

# **Fated To Not Just One, But Three #Chapter 251: Suspects - Read Fated To Not Just One, But Three Chapter 251: Suspects**

*Chapter 251: Suspects*

Louis POV

The moment Sofia announced Rebecca's fear to us... we panicked. I could see the worried look on my brothers' faces... we looked even more concerned than her so-called husband, who had forgotten about her the moment the love of his life appeared.

"Damien," Lennox said sharply, his tone cold and commanding. "We need to have a word. In the study." His voice left no room for argument. Damien looked torn, glancing at Sofia. "I'll be back," he muttered. Sofia didn't answer. She just frowned at him and looked away.

We left the room, all three of us, walking down the hallway in tense silence. The air around us was thick with anger, frustration, and fear. The moment we stepped into the study and closed the door, Lennox turned on Damien.

"Who do you think took Rebecca?" he demanded. Damien blinked, caught off guard. "I don't know."

"You don't know?" Lennox snapped. "She's your wife, Damien. You should at least pretend to give a damn!" Damien's eyes darkened, but he didn't argue. "I don't know," he repeated, a little more firmly. "But I've already sent my men to look into it."

I stepped forward, unable to hold back anymore. "Then give us names. Who are your strongest opponents right now?" Damien sighed heavily, dragging a hand down his face. "There are three Alphas who would gain the most if I stepped down." He began listing them.

"Alpha Timothy of the Peculiar Pack—he's been against my leadership since the last summit. Alpha Neo from the Shifter Pack—he's desperate for power and known for dirty games. And Alpha Calvin of the Nightshade Pack. Ruthless. Calculated. He's the type to pull something like this without blinking."

He looked up at us, the weight of it all finally sinking into his eyes. "One of them is responsible," he said. "But I just don't know which."

We stood there in silence, each lost in thought, then Levi spoke. "Why did you marry her if you never loved her?" Levi spat, sounding frustrated.

Damien frowned and glared at the three of us. "That is none of your business... and you know what? You three should stay away from this case. Rebecca is my wife, and I will bring her back safely... so stay out of it. You three have your mourning to do." He spat and walked out on us.

As he shut the door, I exchanged glances with my brothers. "I swear," I muttered, clenching my fists, "if we let this go, Rebecca will die in there. Damien doesn't love her. He doesn't care."

Lennox nodded tightly. "And he doesn't deserve her."

Levi didn't speak, but the way his jaw clenched said it all—he agreed.

Just then, the door opened again. Dustin stepped in, holding a file in his hand. "I've gotten word from the trackers and spies you placed... regarding Olivia."

Our heads snapped toward him. Without hesitation, Lennox snatched the file from his hand and flipped it open.

Dustin walked forward, voice steady but tense. "The trackers covered all ten surrounding packs—each of the territories Olivia could've passed through when she left Gabriel's pack... but none of them held her scent. Not a trace."

We exchanged puzzled looks. "Except," Dustin continued, "for one place. Gabriel's Pack."

"What?" Levi frowned. "That doesn't make sense."

"I know," Dustin replied. "But that's the only location where her scent was found. And it was faint—almost like someone tried to mask it."

Lennox flipped through the file, his eyes darting quickly across the page. Then he froze. "What's this?" he whispered.

We all leaned in. I read the line out loud. "Medical examiner's report... subject: Olivia. Cause of death... beheaded. Additional findings... pregnancy, approximately two months." Everything in the room went still.

"What?" Levi breathed. "That... can't be right," I said slowly. "Olivia was a virgin. We all knew that. She never left the pack, and it didn't even take a week after she left us for her body to be found. How could she be two months pregnant?"

We all stared at each other, confused.

Olivia was our mate. If she'd slept with another man while we were still bonded, we would have felt it... we knew she made out with Gabriel while she was still mated to us,

but we knew they didn't have sex... There was no way Olivia would have been with someone else without us feeling it— unless... one of us did it behind the others' backs.

I looked at Lennox accusingly, and he instantly understood. "NO... I swear I didn't have sex with Olivia... we kissed... made out, but no sex..." I believed him and turned to Levi. He shook his head. "I didn't... we only kissed and made out... nothing else." I sighed. "I also didn't sleep with her, so if none of us did, how could Olivia be two months pregnant?"

"This has to be a mistake..." Lennox spat. Dustin shifted uncomfortably. "That's not all. The spies you placed have gathered some theories—and a few suspect Alpha Gabriel." Lennox's eyes narrowed. "Why him?"

"Because her scent was only detected in his pack and... Gabriel was the last known contact before she disappeared."

"But he seemed to be in love with her," I said.

"I don't trust anyone anymore," Levi added. "People fake things... anyone could be responsible."

Dustin nodded. "Which is why the spies didn't stop there. They added two more suspects to the list. Alpha Caleb... from the Brooks Pack. Remember? He hates you three... you won that land deal over him— a hundred plots of land gone overnight. He's hated you ever since and might have done this out of revenge."

Lennox slammed the file shut. "Fuck him! If I find out he is responsible, I will chop off his head and that of his entire generation."

"Agreed," I said quickly.

Dustin let out a slow exhale.

"What's the third name?" Lennox asked.

Dustin hesitated. "Alpha Damien, your uncle."

We all stiffened at once. "What?" Levi choked out. Dustin nodded. "Yes... the spies suspect him. And they have solid reasons for it."

*Chapter 252: Who Is He*

Olivia's POV

He walked slowly to the chair across from me and sat, leaning back. His gaze never left mine. There was something different in his eyes now. Confusion. Maybe a little curiosity.

He studied me like I was some puzzle that didn't fit his plan.

"You keep talking like you know something I don't," he muttered finally. "What deal? What truth?"

I didn't answer. I just stared at him, silently. Because even though I had nothing left... I still had my secrets. And if this was going to be the end, I'd choose how it finished.

His jaw tensed when I didn't respond, and he leaned forward a little, his voice dropping. "You made mention of the triplets... do you mean Lennox, Levi, and Louis? Alphas of The full moon pack."

My throat tightened. I swallowed hard. He knew. He knew exactly who I meant. Still, I said nothing.

"You're Damien's wife," he said slowly, studying my every twitch, every breath. "So what did you mean by he should tell them the truth someday? What truth?"

I held his stare, but I didn't open my mouth. Because I remembered what Damien told me once. That it was better if Olivia stayed dead... because there were people who would kill her if they ever learned she was alive.

I didn't trust Damien. But in that moment... I believed him.

I thought of the woman in my dream. The one who told me I had escaped my first death. Maybe it was better to let Olivia stay dead.

So I finally spoke—but only what I chose to say.

"Alpha Damien isn't stepping down," I said clearly. "You picked the wrong person."

His eyes narrowed. I tilted my chin. "He married me as a campaign. That's all. He doesn't love me. Everything he did... everything he said... was just an act."

I gave him a bitter smile. "And you believed it. You fell for it."

His jaw clenched hard. But I wasn't done.

"His love is Sofia," I said quietly. "It's always been her."

His frown deepened. "Then why did you marry him?" he asked.

I shrugged faintly. "Because he took my parents and threatened me into marrying him."

I let out a sigh, tired and hollow. "Do whatever you want. I'm tired... really tired."

And I was. More tired than I'd ever been in my life.

His brows pulled together. For the first time, I saw something in his eyes besides coldness... was that concern?

Then he looked me up and down, eyes narrowing slightly again. "Are you human?" he asked. "I... can't feel your wolf."

My heart skipped, but I quickly forced a blank face. "Yes," I lied. "I'm human."

He stared at me for a long moment, his lips slightly parted. Then he exhaled slowly and leaned back again.

"So Damien's played me," he muttered to himself. "Again."

Silence fell between us. It was heavy. Awkward.

Then he looked back at me. "What's the thing you wanted Damien to tell the triplets?" he asked carefully. "You spoke as if... you were involved with them somehow."

I frowned at him... he seemed far too interested in the triplets. I drew in a slow breath, picking my words carefully.

"Yes," I whispered. "Even though I was married to Damien... I fell in love with them."

I saw it in his eyes—the shift. The shock. He didn't know what to make of that.

"And they?" he asked.

I let my lips twitch sadly. "They'll never know. And maybe that's for the best."

The man let out an angry scoff and stood to his feet. He paced around the empty room with his hands tucked in his pockets.

I could tell he was angry at the turn of events, and I knew he would end up killing me, not like I'm even scared of death... right now it felt like I needed death more than anything. Death didn't seem scary anymore. It felt like the only rest I'd ever get.

He finally stopped pacing and turned to face me, frustration flashing in his eyes.

"Now what should I do with you?" he asked bitterly. "Hmm? What do you think I should do?"

I met his eyes without flinching. "Let me go," I said softly. "Or kill me."

He stared at me, stunned by my answer. Then he laughed—a low, cold sound that didn't reach his eyes.

"You think I'm a monster, don't you?" he asked. "Is that what you see when you look at me?"

I didn't respond. Because I didn't have to. He saw the answer in my eyes.

He let out a humorless breath, shaking his head. "I don't even know what to do with you. I'll have to think of something special," he muttered, half to himself.

He turned and began walking toward the door, but something inside me stirred, and I found myself calling out.

"Wait."

He stopped.

I hesitated, then asked, "Who are you?"

I didn't know why I asked, but I needed to know who he really was. If he was going to kill me, I at least wanted to know the name and identity of my killer.

He turned back around, staring at me like I was either brave or stupid for asking.

"You really don't know?" he asked.

I shook my head. "No. I don't."

He studied me for a long, quiet second, then finally said, "I'm Alpha Calvin. Of the Nightshade Pack."

The name sent a jolt down my spine. Alpha Calvin? One of the most feared Alphas in the region. Ruthless. Cunning. Dangerous. Nightshade Pack? That was just one pack away from the Full Moon Pack!

But then he added something that made my breath hitch.

"And I'm related to Damien," he said. "And to the triplets."

I blinked. "What...?"

He gave me a slow nod. "We share the same great-grandmother. The Alphas of the Full Moon Pack—Lennox, Levi, Louis—they're my distant cousins. And Alpha Damien is my distant uncle."

My heart pounded as I stared at him, utterly stunned.

*Chapter 253: The Plan*

Lennox's POV

"What are the reasons?" I asked eagerly.

"First," he said, "the day Olivia's body was found at the border... Damien was seen in Alpha Gabriel's Pack."

I blinked. "What?"

Louis frowned. "That doesn't make sense. Why would Damien be there?"

"Exactly," Dustin replied. "He had no official reason to be there. But according to the trackers and a few insiders, he came with a few of his men... it was late at night... which made me wonder why he would pay a visit to Gabriel at such a time."

My jaw clenched as unease settled in my gut. "That's not a coincidence."

Dustin nodded. "So these are the three suspects we have in hand. What do you want us to do?" Dustin asked.

I looked at my brothers. They both looked confused but also angry. I glanced at the file again and shook my head. "Olivia can't be two months pregnant," I said in disbelief.

Levi stepped forward, his eyes clouded with confusion. "What if that body isn't Olivia?" He said exactly what I was thinking.

Louis spoke. "But we carried a DNA test on it, and it came back positive, and our seer told us it was Olivia," Louis sounded more confused.

I turned away and closed my eyes. Until now, everything we'd found, every piece of evidence, proved the body was Olivia. But this new result turned everything I believed upside down.

"What should I do?" I whispered to my wolf.

He responded immediately. "Follow your guts."

I nodded, then faced Dustin and my brothers, who were still waiting for my decision. I fixed my eyes on Dustin, my jaw tightening.

"Tonight," I said firmly, "we dig out the body."

Louis's eyes widened. "What?"

"Are you serious?" Levi asked, stepping closer. "Why would we do that?"

"I want to check something," I responded.

They both stared at me, waiting.

I looked at each of them slowly, then said, "Do you remember... Olivia had a dark god mark? On her lower back. A distinct one. It was there since birth—regardless of what happened to her, that mark couldn't disappear."

Levi's brows shot up, realization flashing across his face. "That's right..."

Louis whispered, "It was shaped like a crescent wrapped in flame."

"Exactly," I said. "If that mark isn't on that body, then we've been mourning the wrong person all this time."

Dustin nodded obediently. "I'll make the arrangements. Quietly. No one outside this room will know."

I nodded. "Do it tonight. No mistakes."

Louis swallowed hard. "And if the mark's not there...?"

I met his gaze, my heart racing at the thought of it.

"Then someone faked her death... and Olivia is still alive."

The thought of that brought a sweet, bitter feeling. The idea that Olivia might still be alive... it was mesmerizing, like a dream I didn't dare believe. But if she is alive, then where is she? How is she doing? My throat tightened.

"If she is truly alive, then where is she?" I looked at my brothers, their faces mirroring my own mixture of hope and fear. "Is she okay? Is she safe? Is someone hurting her?"

A thousand possibilities stormed my mind, and none of them were good. If she wasn't dead... if someone had gone so far as to fake her death... then what were they doing with her now?

Louis rubbed his face harshly, pacing a few steps. "If she's alive, then someone has been keeping her from us. Someone powerful enough to hide her. And fake her death."

Levi's fists clenched. "What if it's one of the Alphas? What if she's being held in one of their packs?"

I looked down at the file again, at the pregnancy report. If the result were true, then that body was definitely not Olivia.

"Whoever has her..." I said slowly, my voice full of rage, "will pay for it."

I closed my eyes briefly. The thought of her being alive was driving my wolf restless. He was howling inside me. Despite the broken mate bond, he still felt attached to Olivia.

Dustin spoke. "I'll prepare the site. By midnight, we'll know the truth."

I nodded, though part of me already knew. Deep in my gut, in my soul. I knew she's alive. And I would burn down the world to bring her back.

I turned to Dustin. "Get our best spies... Place them on each of the Alphas that are suspects..." Dustin nodded and left.

After Dustin left the room, a tense silence hung in the study... My brothers and I were consumed by our deep thoughts.

"What if..." Louis started, then hesitated. "What if she doesn't want to come back?"

My heart twisted painfully. I looked up at him, but his eyes were already on me—haunted, afraid of the answer.

I forced my voice to stay calm. "Then we'll earn our place back in her life. No matter how long it takes."

The silence returned. Only this time, it was heavier.

Then Levi broke it again—his voice soft, almost hesitant, like he wasn't sure if he should even say what he was thinking.

"What... what are we going to do if we find her?"

Louis and I both looked at him.

Levi's eyes weren't angry anymore. They were tired. Confused. "We already believe she's alive," he continued, glancing between us. "And deep down, I think we are right. So... if we do find her, then what?"

My throat tightened.

Levi didn't stop. "Are we going to tell her the truth?" he asked quietly. "That we're related? That we share bloodlines with her?"

Louis stiffened beside me.

Levi's voice broke a little. "Are we going to see her differently? Are we going to love her differently?"

The words landed like a blade straight into my chest. I looked away. I couldn't answer him. Not because I didn't want to, but because I didn't know how to.

Because everything in me still screamed mine when I thought of Olivia. Even after all this time. Even after all the pain. Even after discovering things that should've made me back away.

But I couldn't. Neither of us could.

I clenched my jaw tightly, trying to hold myself together, but it hurt. It hurt because I knew what Levi was really asking. Would finding out the truth change what we felt for her? Would it undo our feelings for her?

Louis broke the silence. "She's still Olivia," he said roughly. "No matter what. She's still the same girl we—"

He stopped himself. But he didn't need to say it. We all felt the same.

My heart beat hard in my chest. What do we do if she's alive? I didn't have an answer. So I stayed quiet.

Because how do you explain loving someone so deeply... when fate keeps pulling you further from them? How do you hold on when everything around you keeps trying to tear it apart?

I turned away from them both and whispered so softly I wasn't sure they even heard me— "We find her first."

Then maybe—maybe—we'd figure the rest out.

*Chapter 254: Help*

Olivia's POV

He left the room, and I was left stunned... numb. I still couldn't believe what Alpha Calvin had said. That he was related to the triplets. Sharing the same great-

grandmother? How? Did the triplets' great-grandmother have another child with a different man? If so, why had I never heard of this? Why had they never mentioned anything? I had grown up beside them. I knew them—or at least, I thought I did. There was never any mention of someone like Alpha Calvin. No gossip. No hints. Was he lying? Was this some twisted game?

I shook my head and winced, biting down a cry. The rope binding me to the chair had dug deep into my skin. My whole body throbbed from sitting in the same position for too long.

My head felt heavy. My eyelids fluttered. I just needed a little sleep. A little peace. But before I could even drift, the door creaked open.

I tensed. It was one of the guards, alone this time. Tall. Broad. Dressed in all black, but something about his smirk made my blood run cold.

He shut the door behind him and locked it. My breath hitched.

"I always wanted to fuck a human," he muttered as he walked toward me slowly. "I bet you guys taste delicious."

I swallowed hard. "Don't come near me."

He chuckled darkly. "Oh, I'm not going to hurt you... not yet. I just want you to silently open your legs for me."

I froze.

My heart pounded painfully in my chest as he stepped closer, licking his lips.

"Don't do this," I warned, trying to sound stronger than I felt. "He'll kill you."

The guard laughed cruelly. "You think he cares what I do with you? He's not coming back for hours. Now open your legs."

"No!" I screamed, struggling in the chair.

He grabbed my arm harshly, yanking at my dress. "OPEN UP!"

"Don't touch me!" I cried, kicking out, but I was bound, helpless.

He raised his fist and slammed it into my ribs. I gasped, something inside me cracking as white-hot pain spread through my chest. I choked on my own breath, my own scream, tears burning my eyes.

"You'll open one way or another," he growled, grabbing my throat. "Make it easy—"

The door burst open.

SLAM.

Alpha Calvin stood in the doorway.

His aura filled the entire room like a crushing wave of ice and anger.

"What the hell are you doing?" he asked, his voice dangerously calm.

The guard froze, his hand still on me. "Alpha—"

Calvin moved forward, an intense anger radiating from him.

In one second, his claws were out—he seized the guard by the throat and lifted him off the ground. The man kicked and clawed, choking.

"Did I give you permission to touch her?" Calvin's voice was like death itself.

"N-no—"

With one swift motion, Calvin sliced his claws across the man's neck—severing his head from his body.

Blood splattered the wall and floor.

The body dropped with a lifeless thud.

I sat frozen, trembling, tears still streaking down my cheeks. My chest ached with pain. My lip was bleeding.

Calvin turned to me, still breathing hard, his eyes glowing in rage—but not at me.

He crouched down.

And for the first time, he looked... different.

Not like a monster.

But like someone who was concerned.

"Did he hurt you?" he asked quietly.

I couldn't answer. I just stared at him, dazed and scared... If he hadn't come when he did... I shivered.

He stood on his feet, covered in the blood of the man who almost violated me. His chest rose and fell, his eyes still glowing faintly with rage. He didn't say anything.

Just turned slowly, as if to leave.

But halfway to the door, he paused.

Then, without a word, he turned back and walked toward me again.

I tensed, confused, my heart racing.

He kneeled beside me and reached for the ropes.

I flinched instinctively, but he didn't stop.

His claws retracted, and with careful hands, he began loosening the restraints that had bound me for hours. His touch was surprisingly gentle, despite the dried blood on his fingers.

"W-what are you doing?" I asked, breathless.

He didn't look at me. "Don't be scared," he said quietly. "I'm just getting you to my healer. You're hurt."

My eyes widened.

Before I could process anything else, he slipped an arm under my knees and another behind my back—and lifted me effortlessly from the chair.

I gasped in fear, my voice barely a whisper. "Why are you doing this?"

His gaze remained blank. "Because I don't hurt women or let them get hurt."

He carried me out of the dim room, while I stayed frozen in his arms, unable to look at him, so I turned my face away, staring at the shadows on the walls.

We moved through a narrow stone corridor that opened into the main part of the packhouse. And I froze. The place was....breathtaking.

The walls were made of polished stone and dark wood, with glowing orbs of light floating near the ceilings like silent sentinels. Rich tapestries decorated the halls. Marble floors gleamed underfoot. This wasn't just a pack house—it was a palace.

As we moved deeper in, servants caught sight of us. Some gasped softly. Others simply bowed their heads in respect to Alpha Calvin, their eyes flicking toward me, confusion in their gaze.

No one dared to ask questions.

He didn't stop.

We passed a pair of tall double doors, and he kicked one open gently with his foot. The room inside was large and warm—soft candlelight, plush furniture, and a bed that looked like it belonged in a royal suite.

He walked straight to the bed and gently laid me down on the soft sheets.

I winced as pain shot through my side, but I didn't move.

He straightened up and turned toward the door. "Stay here. I'll send my healer."

I grabbed his sleeve weakly. "You... you're not going to lock me up again, are you?"

He paused.

Then looked back at me with something... softer in his expression.

"No," he said. "Not unless you give me a reason to."

And then he was gone, leaving me stunned. I looked around the room as I wondered what was going on. Why did he suddenly have a change of heart? Was this a trick? But the look in his eyes... that look of concern in his eyes tells me I might be wrong.

The door creaked open again, and I tensed, my heart skipping—but this time, it wasn't a guard.

A woman walked in. Her energy was calm and soothing. Her dark hair was tied back neatly, and her gentle smile instantly made me feel like maybe, just maybe, I was safe.

She closed the door behind her and stepped toward me. "Hello, dear," she said kindly. "I'm Leona. I'm the pack's healer."

I nodded weakly, my throat still sore.

She approached and crouched beside the bed, her voice gentle. "Alpha Calvin told me what happened. I'm just here to help. Can you tell me where you're hurting most?"

"My ribs..." I whispered. "And my back. Mostly my back."

She frowned softly in concern and nodded. "Alright. I need to take a proper look."

I hesitated, but something in her tone—so kind and motherly—made me trust her. Slowly, I sat up with a wince, biting back the pain. My hands shook slightly as I reached for the back of my torn dress, pulling it down with effort.

I turned around, exposing my back to her.

She gently traced her fingers along the bruised skin, her touch light. I closed my eyes, breathing shallowly as pain radiated from every inch she touched.

But then—

The door burst open.

I gasped, fumbling to pull the dress back up, but it was too late.

Alpha Calvin stepped inside. He froze as his gaze locked onto me—more specifically, onto my back.

He didn't speak.

Didn't blink.

His eyes widened slowly, his lips parting slightly as he stepped closer, almost in disbelief.

"What...?" he breathed out, taking another step. "That mark..."

Leona quickly rose to her feet and stepped aside, confusion flashing in her eyes as she followed his gaze.

But he didn't look at her. His eyes were solely focused on the lower part of my back—on the dark mark etched into my skin.

A mark shaped like a crescent wrapped in flame.

His voice was low and tight, almost shaken as he stared.

"How... how do you have that mark?"

*Chapter 255: His Story*

Olivia's POV

I swallowed hard and tugged the dress back over my back.

"I was born with it," I said quietly.

His eyes locked onto mine, widened slightly, full of questions he didn't know how to ask. There was something else there too—confusion... and doubt. It was like he was seeing something that shouldn't exist. Like the mark had shattered a belief he held tightly to.

He took a step back, shaking his head slowly.

"It can't be possible..." he muttered under his breath, almost like he was trying to convince himself.

Then he turned to the healer.

"Fix her ribs and treat her wounds," he said, his voice firmer now. "I'll wait over there."

The healer gave a quick nod and got back to work, her hands glowing faintly as she passed them over my injuries. I felt warmth where her energy flowed—soothing, calming. The pain in my ribs dulled, the swelling faded, and the ache in my back eased.

When she was done, she gave me a nod and a faint smile before gathering her things. With a bow toward Alpha Calvin, she left the room quietly.

For a moment, it was silent.

Then Calvin turned around, grabbed a chair from the corner, and pulled it to the side of my bed. He sat slowly, elbows on his knees, eyes never leaving my face. There was no rage in his expression now. No cruelty. Just curiosity. Deep and intense.

"Tell me about yourself," he said calmly. "Everything."

I swallowed hard... What should I tell him? The truth? What if he is one of the people who wants to kill me and may have recognized me by my birthmark? No... I can't tell him the truth... I can't trust anyone.

"My name is Riya... English name Rebecca... I'm from India."

The lie slipped out smoothly and practiced. I knew he'd believe it—my features, my accent, my story. It was enough to make the truth invisible.

He furrowed his brow, confused, but I continued.

"My parents died years ago," I added quietly. "I'm their only child."

His frown deepened, but he said nothing.

"I left India a few years ago," I went on, letting the lies roll off my tongue. "I met Sofia in one of the cities. She told me about werewolves. I wanted to learn more... ended up getting involved with a few packs. I never expected to end up like this."

I looked up at him, wondering if he believed my lies, but it seemed he did—though he seemed confused.

And then, under his breath, he muttered,

"You can't be her..."

My heart jumped.

I tried to keep my voice light.

"Who?"

He was quiet for a long moment, like he was wrestling with something in his mind. Then he let out a slow breath and looked at me again, this time with something almost vulnerable in his eyes.

"My missing little sister."

I blinked.

"Your... sister?"

He gave a faint nod, his expression unreadable.

I leaned forward slightly, ignoring the dull ache in my side.

"Where is she?"

His jaw tightened.

"I don't know."

He rubbed his hands together slowly, staring off like he was remembering something painful.

"The day she was born... my parents gave her to my father's most trusted warrior. Told him to take her far away. Hide her."

I stared at him, stunned.

"Why?"

He hesitated... then said,

"Because she was special."

"Special how?"

He hesitated, then lifted his eyes, flicking briefly to my back, to the place where the mark was hidden under my dress.

"In our great-grandmother's lineage," he began, "there's a gift. A rare one. It only passes to female children, and even then, it skips generations. It hasn't appeared again since her... until my sister."

I felt my pulse thrum in my throat. I didn't understand why his words hit something deep in my chest.

"The seer confirmed it the moment she was born," he continued. "The mark appeared on her back—same place as yours. Shaped like a crescent wrapped in flames. It meant she had the ability."

"What kind of ability?" I asked, though I wasn't sure I wanted to know.

"She could command shadows... summon things no one else could. She could heal... teleport... there was so much she could do. But gifts like that attract enemies. Powerful ones. The seer warned my parents—if she grew up in the Nightshade Pack, someone would kill her before her powers matured. She had to be hidden... until she turned eighteen."

I couldn't breathe, and I couldn't explain why I felt so pulled to his story.

He sighed and continued.

"She should be eighteen now, but I can't find her."

I forced my lips to move.

"What about your parents? Couldn't they find the warrior?"

I watched him, his face carefully guarded, but for a brief second... I saw it.

A flicker of pain in his eyes.

"My father is dead," he said quietly.

My breath caught.

"Oh..."

"He died eight years ago." His voice was firm, but I could hear the pain beneath it.

"And my mother... she's not in the right state to speak."

I tilted my head slightly, confused.

"What do you mean?"

His gaze dropped, fingers threading tightly together.

"She's been in a spiritual coma. For the past eight years."

I blinked.

"A coma... from what?"

He looked hesitant for a second, like he wasn't sure if he should tell me. But then... he did.

"My mother comes from a family of great healers. Her Father teleports and her mother heals. She was born with an incredible gift of healing and teleportation. People respected her... admired her. She was kind. Trusted too easily."

His jaw clenched.

"Eight years ago, she went to her best friend's birthday party. She thought it was a simple visit. But instead... she was betrayed."

My heart raced.

"Betrayed?"

He nodded once.

"My parents were drugged. Poisoned. When my mother woke—half-conscious—she realized her friend and her friend's husband had brought a witch... to drain her powers. They wanted to transfer her powers."

I gasped, my hand covering my mouth.

He continued, his voice filled with pain now.

"She tried to fight, but she was too weak. My father, who'd been given a more dangerous poison, never woke up. He died there. Right beside her."

A cold chill passed through me.

Calvin's eyes grew distant.

"Even in that state, my mother fought. She killed her so-called friend, teleported back home... carrying my father's lifeless body in her arms."

I couldn't speak.

"That day..." he said, his voice shaking just slightly, "was the worst day of my life."

"I was only eighteen," he added softly. "And my mother... she never woke up. The poison, the trauma... it pushed her into a spiritual coma. The healers say her soul is trapped somewhere in between."

A silence hung in the air, heavy, and bitter.

"We went to war with them," he went on. "Weeks of bloodshed. Revenge. In the end, the werewolf council stepped in and forced a truce. But the damage was done. We became enemies. The peace is only in name."

I felt his pain. His rage.

Then his voice shifted, softer, quieter.

"Now... now I know my sister is of age. She's eighteen. She's safe to return."

He lifted his eyes to meet mine, and something about the way he looked at me made my chest ache.

"But I can't find her. I don't know the name of the warrior my parents gave her to. No one does. My father took that secret to the grave. And my mother... is the only one who could've told me."

My throat tightened. A cold chill ran through me. I couldn't explain why.

He looked at me... really looked at me. His brows furrowed, deep lines of confusion forming on his forehead.

"I don't understand," he murmured. "You have her mark. Exactly. But..."

He looked up again, this time searching my face for something.

"You can't be my sister."

My heart thudded painfully.

"Why?"

"Because you're human," he said, as if the words themselves were too strange to believe. "And you look nothing like my mother or carry any trait of my family. You are India."

I blinked.

I didn't know what to say. My thoughts spun wildly. How could I have the same mark? Was it a coincidence? Or... something else?

I should've ignored it, but I didn't.

Something inside me pushed the words out before I could stop them.

"Can I... see a photo of your mother?" I asked, not even sure why. I just needed to see. Something told me to ask.

His eyes narrowed slightly confused, but after a second, he nodded. He reached into his pocket, pulled out a slim leather wallet, and flipped through the compartments.

Then he paused, slid out a small, worn photo, and handed it to me.

I took it with trembling fingers.

The moment my eyes landed on the picture—my breath caught.

My heart slammed against my ribs.

My vision blurred.

Because I knew that face.

I knew her.

My lips parted, but no words came.

I stared at the woman in the photo... and everything inside me started to shake.

*Chapter 256: Lost But Found*

Olivia's POV

I couldn't believe it. I kept staring at the familiar face in the photo, my fingers trembling as I held it. My eyes widened, my throat tightening. That face... I had seen it before. Too many times. In my dreams. On the rooftop. In the car when I was being taken by Alpha Damien. That same serene face that always brought a strange calm... and yet left me full of questions. The same woman I... resembled.

I slowly lifted my eyes to Alpha Calvin, who had been watching me with furrowed brows, clearly puzzled by my reaction.

"This is... your mother?" I asked softly, my lips barely moving.

He nodded slowly. "Yes, do you know her?" he asked curiously.

I stared at him, my heart racing. How could I explain this? How could I tell him I had seen this woman without ever meeting her in real life?

I swallowed hard. My lips parted, but no sound came. Then, I forced out a question.

"The pack you went to war with... the one that betrayed your mother. What was it called?"

He answered immediately. "The Forest Shadow Pack."

My entire body froze. Alpha Gabriel's pack.

I blink at him in shock. "Alpha Gabriel's pack?"

His brow arched. "You know him?" he asked, clearly surprised.

I wanted to lie. But I couldn't. Not anymore. I hesitated... then slowly nodded. "Yes..."

Memories rushed in. Alpha Gabriel telling me I was paying for the sins of my mother. Alpha Damien saying my mother had murdered Gabriel's mother. Everything started clicking together, puzzle pieces that had never made sense now locking into place.

Alpha Calvin leaned forward slightly, worry etched across his face. "What's wrong?"

I looked into his eyes... and for some reason, I trusted him.

"I have to tell you something," I whispered.

He didn't flinch. Just nodded. "Go on."

I clutched the blanket tighter around me. "This... isn't me."

He blinked. "What do you mean?"

"My face... my voice..." I looked down at my hands. "They were changed."

He stared at me, completely thrown off. "Changed? By whom? Why—"

Before I could answer, there was a sudden knock on the door. Calvin's head snapped toward it, clearly annoyed.

"Who is it?" he barked.

A guard's voice came from the other side. "Alpha... the Seer is here."

Calvin frowned deeply. "Now?"

But the door opened before he could say anything more. An old woman stepped inside, cloaked in a deep purple robe with silver hair braided down her back. Her eyes were milky but sharp as steel, glowing faintly with the power of vision.

The moment her gaze found me—she froze. Then, to my complete shock... she dropped to her knees. Her head bowed low to the ground.

"Welcome home, Lady Olivia," she said.

My breath caught. Alpha Calvin turned to her sharply. "What did you just say?"

The seer didn't raise her head.

"I said..." she repeated softly, reverently—"Welcome home."

Alpha Calvin glanced at me, his mouth slightly open, eyes wide with shock.

"What... what is she talking about?" he demanded, voice trembling.

The Seer slowly lifted her head and stood up easily despite her old age. She took a step closer and said gently, "Your parents... are not Mr. and Mrs. Parker."

I stared at her, my entire body going still. "What...?"

"They raised you," she continued, "but they are not your blood. They were entrusted with you—by your true parents. The Parkers were loyal to your father... the warrior he trusted above all else."

My lips parted in disbelief, my voice barely audible. "No... that's not possible. I grew up with them. They're—"

She placed a hand softly over her chest. "They loved you like their own. But they were only protecting you. Hiding you."

Alpha Calvin's breath hitched. "Wait," he said, his voice rising slightly, "are you saying... she's my sister?"

The Seer nodded solemnly.

"But... but she's human!" he argued, gesturing toward me. "She looks nothing like—"

"She is not human," the Seer interrupted calmly.

He blinked. "Then what—?"

I looked down at my wrist, at the bracelet, and then slowly, I held it up.

"This," I whispered, "was placed on me by Alpha Damien."

He stared at it in confusion.

I took a breath, my voice trembling as I continued. "He used it to suppress my wolf. And my appearance... it's not mine. It was changed too."

Calvin's eyes darted from me to the bracelet, disbelief written all over his face.

"Changed? Your face—?"

"Yes," I said quietly. "My wolf is still inside me. Trapped. Buried. I feel her sometimes... clawing to be free."

The Seer stepped forward and gently placed her hand over mine. "Don't worry, I will restore your face back. I knew who did this—it surely was Morata. She was one of my students. I taught her this spell, but I never knew she would use it for evil."

I looked at Calvin again. His expression had turned unreadable—like his entire world had tilted on its axis. He was still in shock.

The Seer turned to me, her voice tender. "Lie back, child. Close your eyes."

I didn't hesitate. For some reason... I trusted her. It was the way she looked at me—not just with knowledge, but with deep-rooted affection, like she had been waiting years for this moment.

I lay back on the bed, my heart pounding. I closed my eyes, trying to slow my racing breath. A second later, I felt her hand gently press against my forehead. Then she began to chant. The words were in a language I didn't recognize. The moment they left her lips, the air shifted.

It grew thick... heavy. The warmth in the room faded, replaced with an eerie coldness. A wind, though there were no open windows, swept through the room, brushing over my skin like icy fingers. I felt it. A burning sensation under my skin. Then a sharp, shocking jolt ran across my face, like something was breaking... my face was shrinking. My whole body tensed.

Then—I heard it. Alpha Calvin's sharp gasp.

"Goddess..." he breathed, his voice cracking.

The Seer spoke, "Open your eyes."

I did. And the moment I saw Calvin's face—his tear-filled, stunned expression—I knew. I could feel it too. My face was different. My real face was back.

He looked as if he wanted to say something, but his lips trembled too hard to form words. The Seer stepped back and motioned toward the side of the room.

"Look in the mirror."

I slowly sat up, legs shaky, and stepped toward the tall dressing mirror that stood by the wall. My breath caught the moment I saw her. Me. The real me. Long dark lashes, strong cheekbones, pale skin, and my familiar sea-blue eyes.

"This... is me," I whispered. My voice—my real voice—echoed back at me.

I reached out to touch the glass, tears brimming in my eyes. Then I heard footsteps. And before I could turn, I felt arms wrap around me—tight, trembling. It was Alpha Calvin. He pulled me close, clutching me to his chest like he was afraid I'd vanish. His shoulders shook. His breath hitched. He was... crying.

"My little sister..." he choked out. "I found you... I finally..."

I stood frozen for a second. Then slowly, I wrapped my arms around him. And for the first time in a long, long time... I felt like I wasn't alone anymore.

*Chapter 257: It Wasn't Olivia*

Lennox's POV

It was past 1 a.m. My brothers, Clark, Dustin, three guards, and I were at the cemetery behind the mansion. Everywhere was quiet, and the air felt heavy. The guards had just finished digging up the grave. The white coffin was now out and placed in front of us.

I swallowed hard, my heartbeat thundering in my ears. I gave a slight nod. The guards moved. Slowly, cautiously, they pried open the lid of the coffin. A soft hiss escaped as the seal broke. Then—

"No... fucking way..." Dustin whispered, stumbling a step back.

We all turned to him sharply. "What? What is it?" Louis asked.

Dustin didn't respond. He just pointed, wide-eyed, into the coffin. "Come look."

Confused and growing uneasy, Levi, Louis, and I stepped forward. The guards lifted their flashlights, angling the beams downward. The light hit the inside of the coffin. And everything inside me froze.

"What the—" Levi gasped.

My mouth went dry. My legs went weak.

"Gods..." I breathed, staring.

The body lying in the coffin was the same. The same dress. The same posture. The same scent. But the head... It wasn't Olivia's. It was Rebecca's. Her severed head had been placed on the body we buried. Her eyes closed. Lifeless.

"What the actual hell is going on?" Louis whispered in disbelief.

"We watched Olivia get buried... we saw her face..." Clark said, stunned.

"Unless..." Dustin swallowed. "Unless that was never Olivia."

Silence hung in the air. Tense. Thick. Terrifying.

Because if the body in the coffin was not Olivia—then where the hell was she? And why was Rebecca's head there instead? None of it made sense. And that was the scariest part.

I took a good look at the body again, and now, just staring at it, I realized my wolf was silent. He wasn't mourning like he did.

"This doesn't make sense... Rebecca was kidnapped, and now her head's in the grave we buried Olivia in? The same head we thought belonged to Olivia? Even the blonde hair was gone—replaced with dark hair," Levi said, confused.

With my heart racing, I stared at the body, wondering why Rebecca's head was here. I knew nobody had opened this grave—it was sealed—so how? I exchanged bewildered glances with my brothers. They looked just as lost as I felt, but one thing was clear: this was not Olivia. But how did Rebecca's head appear here?

"Go get the seer," I ordered. Dustin nodded and left.

One last glance at the decaying body, then I turned to the guards. "Take the body back to the mortuary." With that, I walked away, my brothers at my sides.

Back in our study, I turned to face them. They looked just as dumbfounded and confused as me.

"What does this even mean?" Louis asked quietly.

I shook my head. "I don't know. But let's wait for the seer. She has a lot to explain." I exhaled, my shoulders heavy.

Both my brothers nodded, and we all went silent.

I sat down, my fingers tangled in my hair, the weight of everything crashing down on me. My brothers stayed nearby—Louis pacing around, Levi slumped on the couch with his face in his hands. The room was quiet, but the air was thick with confusion.

My mind kept going back to that coffin. That body. That head. It wasn't Olivia. I knew it now. Deep down, my soul knew it. My wolf knew it. He hadn't mourned like he should—hadn't howled in pain, hadn't stirred at all. Because it wasn't her. It never was. But then... Rebecca?

I leaned forward slowly, my heart pounding harder the more I thought about it. If that head belonged to Rebecca—then what about the woman I kissed two nights ago? The one I felt so drawn to? The one who made my heart ache with emotions I didn't understand? Was that really... Rebecca? Or someone else entirely? My head spun.

Louis finally spoke. "If the body was Rebecca's... then who the hell was this Rebecca we met?"

Levi stood up, his eyes dark with confusion. "Since the body wasn't Olivia, then who did it?"

I exhaled shakily, gripping the edge of the table.

"There's only one person who might know," I said firmly.

Both my brothers looked at me.

"Damien."

Levi narrowed his eyes. "You think he's involved?"

"I'm sure of it," I said. "Too many things don't add up. We never heard of Rebecca until he brought her here, claiming she was his wife. Did you notice how unbothered he's been about her missing?"

Louis nodded slowly. "Yeah... he knows something. Or he's hiding something."

I stood from my chair, my jaw clenched.

"We need to watch him. Closely. Every step. Every move. If Olivia is alive—since she was never the one in that grave—then Damien's the key to finding out where she is."

My brothers both nodded in agreement.

Suddenly, the door burst open, and Dustin stepped in, panting slightly. Behind him was the seer, her head lowered, her eyes not meeting ours. The moment she entered, tension filled the room like smoke.

"We caught her trying to run away," Dustin said. I narrowed my eyes. Louis folded his arms, his glare sharp. Levi stayed silent, his jaw tight.

I stood up slowly. "You better have something to explain," I said coldly.

The seer looked up, guilt written all over her face.

"I—I can explain."

"Explain?" Levi snapped. "You said that body was Olivia's! You confirmed it yourself. You made us believe she was dead."

"I know," she said quickly, trembling. "And I'm sorry. I lied."

A heavy silence fell. My hands clenched at my sides, my anger rising.

"You what?"

"I lied," she repeated, her voice breaking. "Please... forgive me. I had no choice. My only son was kidnapped. I was threatened. They told me if I didn't lie—if I didn't say the body was Olivia's—they'd kill him."

Her knees gave way, and she dropped to the floor.

"I'm begging you... I didn't want to do it. But I had no other way."

Louis stared at her in disbelief. "Who did this? Who forced you?"

"I... I don't know," she said, tears filling her milky eyes. "They never showed their faces. Only left a note with the threat and instructions. They've been watching me ever since."

Levi cursed under his breath and turned away, running a hand through his hair.

"I can do an incantation," the seer offered quickly. "A vision spell. It might reveal who was behind it—"

"No," I cut in. "We don't trust you anymore."

She looked up at me, devastated.

"You betrayed us," Louis added. "You made us bury the wrong person. You made us mourn Olivia."

"Get out," I said coldly.

"But my son—" she pleaded.

"We'll find a way to help him," I replied flatly. "But you're done here."

Dustin escorted her out, her sobs echoing behind her as the door shut.

For a moment, the room went still. No one spoke. No one moved.

Then I turned slowly toward my brothers. "If the body in that grave was Rebecca..." I trailed off, the weight of what I was about to say hitting me hard. "...then who the hell was the Rebecca we met?"

Louis's eyes widened slightly. Levi looked up, face pale. Silence.

And then—

We all froze as realization dawned. Our eyes locked on each other. The same thought hit us at once. The Rebecca we met... the one we kissed... the one we felt connected to...

She wasn't Rebecca.

She was Olivia.

*Chapter 258: Tell Me About Yourself*

Olivia's POV

The bracelet on my wrist clicked open, and I inhaled sharply, my chest rising as if I had been underwater all this time—finally able to breathe again. The old witch gently slid it off my skin, and instantly, I felt it.

Warmth.

Energy.

Life.

Her.

"Olivia," my wolf's voice whispered in my mind, filled with emotion. "I'm back..."

A big, bright smile spread across my face as tears stung my eyes. "I missed you so much," I whispered to her. "I felt so empty without you."

"I never left," she said softly. "I was always here. Just trapped... waiting for you."

I closed my eyes for a moment, overwhelmed by the sudden peace washing over me. It felt like a piece of my soul had finally returned.

Then I heard Calvin's voice, soft but awed. "I can feel her," he said quietly.

I opened my eyes and looked at him.

"She's back," I nodded. "My wolf is back."

He exhaled, as if he'd been holding his breath the entire time. Slowly, he squatted down in front of me, his eyes gentle yet filled with deep concern.

"Olivia," he said, voice low and full of concern, "please... I need you to tell me everything. What happened to you? Who did this? How did you end up here?"

I looked at him for a long moment. And then I began to speak.

"I thought I was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Parker," I began, my voice trembling slightly. "They raised me with so much love... they never had any other children, so it was just the three of us. I never doubted for a second that I was theirs."

Calvin nodded slowly, his soft eyes fixed on mine.

"I grew up in the Full Moon Pack," I continued. "And I became friends with the triplets—Lennox, Levi, and Louis."

The moment I said their names, I noticed Calvin's face shift. His jaw tightened, and a faint frown tugged at his lips. He wasn't pleased. But I kept going.

"They adored me," I said honestly. "And I... I adored them too. We grew up together. But everything changed on my fourteenth birthday."

I took a deep breath, the memories still painful to speak of.

"My father—Mr. Parker—was accused of a crime. He was arrested and thrown into jail. My mother and I were cast out. We became omegas overnight."

I saw pure anger in Calvin's eyes. His hands clenched at his sides, and his aura darkened.

"But the worst part," I whispered, "was the triplets. They hated me. And I didn't understand why. I kept trying to reach them, but they hurt me. Over and over. Emotionally. Physically. Like I meant nothing to them."

Calvin's teeth gritted hard. "Bastards," he hissed under his breath.

"And then... on my eighteenth birthday," I said, looking him in the eye, "we found out I was mated to them."

His entire body jolted. "What?"

"Yes," I nodded. "I was their mate. All three of them. They didn't want it. They rejected it. But their father forced them. And eventually... they marked me. They married me."

His eyes widened in disbelief, a mixture of shock and confusion. I noticed his breathing quicken, panic flashing in his eyes—but he didn't interrupt. He was holding himself back, letting me finish.

"I thought things might get better," I said. "But they didn't. They made my best friend their mistress. Paraded her around in front of me. Hurt me in ways I can't even describe."

I saw something wild—rage mixed with grief—in Calvin's eyes.

"But then," I continued, "everything started to shift. I discovered they hated me because of a letter. A forged letter. One that made them believe I loved one brother and hated the other."

I shook my head slowly.

"It wasn't me. I never wrote it. I don't even know who did."

Calvin looked like he was going to explode.

"They tried to make things right after learning the truth," I admitted. "But I refused. I couldn't live like that. So... I rejected them."

He blinked. "You're no longer mated to them?"

"No," I said firmly. "I broke the bond."

A flash of relief crossed his face, like a heavy weight had just lifted from his chest.

"After that... I decided to leave," I added. "To stay with Alpha Gabriel. I thought he truly cared about me. That he was different."

I paused when I saw Calvin's expression twist again, darkening into a frown.

"But he wanted me dead," I whispered bitterly. "He planned to kill me. He said I was paying for the sins of my mother."

Calvin's eyes widened in horror.

"And just when I thought it was over," I continued, "Alpha Damien came. He saved me... but only under one condition. He said I had to disappear. Change my face. Pretend to be dead. For one year."

My throat tightened, but I kept my voice steady.

"I agreed... and that's how I became Rebecca."

The room went quiet. Calvin didn't speak. He was staring into space, lost in thought—processing everything. His eyes flickered, his brows furrowed, and I could tell his mind was running wild with questions.

Then suddenly, he looked at me sharply.

"Did you sleep with them?" he asked.

I frowned, caught off guard. "Not really," I answered hesitantly. "Why? What does that have to do with anything?"

He didn't reply. He was staring at the ground now, his expression unreadable.

That's when it hit me. He had told me something before... something I'd almost forgotten. That he was related to the triplets. By the same great-grandmother. And if Calvin is my brother... then that means...

My heart skipped a beat. My breath caught. I'm related to the triplets too.

I turned to Calvin, my voice catching in my throat. "Does... that..."

"Yes." He cut me off, his voice quiet but heavy. "You're related to the triplets... we're distant cousins." He dropped it like a bomb.

I shook my head slowly, my lips parting in disbelief. "No... no, that can't be true."

But Calvin didn't say anything. He simply looked at me with concern.

My chest twisted so hard it hurt. My wolf whimpered in the back of my mind, her pain echoing mine.

"How?" she whispered. "How can the men we loved... be our own blood?"

I pressed my hand to my chest, as if trying to keep the hurt from spilling out. My throat burned. My chest ached. It was a different kind of pain—deeper. Not physical. Not even entirely emotional. It was something else... something raw and impossible to explain.

Calvin moved closer. "I know," he said gently, his voice full of understanding. "It hurts. I don't know why the Moon Goddess made you their mate, Olivia. Maybe it was a mistake. A cruel mistake. But it's a good thing you rejected them."

I didn't reply. I couldn't. Tears welled in my eyes as he pulled me into a hug. A warm, firm, protective hug.

"You're safe now," he murmured. "You're home. And I promise, I won't let anyone hurt you again."

But even in his arms, the ache throbbed deep.

Calvin pulled back slightly and looked into my eyes. "There's something you should know. Our family—the Beckham bloodline—and the Lucianos, the triplets' family... we've always hated each other."

My brows furrowed. "Why?"

He hesitated, then shook his head. "I'll tell you later. When you're ready. There's... a long, dark history there."

I bit my lip but didn't press. I could see in his eyes that it wasn't something to rush into.

He straightened up, brushing some hair gently out of my face. "But for now... what matters is that you're back. You're with your real family. And I'll protect you with everything I have."

The old witch, who had been standing silently in the corner, finally stepped forward.

"I'll begin the rituals tomorrow," she said. "Now that you are eighteen, your powers will start awakening. Slowly, but they'll come. You've been locked for too long, child."

Calvin gave her a small nod. "Do whatever you must."

Then he turned back to me, a big smile slowly spreading across his face.

"Oh, and one more thing," he added. "Tomorrow... I'm throwing a party."

I blink at him. "A party?"

He grinned happily. "A grand welcome party. To announce your return—to the entire supernatural world."

I raised an eyebrow. "Why?"

He stepped back, his hands in his pockets. "Because I want everyone to know who you are now. Especially them."

My stomach twisted. "The triplets?"

Calvin's smile deepened. "Yes. I'm inviting them."

"What? Why?" I asked, stunned.

He tilted his head, mischief dancing in his eyes. "Let's just say... I have scores to settle with them."

My heart pounded, confusion and curiosity swirling inside me.

"Just sit back," he said softly, "and watch."

*Chapter 259: Invited*

Levi's POV

For the past hours, we have sat in silence, each of us lost in thoughts.

"We need evidence against Damien... there has to be something," Lennox muttered again, for what felt like the hundredth time.

I let out a deep sigh and leaned back in my seat, thinking about the discovery we had made just hours ago. Everything pointed to Damien—but we couldn't confront him without solid proof. Still, we were getting impatient. Very impatient.

"I think we should just confront him already," I said sharply.

"He is going to deny it." Louis sighed.

I frowned. "Then we show him the dead body."

Before either of my brothers could respond, a knock echoed at the door. We all exchanged quick glances. It was still early—who would be knocking at this time?

"Come in," Lennox called out.

The door opened and, to our surprise, it was Sofia. She stepped in and closed the door behind her, walking straight toward us. Before we could even ask why she was here, she spoke.

"I know who took Rebecca," she announced, her voice firm.

The moment she said that, all three of us jumped to our feet.

"Who?" we asked at once, panic tightening our chests. We already knew the woman wasn't Rebecca—it was Olivia.

"Alpha Calvin," she said. "Of the Nightshade Pack. He was the one who held me captive."

I turned to look at my brothers. Lennox's jaw clenched, and Louis looked just as shocked as I felt.

"Calvin?" I repeated, frowning deeply.

Sofia nodded. "I'm sure of it. I saw him. I remember everything now."

My brows furrowed. Calvin was one of the people Damien had mentioned as a suspect before... so maybe Sofia was telling the truth.

"I just want you to see her," Sofia added quietly. "There's so much I need to ask her. So many things I don't understand."

She looked hurt. Broken. Betrayed.

I stared at her, unsure how to tell her the truth—that the woman she thinks is Rebecca wasn't her friend. That Rebecca... was already dead. But that could wait. First, we needed to get Olivia back.

"Thank you, Sofia," Lennox said with a nod. "We'll bring her back before the day ends. That's a promise."

Sofia gave a small nod, then turned and quietly left the room.

As soon as the door closed, Lennox let out a groan, dragging his hand down his face.

"God help him," he muttered. "If that's really Olivia, I swear I'm going to kill Damien with my bare hands."

I stared at the wall, lost in thought. What was our uncle trying to gain from all of this? How did he change her appearance? Her smell? Subdued her wolf? parade her as his

wife? And more than that... why did Olivia stay quiet? She had so many chances to speak. Did he threaten her? Was he blackmailing her?

Before I could go deeper into my thoughts, the door opened again—this time, it was Dustin. He held a letter in his hand.

"You need to see this," he said, walking in and handing it to Lennox.

Lennox opened it and read quickly. His eyes narrowed.

"What is it?" Louis asked.

"It's an invitation," Lennox said slowly. "From Alpha Calvin."

That name made all of us freeze.

"He's inviting all Alphas to his pack," Lennox continued. "He says it's for the 'welcome-home' party of his long-lost little sister."

"What?" I asked, frowning. "We don't even know him. We're not friends. We have no alliance."

"Exactly," Louis added. "Why invite us?"

None of us answered right away. It felt strange. Wrong. Was it a trap?

It didn't matter because, for Olivia, we were really ready to do anything.

"We're going," Lennox said after a moment.

"And when we get there," I added, "we demand the release of Olivia. We don't care what silly games he is playing with Damien."

"And if he refuses?" Louis asked.

Lennox's eyes turned cold. "Then it's war."

I turned to Dustin. "Arrange our best guards. We are attending."

Dustin nodded without a word and walked out, leaving the three of us in heavy silence.

I sat back down, but my mind wasn't calm. What if it really was Olivia? How would I even react? Would I hug her? Would I kiss her? Or would I freeze, like a fool, unable to believe it was really her?

My heart ached at the thought. I wanted to hold her close, to tell her I'm sorry for everything—for not protecting her, for letting her go. But then... I remembered something.

My parents. Their words. They told us once that Olivia was our distant cousin. That we weren't supposed to feel anything beyond family love for her. That what we had for her wasn't right.

But it felt right. Everything about her felt like mine. Like she was made for me, carved out of my ribs and stitched into my soul. And no matter how many times I tried to smother it, the feeling only grew stronger, wilder, and impossible to deny.

I looked up at my brothers and cleared my throat. "What are we going to do... if it really is her? And what if our parents weren't lying? What if she's really our distant relative?"

Lennox didn't answer right away. He stood by the window, arms folded tightly across his chest, jaw clenched.

Finally, he spoke. "I don't want to think about that right now," he said sharply. "I don't even trust them."

He turned to face us, his eyes dark with emotion.

"First, we find Olivia," he continued. "Then... our parents are going to prove everything. Who she really is. Where she came from. Who her real family is. And if they can't... if they lied to us—"

He didn't finish the sentence. He didn't need to.

Louis nodded slowly. "We'll make them talk. No more lies."

I looked between them both, the weight in my chest growing heavier. First Olivia. Then the truth. And only after that... would we know who we were really allowed to love.

But deep down, I already knew. No bloodline could ever change what I felt for her.

*Chapter 260: Half Sister*

Olivia's POV

A soft knock landed on my door, and I knew instantly it was Calvin. His distinct lemony scent drifted in, announcing his presence before he even spoke.

"The door is open," I said gently.

He pushed it open and stepped inside, holding a white box wrapped with a shiny red ribbon. Our eyes met, and he gave me a warm, genuine smile. The kind of smile that made me feel... safe. Loved. Protected.

"Good morning, sunshine," he greeted as he walked toward me.

My smile widened. "Good morning, brother."

The word came out so naturally, so easily, even though it was the first time I'd ever said it to him. It felt right. Like it had always been there.

He reached my bed and held out the box. "Here... I got this for tonight's party. I hope you like it."

A happy grin spread across my face as I accepted the box.

Feeling a flutter of excitement, I unsealed it carefully.

The first thing I saw made my breath catch. It was a stunning red dress, silky and elegant. I lifted it slightly, the fabric slipping through my fingers like water. Beneath it were silver heels, delicate and sparkling like starlight.

At the bottom of the box was a smaller one. I opened it slowly... and gasped softly.

Inside were diamond accessories—a necklace, earrings, and a delicate bracelet. They shimmered beautifully, catching the morning light with every tiny movement.

"These are beautiful," I whispered, still a bit in awe.

Calvin sat beside me on the edge of the bed. "They were our mother's," he said softly.

I turned to him, surprised. "Really?"

He nodded. "She wore them the night she married our father. They were her favorites. I thought it was only right... that you wear them tonight."

I looked back down at the jewels, my heart fluttering. A strange ache bloomed in my chest.

"I'd love to meet her," I said, glancing up at him. "Where is she?"

His expression shifted slightly—gentle, but with something unreadable behind it.

"I'll take you to see her," he said quietly. "After tonight's party. I promise."

I nodded, comforted by the sincerity in his voice. He smiled at me again, and I smiled back. But even as warmth bloomed in my chest, one question—one lingering thought—refused to leave my mind.

So I asked it.

"Do we have other siblings?" I said carefully.

I noticed Calvin hesitate. His smile faltered just a little before he inhaled deeply. Something in his expression shifted. The calmness in his eyes clouded with a trace of... annoyance? Frustration? Pain?

"Yes," he finally said. "We do. But it's... complicated."

I tilted my head. "Complicated how?"

Calvin sighed, rubbing his palms together before finally speaking.

"She's a half-sibling... but not just that," he began, his voice low, like just talking about it got him pissed.

My eyes narrowed. "What do you mean 'not just that'?"

He hesitated again before looking me straight in the eyes. "Our mother had a twin sister."

I blinked, stunned. "A twin?"

He nodded. "Identical. Their names were Celeste and Selene. Our mother—Celeste—was the quiet, kind one. Selene was... different. Ambitious. Envious. Always wanting what wasn't hers."

I stayed silent, trying to process that.

Calvin continued, "After our great-grandmother, Hailee, something strange happened in the family line. All her children gave birth to only males—no daughters. That included our father's generation. None of them had a girl, and everyone began to worry."

He looked down at his hands. "Like I said... in great-grandmother Hailee's bloodline, it's the females who carry the special gift. A unique, divine power that's passed down from generation to generation—but only through the daughters."

I nodded. "But there weren't any daughters..."

"Exactly," he said. "Until after my birth. Then, a prophecy came."

"What kind of prophecy?" I asked.

Calvin looked up and sighed. "That our father's next child would be a girl. And she would be the one to inherit the gift. The true heir. The one chosen by the Moon."

I stared at him, barely breathing.

"I was just three," he said. "Mom took me along to a council meeting. According to her... when she came back, she found her twin sister, Selene, in bed with our father. And he was... dazed. Like he wasn't even himself."

"What?" I whispered, completely shocked.

"She had drugged him," Calvin said grimly. "Spelled him. Used a charm to force him into sleeping with her. All because she wanted to bear the chosen one. She knew the prophecy. She knew it would be his daughter."

My jaw dropped slightly, horror spreading across my face.

"She got pregnant," he continued. "And started parading herself around as the mother of the special child. Acting like she'd won. And after months... she gave birth to a girl."

"And?" I breathed, needing to know the rest.

"But she wasn't the one," Calvin said. "She didn't have the mark. The birthmark all gifted daughters are born with. She was just... a normal werewolf."

I sat there, dumbfounded. A cold shiver ran down my spine.

Calvin's voice softened as he added, "Years later... Mom conceived again. She had you."

I turned slowly to look at him, my heart thudding. "And I had the mark?"

He nodded. "The moment they saw it, everyone knew. You were the one the prophecy spoke of. You were the chosen one. And that's why you had to disappear—because so many people wanted you dead. And when I say people who wanted you dead, I don't mean strangers. I mean family. Our father's distant relatives—descendants of great-grandmother Hailee. They knew their only chance to produce another chosen one was if you were dead, so our parents sent you away and lied that you died a few hours after your birth. I also grew up with that lie; not until my fifteenth birthday did they tell me the truth."

I sat still, my mind racing. Then a thought crept into my mind, slow but certain.

"Wait..." I said, furrowing my brows. "This half-sister of ours... is it—Sofia?"

Calvin's expression darkened. He gave one short nod. "Yes."

My eyes widened in disbelief. "Sofia?" I echoed. "No wonder... the resemblance. That's why she looks so much like me."

He nodded again, a bitter edge in his voice. "You share blood. And unfortunately... she's an enemy too."

I frowned. "You kidnapped her and used her to threaten Damien to step down?" I asked, confused by the pieces falling into place.

He let out a harsh scoff. "Like I said—she's an enemy. And yes, I kidnapped her because I wanted leverage over Damien. I hate that man—I wanted to strip him of everything, even time. But I didn't hurt her. I only tied her up, took videos and photos, then untied her and kept her in a locked room. Two days later, I noticed she looked sick... really sick. Even though I hated her, I called for a healer, but Sofia said she didn't need one—I should just let her go. So I did. I told my men to bring me Rebecca—his new wife. But it wasn't Rebecca they found... it was you. My sister."

A suffocating silence hung in the air as I realized my life... my lineage was full of twists... twists I never imagined.

Out of curiosity, I asked, "Why is Sofia an Enemy?"

His gaze darkened. "She made some choices. Aligned herself with the wrong people."

"What do you mean?"

He looked me straight in the eyes. "Let's just say... she's not someone I trust. And neither should you."

A chill crept down my spine, but before I could ask more, Calvin's expression softened again.

"I'll explain everything in time," he said. "But for now... just focus on tonight. You're back home. You're safe. I'll protect you, Olivia. No matter what."

His words settled over me like a blanket, and I nodded slowly.

Just then, the door creaked open slightly, and the old seer peeked inside. "Forgive me for interrupting," she said gently. "I need to prepare Olivia for the ritual. Her locked abilities will begin to awaken soon."

Calvin stood up and nodded. "Alright. Make sure she's ready. But nothing too exhausting."

"Yes, Alpha," the seer replied.

Before stepping out, Calvin turned to me with a sly smile. "And don't forget... tonight is your official welcome-back party. I want the world to know who you are."

I gave a small smile. "You really didn't have to go all out."

He smirked. "Oh, I did. And one more thing—"

He leaned closer, his voice low and mischievous.

"I invited the triplets, and they accepted."

I froze. My heart skipped. "What? Why?"

He straightened with a dark, playful gleam in his eyes. "Sit back, baby sister... and enjoy the show."