and swallowed hard. Something was coming. And none of us were ready for it.

Chapter 236: Never A mother-in-law

Olivia's POV

How would you feel if a funeral service was being held in your name—while you sat there, alive, forced to watch it all?

The pack house was in full swing, every staff member busy preparing for my funeral. Banners with my pictures were everywhere—literally everywhere. The preparations were so elaborate that, for a moment, I wanted to scream and tell them I wasn't dead, that I was alive but trapped in a different face, that I was right here among them all. But I couldn't. Not when Alpha Damien had threatened me.

I didn't feel like eating, yet I found myself at the dining table having breakfast. None of the triplets were there—it was just me, Alpha Damien, and Lady Fiona. My eyes stayed fixed on her, and by the way she calmly ate, I knew she wasn't mourning me. Not that I really expected her to.

Suddenly, Alpha Louis walked in. Our eyes locked, but he quickly looked away and turned to Alpha Damien.

"Olivia's parents have been kidnapped," Louis announced.

I swallowed hard and forced myself to keep eating.

Damien raised his brows, acting surprised. "By who?"

Louis frowned. "We don't know yet... but an eyewitness said they were taken by men in a black van," he said through gritted teeth.

I shot Alpha Damien a cold glare from the corner of my eye.

Damien shrugged. "Well, I have no hand in it... Why should I kidnap them?" he said, as if he already knew Louis was about to accuse him.

Louis growled and ran a hand through his hair. "Today is her funeral... her parents were supposed to be here to pay their last respects," Louis spat.

I looked up at him with a broken heart... had he really accepted that I was dead? Louis looked at me this time for more than a second before looking back at Damien.

"I know you have no reason to abduct Olivia's parents, but I get this feeling you know something about it."

Alpha Damien leaned back in his chair, folding his arms. "Feelings?" he said with a dry chuckle. "You're letting emotions cloud your judgment, Louis. I have no reason to abduct them... they have their own enemies."

But Louis didn't back down. "For your own good, I hope you are telling the truth," he said before storming away.

The dining room fell into a tense silence until Lady Fiona turned to me, smiled faintly, and spoke. "Anita and I are going to the spa tomorrow... would you like to join us?"

I stared at Lady Fiona like I couldn't believe what I'd just heard.

A spa?

I swallowed hard, my voice coming out sharper than I intended. "How can you be this calm?"

She blinked, clearly surprised. "What do you mean?"

"Today is Olivia's funeral," I said, trying to keep my voice as low as I could, but it wasn't working. "Your daughter-in-law. And you're planning to go to the spa tomorrow like it's just any other day?"

Her smile faded, but I wasn't done.

"Even if you never saw her as your daughter-in-law—she was a member of this pack. A Luna. How can you think of pampering yourself the day after burying her?"

Damien shifted beside me, clearing his throat. "That's enough—"

"No, it's not," I cut in sharply, my eyes still on Lady Fiona. "You should be grieving. You should be heartbroken, or at least pretending to be. But you're not. You're talking about spas and facials."

Her lips tightened, but I didn't stop.

"I don't think Olivia ever had a mother-in-law in you. Not one that truly cared. Maybe you smiled in her face, but I doubt you ever saw her as part of this family."

The air in the room grew thick. Damien tried again, this time firmer. "Enough. Calm down."

But then Lennox walked in.

He froze at the doorway, looking between us. Even his presence didn't stop me. I looked straight at Lady Fiona one last time and said, "You failed her. And I hope someday that haunts you."

Then I stood up, pushed my chair back, and quietly excused myself from the room.

Instead of going back to the quietness of my room, I walked out to the garden. I needed air. Maybe the morning breeze would help calm my anger... or at least stop the heaviness in my chest.

I reached the center of the garden and folded my arms tightly over myself. The wind brushed against my skin, soft and cool, but it didn't ease the ache inside me.

Why was my life like this?

Why did it feel like I was always alone... always hurting?

Tears slowly filled my eyes, and I didn't try to stop them. I let them fall silently, each one carrying a piece of the pain I had been holding in.

I wiped my cheek quickly, but more tears came.

I wasn't supposed to be dead.

I wasn't supposed to be watching people mourn me—or pretend to. I wasn't supposed to be hiding behind another face while they bury someone who wasn't me.

My shoulders shook as I quietly cried.

And then I heard footsteps.

I quickly turned, wiping my face roughly.

It was Lennox.

He stood a few feet away, his hands tucked into his pockets, his eyes fixed on me.

For a moment, neither of us spoke. The silence stretched between us, heavy with things neither of us could say.

I looked away, trying to compose myself, but my voice still came out small and broken.

"What do you want?" I asked, not harsh—just tired.

Lennox didn't answer immediately. He just kept staring at me, his expression unreadable.

Then slowly, he walked closer.

My heart skipped when Lennox stepped closer.

What if he recognized me?

What if somehow... he saw Olivia beneath this new face?

I quickly wiped my eyes again, looking away in panic, but then he did something unexpected. He reached into his pocket and quietly pulled out a handkerchief, holding it out to me.

I hesitated.

"Here," he said softly. "You're crying."

I slowly took it from him, our fingers brushing for the briefest moment. I swallowed the lump in my throat, afraid to speak. But he did.

"Thank you," he murmured, his voice low. "Thank you for speaking up for Olivia... even though you never met her. No one ever did that. Not once. And wherever she is... I know she'd be happy."

My chest tightened at his words. I wanted to just excuse myself and walk away, but instead, I said, "Was she really that special?"

Lennox let out a shaky breath and slowly sat on the edge of the low stone bench beside the roses. He looked down at his hands for a long time before answering.

"She was the purest person I ever met."

His voice was raw. Honest.

"The first time I saw her, she was just seven. She was crying because a bird fell from a tree and broke its wing. I remember thinking... I have to protect her. I have to keep this world from breaking someone like her."

He paused and clenched his hands together.

"But I failed. I hurt her. We all did."

I stayed quiet, listening, my heart tearing slowly with every word.

"She was kind," he continued. "Too kind. She forgave too quickly, trusted too easily. She smiled even when she was in pain... and no matter how bad we treated her, she never stopped loving us."

He looked up at the sky for a moment, then back down.

"I would do anything—anything—just to see her one more time. To tell her she meant everything to me. That I was wrong. That I was stupid. That I let pride and anger destroy the best thing that ever happened to me."

His voice cracked. "I never told her enough. I never said it the way she needed to hear it. And now... it's too late."

The silence between us stretched again, his pain settling heavy in the air.

And then, before I could stop myself, I whispered, "You can imagine she's me... and say it now."

His head snapped toward me, surprised.

I didn't know why I said it. Maybe because I needed to hear it too. Maybe because I wanted to feel something—anything—of the love he once had for me.

"Say what you want to say to her," I added, my voice barely audible. "I'm here. Just pretend... pretend she's still in front of you."

His eyes glistened with unshed tears, and for a moment, he didn't move.

Chapter 237: Pretend It Was She

Lennox's POV

I stared at this strange lady standing in front of me, with tears in her eyes. She looked nothing like Olivia, but in this moment, she felt like her. Or maybe she was just giving me a chance to pretend, pretend I could say the words I should have said when it mattered.

My throat tightened as I looked away, blinking hard. The wind rustled the roses behind us, carrying her soft scent mixed with the morning air.

"You want me to say it?" I asked quietly, my voice almost cracking. She didn't flinch. She just nodded, waiting, patient, like Olivia always was.

I dragged a shaky breath into my lungs. "Okay."

I forced myself to meet her eyes again, and the words just poured out of me like I'd been holding them in for a lifetime.

"I'm sorry, Olivia," I started, my voice hoarse. "I'm so damn sorry for everything. For every moment I made you feel alone when you were surrounded by people who should have loved you more than life itself."

She didn't move. She just watched me with eyes that seemed to see right through me.

"I'm sorry for every night you went to bed crying because I was too stubborn to say I was wrong. I'm sorry for every cruel thing I said—every time I turned my back on you when you needed me the most."

My chest burned. I didn't care if my voice broke anymore. I didn't care if I was acting vulnerable before a lady I just met barely twenty-four hours ago.

"I wish I could take it all back. I wish I could go back to that little girl crying over a bird and swear to the Moon Goddess that I'd protect you, even if it was from myself. But I didn't. I let this world eat you alive. I let my pride ruin you. And now I'm here, talking to a stranger in a garden, pretending it's you—because my heart refuses to let you go."

She blinked, more tears gathering in her eyes, and I stepped forward, my legs trembling.

"I don't believe you're dead," I said, my voice shaking but certain. "We're doing this funeral, we're dressing you up in lies and goodbyes, but my heart—my heart hasn't accepted it. It won't. It keeps telling me you're still here somewhere, waiting for me to find you and make it right."

She swallowed hard, and I saw her lip quiver.

"I don't believe it," I whispered again, more to myself than her. "I can't."

A small sound escaped her throat—a choked, broken sound—and I realized she was crying again. Tears slipped down her cheeks, and she quickly looked away like she didn't want me to see.

I didn't think. I stepped closer until I could feel the warmth of her body in the morning air. Slowly, I lifted my hand and brushed my thumb under her eye, wiping away the tears. Her breath caught—a soft, startled gasp—and her eyes snapped up to mine.

The world seemed to hold its breath with her. I felt it then—that pull. That same magnetic pull I always felt with Olivia, the one that made me want to lean in and steal a kiss I shouldn't. For a heartbeat, I nearly did.

But before I could, I heard footsteps behind me. Heavy, fast, urgent.

I turned my head and saw Louis standing there. His eyes darted from me to her, suspicion and confusion mixing in his gaze.

Rebecca panicked, stepped back, and quickly wiped at her tears. "Sorry I cried... I'm just an emotional person," she whispered.

I nodded, but before I could say anything, she excused herself and turned away. I stood there and watched her hurry off until she disappeared from sight.

Louis, who had been quiet, strolled toward me with a suspicious gaze. "You were about to kiss her," he said, not sounding angry though. "She is your uncle's wife, remember?"

I didn't say a word... rather, I just looked away... How do I tell him that in that moment I didn't see her as Damien's wife... I strangely saw Olivia standing in her place.

I let out a sigh and shook my head. "My mind is messed up."

Louis didn't look angry or surprised; rather, he just said, "The first ceremony is about to begin... we should get ready."

I wanted to say I didn't want to go. I wanted to scream that I wasn't ready. That this wasn't real.

But I didn't.

Instead, I quietly turned and made my way back to my room. My hands trembled slightly as I opened the door and stepped inside the stillness.

I shut it behind me and leaned against it for a moment, eyes closed, chest rising and falling like I'd just finished a run. Then I forced myself to move.

I walked over to the wardrobe and pulled out a pair of white pants and a clean white long-sleeved shirt—the color of mourning in our tradition.

But how do you dress to bury someone who still lives in your heart?

Once I was dressed, I moved to the top drawer of my dresser. Inside was a small photo frame. A picture of us—me and Olivia—when she was just twelve.

She was laughing, holding up a daisy chain she'd made. I stood beside her with an awkward half-smile, one arm resting over her small shoulders. We'd been so different then. So simple. So happy.

I sat on the edge of my bed, holding the photo in both hands. My fingers brushed over the glass as if I could feel her through it.

A tear slipped down my cheek.

"I don't believe you're dead," I whispered brokenly, tightening my grip on the frame. "I don't. I can't. It's not true. Please, Olivia... please—give me a sign. Just something. Anything. Let me know you're still out there. That I haven't lost you completely."

I stared at the photo, waiting. My room was still. Too still. No whisper. No shift in the air. No flickering lights. Nothing.

Then, just as I was about to set the photo down, a soft knock came at the door.

I stiffened.

For a moment, I didn't move. Didn't speak.

Another knock—gentler this time.

I stood up slowly, wiping my face with the back of my hand, and walked over to open the door.

Rebecca stood before me.

She stood there quietly, holding something out toward me.

"Your handkerchief," she said softly. "Thank you... for earlier."

I looked at her but couldn't understand why the pain and sorrow I had been drowning in just a few minutes ago vanished the moment I saw her, why I felt this was a sign from Olivia telling me she was still out there somewhere, waiting for me to find her.

Chapter 238: Deserve To Know.

Olivia's POV

The moment Lennox took the handkerchief from me, I spun around and walked away before I did something reckless. Luckily, he didn't call me back. I wasn't sure what I would've done if he had.

I returned to my room, closed the door behind me, and let out a long, shaky breath. Dropping onto the bed, I pressed my palms to my face.

How much longer can I keep this up?

How much longer can I pretend to be someone else—someone I'm not?

Before I could gather my thoughts, the door creaked open. Damien stepped inside with a familiar scowl on his face.

"What you did at the table," he said sternly, "should never happen again."

I didn't respond. I wasn't in the mood to argue with him. I just stared past him at the wall.

He stood silently for a moment, then added, "You should get ready. We're attending the first funeral ritual."

My head snapped toward him. "Hell no," I snapped, my voice sharp. "You expect me to stand there and watch while they perform a funeral service for me when I'm still alive?"

Damien's eyes darkened with frustration. He stepped closer, towering over me. "You don't have a choice," he said coldly. "You're no longer Olivia. You're Rebecca. And you're my wife now. So act like one. You have ten minutes. Be downstairs."

He left before I could say another word.

Shaking, I forced myself up and went to the wardrobe. My fingers trembled as I pulled out a white gown.

I dressed quickly and made my way downstairs, my heart thudding in my chest. Damien was already waiting by the entrance. He didn't speak, just gestured for me to follow him.

We walked through the corridor in silence, and then stepped out into the garden where the ceremony was being held.

Everything stopped in me when I saw it.

My photos—everywhere.

There were flowers, white cloth draped from the trees, candles flickering in soft circles. A large framed photo of me stood at the center of the altar, with a golden ribbon tied across it.

The pack was gathered—dressed in white, heads bowed, lips trembling. Some were crying. Real, heavy tears.

And there... just a few feet away, I saw them.

The triplets.

Lennox, Louis, and Levi. All dressed in ceremonial white. All standing still, like statues carved from grief.

Lennox's face was blank, but his eyes told a different story. Red, puffy, broken.

Louis stood with his arms crossed tightly, jaw clenched like he was trying to hold himself together.

Levi's hand covered his mouth, like if he opened it, the sob might escape.

I stood there frozen.

Did they ever love me like this?

Why did it take losing me for them to show it?

The Elder began to chant, starting the first funeral ritual. Everyone lowered their heads, murmuring the ancient words of passing.

But I couldn't join them.

My chest ached. My body felt like it was going cold. The weight of it all, watching people mourn me while I stood among them—was too much.

I swayed slightly on my feet.

Then everything spun.

The last thing I saw was Lennox's face turning toward me—his eyes widening with concern.

And then darkness.

I woke up to a dull ache in my head and the cold feel of stone beneath my palms. My lashes fluttered as I tried to move, only to realize I was lying on the ground—on the floor of the garden.

The ceremony had stopped. Murmurs filled the air. Somewhere in the blur, I heard Damien's voice before I even saw him.

"I told you not to come," he muttered, his voice low but sharp enough to sting. "But you insisted, didn't you?"

I tried to speak, but my throat was dry, my tongue stuck to the roof of my mouth.

Damien let out an exasperated sigh, brushing a stray lock of hair from my face. "Relax, Darling," he said, faking a concern that didn't reach his eyes. He looked over his shoulder at someone I couldn't see. "She'll be fine. She always does this. Ever since she lost her parents, funerals make her faint... It's a thing—she can't handle it emotionally."

I wanted to tell him to stop lying, to scream at him that none of this was normal—that none of this was me—but my lips wouldn't move. I could feel eyes on me. Whispers. Murmurs of pity. They believed his lies.

"Don't just stand there gawking," Damien snapped at whoever was behind him. "Go back to the ritual. Show some respect."

I flinched when he slid an arm under my knees and the other behind my back. His grip was strong, almost gentle, but there was no warmth in it. He lifted me like I weighed nothing—like he'd done it a hundred times before.

My head lolled against his chest as he turned away from the garden, the funeral chants fading behind us.

He carried me up to the room we now shared, laid me on the bed with mechanical care. For a heartbeat, I braced myself for him to yell—ready to scream right back at him. But surprisingly, he didn't. Instead, he moved to the couch and sat there across from me.

A tense silence hung in the air as neither of us said a word. The air in the room was heavy—almost too heavy to breathe in. I could feel Damien's presence just across the room, sitting on the couch with that familiar stiffness in his posture, like he was calculating his next move.

For a while, neither of us said a word.

But I couldn't hold it in anymore.

My voice came out hoarse. "You know, don't you?"

He didn't answer. Didn't even look my way.

I sat up slightly, ignoring the pounding in my head. "Gabriel and his sister... they tried to kill me. And you know why."

Still, he was silent, his elbows resting on his knees, his hands loosely clasped.

"I deserve to know," I pressed, louder this time. "I saw the hate in their eyes. I felt it. That kind of rage isn't born out of nothing."

A long pause, and I thought he wouldn't answer me at all.

But suddenly, he exhaled and leaned back slowly against the couch, tilting his head to the ceiling like he was debating how much truth to spill.

"It's because of your mother," he said finally, his voice low.

My heart skipped. "What about her?"

"She slit their mother's throat, Olivia. And their father... never spoke again after that night."

I stared at him, stunned. "What...?"

Chapter 239: Who Paid You

Lennox's POV

The first ritual was over. The crowd had begun to disperse, some heading back to their homes, others lingering in quiet clusters to share old memories. But the rest of us—my

family—we returned to the pack house in silence, waiting for the final ritual that would take place later tonight.

Some pack members wanted to come up to us... to offer their condolences, share their grief, speak of Olivia. But we gave the guards strict orders to let no one through. None of us were in the mood to hear sweet words about someone we all failed to protect.

Back in my room, I couldn't stop thinking about Rebecca.

I kept seeing her fainting in the garden, falling like a feather that had lost its strength to float. For a terrifying second, my instincts kicked in, and I had turned toward her—but I stopped myself. I couldn't move. Not with all those eyes watching. I forced myself to stay rooted to the ground, to act like I didn't care. Like I hadn't just watched someone collapse in the middle of the funeral.

Even when Damien lifted her in his arms and walked off, I stayed. I clenched my fists. Bit my tongue. Focused on the ritual.

But my mind... my mind refused to obey.

Instead, it kept circling back to her. Her pale face. Her trembling hands. That look in her eyes.

Why the hell was I so worried about her?

I didn't have an answer. So I just stayed in my room, pacing the floor, ignoring the voices downstairs, avoiding everyone. I didn't eat. I didn't sleep. I barely even breathed.

Great-grandmother Hailee's words kept haunting me.

"Something is coming, Lennox... Something that will shake you and your brothers. It will break you for a while. But don't be afraid... it was meant to be."

What did she mean?

And why did her voice echo louder now than it did in the dream?

I let out a heavy sigh and dropped onto the edge of the bed, burying my face in my palms.

A knock suddenly cut through the silence.

I didn't move.

"Alpha Lennox," Dustin's voice came from the other side. "The men have arrived. They brought Silas with them."

My head shot up.

"What?" I jumped to my feet and crossed the room in two long strides. I yanked the door open and stared at him. "Where is he?"

Dustin stood straight. "They're holding him in the throne room."

My heart thudded. "Good. Call my brothers. Now."

He nodded without another word and turned down the hallway.

I didn't waste a second. I jumped down the stairs and hurriedly made my way to the throne room. I stormed into the throne room, my boots hitting the marble with a loud sound. The guards stood on both sides, stiff and alert, parting immediately as I entered.

And there he was.

Silas.

Even after all these years, I recognized him in an instant. He sat shackled on the floor, his head turning just slightly as I stepped forward. His eyes narrowed.

Louis and Levi arrived moments later, their presence filling the room with a tense, heavy energy. The door thudded shut behind them, and now it was just us—brothers, guards, and the traitor sitting in the middle of the room like a rat cornered in a trap.

"What is the meaning of this?" Silas barked, yanking at his chains. "Why was I abducted and brought here like a criminal?"

I didn't respond to his anger. I simply stepped forward and looked down at him. "Why were you running, Silas? This is your home, isn't it?"

His lip curled. "Release me now. I've done nothing wrong. This is abuse of power."

Levi cut straight through the nonsense. "We know it was you," he said calmly, but his voice had the weight of anger behind it. "We know you forged Olivia's handwriting. You wrote those spelled letters that drove us to hate her. We know everything."

Silas's eyes flickered—but he shook his head. "I don't know what you're talking about."

That was all I needed to hear. My patience snapped.

"Get me a hot iron," I said coldly, turning to the guards. "With the fire pot. Now."

The guards didn't hesitate. One of them quickly left and returned moments later with a long rod, the tip glowing red-hot and the pot.

Silas's eyes widened. "You wouldn't—"

"Oh, I would," I replied coldly, pulling the iron from the pot. I crouched beside him, holding the heat just inches from his arm. "For every lie you tell... I will press this into your skin. You lie once, you burn once. You lie again... next time it goes in your eye. You know I will do it, Silas. So tell the truth, or start choosing which eye you're willing to lose."

"I didn't—"

The second he started to deny it again, I drove the iron into his forearm.

His scream echoed in the air as his skin sizzled and peeled under the heat. The smell of burning flesh filled the room. He thrashed, but he couldn't shift—not with the silver-infused collar clamped around his neck, suppressing his wolf completely.

I rose slowly, watching him writhe in pain, his breathing ragged and broken.

"The next one goes in your eye," I said again, my voice low and deadly calm. "I swear to the Moon Goddess I will do it."

His body trembled. He tried to catch his breath. Terror filled his face now. He knew I wasn't joking.

"Fine," he choked, sweat pouring down his face. "Yes... I wrote it. I wrote those letters."

I exchanged a glance with Levi and Louis before looking back down at him.

"But you didn't spell it?" Levi asked.

Silas shook his head weakly. "No. I only wrote it. It wasn't me who added the spell."

"Then who?" Louis demanded. "Who paid you to do it?"

Silas hesitated. His lips trembled. He looked between the three of us, panic rising behind his eyes.

Finally, he lowered his head and whispered the words that turned my blood to ice:

"Your parents."

Chapter 240: The Truth

Lennox's POV

"What!" Levi blurted out in utter shock, his voice echoing through the throne room. I exchanged a tense glance with him, his eyes wide with disbelief, then turned my gaze back to Silas as my frown deepened, my hand tightening around the iron in my grip.

"One more lie to me," I snarled, my voice low but trembling with rage, "and I swear I'll pierce this iron straight through your throat!" I spat the words out, refusing to believe the filth that had just fallen from Silas's mouth.

Silas scoffed, the corner of his mouth twitching into a mocking smile. "Why should I lie? If you think I'm spinning stories, then call your parents and ask them yourself. Four years ago, they came to me—handed me a hefty sum to forge those three letters. They told me exactly what to write, word for word, and when I was done, they took the letters away." he said, sounding so sure of his words.

My heart thundered in my chest as I turned to my brothers, catching the shadow of horror etched into their faces. None of us wanted to believe this—could believe this—but deep down we all knew there was only one way to find out.

"Dustin..." I called out to Dustin, who stood at a corner. "Go get my parents... now."

Dustin nodded before walking out.

After he left, a tense silence hung in the air... How could this be true? My own parents, forging the letters? Why? For what possible reason? And the spell—the damn spell that twisted our minds, that poisoned our hearts, that nearly drove us to kill Olivia. Why would they do that? What did they gain?

I shook my head, not wanting to believe it... I turned to Silas and growled, "You better not be fucking lying to me." I spat, and in that moment, the door to the throne room pushed open, and Dustin escorted my parents in.

The second my mother's eyes fell on Silas, her breath caught sharp in her throat. My father inhaled like he'd just been punched in the gut.

That was enough. That was all we needed.

Levi stepped forward. "Mother. Father. Silas says you paid him to forge those letters. Is that true?"

"And don't even think of lying," Louis added darkly.

There was a pause—too long of a pause—before they exchanged glances, like they were silently agreeing on something.

Then Father sighed and said, "Everyone, please, take your seats."

"We're not sitting," I snapped. "Answer the question!"

Another heavy silence.

Then—Father nodded. "Yes. We did it."

My heart dropped.

My wolf roared inside me.

Mother raised her hand gently. "But we had a good reason for it—"

"A good reason?!" I cut her off, nearly shaking from the force of my anger. "You forged a letter that made us hate her. You cast a spell to twist our minds so badly we almost killed Olivia!"

Her eyes widened. "Spell? No—no, Lennox, we didn't cast any spell. That's not us. We would never do something like that."

My brothers and I exchanged confused looks. I shook my head, still breathing heavily. "Whether you cast it or not, there was a spell on those letters. We confirmed it. So explain that!"

Father looked at Silas, then back at us, his expression tight. "We paid Silas to forge the letters. That part is true. But we didn't put any magic in them. We don't know who did."

"Then why?" I demanded, stepping forward. "Why forge the letters? Why lie? Why manipulate us into hating Olivia?"

Father swallowed hard. Then he looked us in the eyes and said something we never expected.

"Because... Olivia is related to us."

Everything in me froze.

"What?" Louis asked, blinking.

"She's... what?"

"Related to us?" I repeated, frowning hard. "What the hell are you talking about?"

Father lifted a hand. "Calm down. Allow me to explain. Just... listen."

We didn't move. None of us breathed.

"I didn't know Olivia wasn't Parker's real daughter until three weeks before her fourteenth birthday," he began. "That day, Parker came to me in confidence. He told me Olivia wasn't his biological child. That she had come to him under... unusual circumstances."

I swallowed hard.

Father continued, "He told me everything. Where she came from. Who brought her. The vague clues her real parents left behind. Something about her bloodline didn't sit right with me, so I decided to dig. I started tracing her origin—quietly. And eventually... I found the link."

He looked at us with tired eyes. "Through Parker's story and my own research, I discovered that Olivia is connected to us. Her bloodline ties back to my grandmother... your great-grandmother Hailee."

"No..." I whispered, shaking my head. "That's not possible. That doesn't make sense."

"But it's true," Father said gently. "Olivia is a descendant of Hailee... just like you."

My legs felt weak.

My brothers were silent.

Everything was spinning.

My head was pounding. My heart was racing. And I felt like I couldn't breathe.

"What are you saying?" I asked again, stepping forward, my voice barely holding steady. "How can she be related to us? What kind of twisted game is this?"

Father met my eyes calmly. "Because... your great-grandmother Hailee had other children with other men who aren't your great-grandfather."

I froze.

Louis's brows furrowed. "What?"

Father continued, his voice hollow. "Your great-grandmother Hailee didn't have an easy life. Her relationships were... complicated. I don't want to drag that pain back up, but you need to know—her love life was not simple. She was married twice. She had relationships with other men. She bore other children. It was hidden. Buried. But one of those children... was Olivia's grandfather."

I felt my knees buckle slightly. I stumbled back and collapsed into one of the thrones behind me, my mind screaming in denial.

"You're lying," Levi said hoarsely, though it sounded like he was trying to convince himself.

"No," Father replied gently. "I'm not. I have all the evidence. The bloodlines, the history, the dates. Olivia is family. She shares the same great-grandmother as you. You three are her distant cousins."