

# **Fated To Not Just One, But Three #Chapter 261: Second Chance Mate - Read Fated To Not Just One, But Three Chapter 261: Second Chance Mate**

*Chapter 261: Second Chance Mate*

Olivia's POV

I looked... different.

Beautiful.

Stunning.

My blonde hair had been pulled into a neat bun, delicately adorned with silver pins that shimmered in the light. My face was softly dusted with powder and highlighted in all the right places, giving me a glowing, flawless finish. A bold red lipstick settled on my lips, making me look like someone I barely recognized in the mirror.

"You look so beautiful, my lady," the maid standing beside me said with a warm smile.

I gave her a soft, sad smile in return. "Thank you."

But deep down, my heart ached.

At this moment, I missed Nora and Lolita. My closest friends. My sisters in spirit. They should've been here, fussing over my makeup and helping me into my dress while teasing me about the night ahead.

Pain hit my chest. I hadn't seen them when I went back to the packhouse. Had they been reassigned?

Before I could drown further in my thoughts, a knock landed softly on the door.

"Come in," I said.

The door opened, and there stood Calvin—dressed in a tailored black suit with a red tie that matched my dress. He looked every bit the noble Alpha he was, confident and poised. But when his eyes landed on me, his expression shifted.

For a moment, he just stared.

"Wow..." he said finally, stepping inside. "You look absolutely breathtaking."

A small blush crept to my cheeks. "Thank you."

He walked over, extending his arm with a smirk. "It's time."

I hesitated for a second, then took his arm as I stood. He glanced down at me with a proud smile, but I could see the concern in his eyes too.

"Are you nervous?" he asked gently.

I let out a slow breath. "A little."

He squeezed my hand. "Don't be. You're stronger than anyone in that room. All you have to do tonight... is be you."

I nodded slowly, holding onto his words like an anchor.

Whatever the night held—I would face it.

With a smile that was meant to reassure me, he led me out of the room.

The evening air was cool, brushing against my skin as we walked. I glanced around, taking in the unfamiliar view. This territory... this home... it was supposed to be mine, yet it still felt like a dream I hadn't quite woken from.

Lanterns floated, casting a warm golden glow over the courtyard. Guards stood along the path, dressed sharply, their expressions respectful as they bowed slightly when we passed. Everything looked pristine—elegant and regal.

And then I saw the hall ahead—the pack hall. Grand, tall, and lit up like royalty lived within.

My heart fluttered.

Calvin squeezed my hand. "You ready?"

I nodded, though my throat was dry. "As I'll ever be."

The door opened... and silence fell inside.

All eyes turned to us as we stepped in.

The hall was enormous, and every single guest was dressed in deep wine colors, elegant gowns and sharp suits, adorned with jewels and silks. A soft hum of whispers rose in the air as I stepped in beside my brother, and I suddenly realized—he hadn't invited just anyone. This was a gathering of elites. High-ranking Alphas. Beta families. Witches. Warlocks. Nobles. Creatures from every corner of the supernatural world.

My eyes widened slightly.

I swallowed hard, trying to compose myself, feeling hundreds of eyes drink me in.

Whispers echoed from the corners.

"Is that her?"

"The lost one?"

"She's even more beautiful in person..."

I tried not to let it get to me, but it was overwhelming. My grip on Calvin's arm tightened slightly.

He leaned down to whisper, "You're doing great. They're already mesmerized."

I gave a small, grateful smile, then turned my gaze across the room again—until my eyes landed on him.

A tall, handsome man, standing near the back, away from the main crowd. Pale skin, sharp features, dressed in a perfectly tailored black suit. His eyes... impossibly dark, like an endless night. He didn't smile. He didn't blink. He just... stared.

My wolf growled low in my mind, her presence rising sharply.

I shifted uncomfortably, glancing at Calvin. "Who is that?"

Calvin followed my gaze. "Him?" he murmured. "He's a vampire. One of the oldest. From the High Bloodline Council."

I stiffened slightly.

"He's not a threat," Calvin added calmly. "He's just curious."

Curious? I wasn't so sure. His stare felt deeper than curiosity—it felt... knowing. Like he could see things others couldn't. Like he knew me.

I looked away quickly.

But even then... I could still feel his gaze burning on the back of my neck.

We reached a raised platform at the center of the room. A single table stood there, dressed in rich velvet and gold accents, clearly reserved for me.

He pulled out the chair for me, and I sat down slowly, smoothing the skirt of my red dress with trembling hands. Calvin stood beside me, raising a hand slightly to draw the attention of the crowd. A hush fell over the room.

"Good evening, everyone," Calvin began, his voice deep and commanding. "Tonight, you are not just attending another gathering of the supernatural elite. You are here to witness the return of someone precious—."

I looked up at him, watching the pride in his expression. But as he continued speaking, something stirred inside me. A strange sensation tickled inside me, it was faint at first... then stronger.

My wolf suddenly rose in full force.

She howled.

Loud and clear inside me. Excited. Anxious. Thrilled.

"Mate."

My heart slammed against my ribs.

I stiffened, my breath catching in my throat.

Mate? I echoed back in disbelief.

Could it be? Did the Moon Goddess bless me with a second chance mate?

I scanned the crowd, trying to pinpoint where the feeling was coming from. My heart thundered, and confusion rushed in. I wanted to be excited—truly, I did—but instead, I felt torn. Terrified. Angry. Pained.

Because no matter how I tried, I couldn't stop thinking about the triplets.

I clenched my jaw, trying to bury the feelings. But my wolf wouldn't stop howling. She wasn't confused. She was certain our mate was here.

Suddenly, the grand doors creaked open again.

Everyone's eyes were on me, but mine snapped to the doors.

And I froze.

There they were.

Lennox. Levi. Louis.

The triplets walked in, dressed sharply, powerfully—heads high, eyes scanning the room.

The second I laid eyes on them, my wolf howled louder.

Mates!

The room spun. My stomach dropped.

No.

No, no, no.

They couldn't be—again?

My breath caught in my throat as the air between us thickened with tension. My wolf was practically dancing, crying out to them with an emotion I didn't know how to silence.

But all I felt was chaos. Them? Again?

How was this possible?

*Chapter 262: A Different Olivia*

Lennox's POV

The heavy doors groaned as they opened, and we stepped into the hall.

There was silence as everyone's eyes were focused on the people on the stage, and mine followed, almost on instinct. Then I saw her.

Olivia?

Our Olivia?

For a heartbeat, it felt like a dream—some cruel illusion my mind had conjured up to torture me. But she was real. The girl seated on the platform was her.

Her alluring eyes—those eyes I'd memorized—widened the second they found mine.

My breath caught.

My wolf roared in my head, louder than I'd ever heard him before.

"Mate!"

I stumbled slightly, blinking hard.

What?

I glanced at Levi and Louis beside me—they looked just as stunned, frozen in place. Their chests rose and fell rapidly. They felt it too.

"No," I whispered under my breath.

Not because I didn't want her. Goddess, I wanted her. Even after everything... she still owned every broken piece of me.

But this wasn't possible.

We'd been rejected.

The bond was gone. Broken. Severed. She'd made sure of it.

So how—?

My heart thudded painfully in my chest as my wolf howled again, clawing to get out, to go to her. To fall at her feet. To beg. To make it right.

But I couldn't move.

I watched her, watched her mouth part slightly, watched her hands tremble as she stared back at us like we were a curse come to life.

She was scared.

She looked at us like we were the storm that ruined her.

And we were.

Louis took a slow breath, his voice barely audible. "Is this... is this happening again?"

"It can't be," Levi muttered. "It shouldn't be."

But it was.

I felt it—stronger than before. Raw. Real.

The mate bond... had returned.

Or maybe... it had never really left.

My brow furrowed deeply.

Why was she here?

Why was she seated on a royal platform?

Why was everyone staring at her like she was someone important?

What the hell was going on?

Before I could wrap my head around it, Calvin's voice rang out across the hall, calm but commanding.

"Today," he said, standing beside Olivia with a hand proudly on her shoulder, "I want you all to join me... as we celebrate the return of my lost sister."

I blinked.

What?

What did he just say?

I turned sharply to Levi and Louis, who looked just as stunned.

Louis's mouth opened slightly, but no words came out.

Levi stared ahead, frozen.

"Sister?" I echoed under my breath, eyes darting between Calvin and Olivia.

No. That couldn't be right.

It had to be some kind of show. A lie.

Another one of Calvin's twisted political games.

But then I looked at her again.

Really looked.

The resemblance was there—subtle but impossible to ignore. The sharp cheekbones. The same piercing eyes. She looked... like him.

I staggered back a little as the realization hit me.

I remembered what my parents said—how Olivia wasn't actually Mr. and Mrs. Parker's biological child.

Now it all made sense.

She's really his sister...

Calvin's sister.

Does that mean Calvin is related to us?

Confused, I stepped further into the hall. My brothers stayed close behind, just as lost as I was. My wolf was howling, frantic, begging me to close the distance—so I did. I kept moving until I stood at the front, so close I could almost reach out and touch her.

But her eyes were no longer on us. She acted as if she didn't know... like her wolf wasn't screaming that we were her mates... she looked so calm.

Not once did she look at us again. It was like we didn't exist.

Like we were strangers. Ghosts.

Music began to play, soft and melodic, drifting through the room like a lullaby. The guests began to move, slowly rising from their seats and making their way toward the platform—toward her.

One by one, they walked up to greet her. Some bowed. Some kissed the back of her hand. Some whispered blessings or words of admiration.

"She's even more beautiful in person," someone near us said.

"She's the special one..." another voice whispered from behind me.

I blinked, my heart pounding harder.

The special one?

What the hell were they talking about?

I couldn't take it anymore.

I moved.

Without thinking, I stepped forward, pushing past a group of stunned vampires and witches. My brothers were right behind me, saying nothing—but I could feel the tension radiating from them like heat.

The guests made way for us like the Red Sea parting. They knew who we were. Everyone did.

I didn't stop until I stood right in front of the platform again.

Olivia stood beside Calvin now, her hand lightly resting on the table as she listened to a regal woman dressed in silver. She still hadn't looked at us. Not once.

It drove me mad.

I opened my mouth to speak—but before I could get a word out, Calvin turned.

"I believe you have questions to ask," he said coolly, his voice calm but firm. "Because I do too."

I swallowed my rising anger, trying to read his expression—but Calvin was unreadable.

He turned to Olivia. "Come with me."

Then he looked at us. "You three... follow."

Without giving us a chance to respond, he began walking toward a hallway at the side of the ballroom. Olivia didn't protest—she followed him silently, her head held high, her red dress flowing like fire behind her.

We exchanged a glance—me, Levi, Louis—and followed.

The guests murmured and watched as we passed. Some looked almost excited, like they were waiting for something dramatic to unfold.

Calvin glanced over his shoulder and addressed the crowd smoothly, "Enjoy yourselves. We'll be back shortly."

We left the hall and followed Calvin down a long hallway. It was quiet, just the sound of our footsteps. Olivia walked ahead, calm and graceful, like a completely different person. She looked confident—strong. Not like the girl we once knew. But my heart still knew her. My wolf still called for her.

Calvin stopped in front of a big black door. Two guards stood beside it. He opened the door without saying anything, and we walked into his office.

It was warm and quiet. The walls were filled with books and glowing stones. A family symbol hung above the fireplace. There was a desk and some chairs near a table.

Calvin walked over to the sitting area and looked at Olivia.

"Olivia," he said gently, "please sit."

She didn't argue. She sank onto the chaise, crossing her legs and folding her hands in her lap. Her eyes still didn't meet ours.

My wolf howled desperately for her.

Calvin turned to us next, his arms crossed, his expression unreadable.

*Chapter 263: Enemies*

Levi's POV

It happened so fast.

One moment, we were standing there in silence—tension thick in the air—and the next...

BAM!

Calvin's fist connected with Lennox's jaw, snapping his head sideways.

Before I could even react—

CRACK!

He spun and slammed his fist into my gut, knocking the breath out of me.

I doubled over, coughing.

THUD!

Louis barely had time to move away before Calvin's fist caught him clean in the face, sending him crashing into the chair behind him.

Everything went still.

Pain throbbed through my body. My wolf snarled inside me, begging to be let out—but I held him back. This wasn't the time.

Calvin stood above us, breathing hard, his eyes burning with rage.

"That..." he growled, "was for hurting my sister."

None of us spoke.

What could we even say?

He glared at us, anger vibrating from his entire body.

"You three better start talking. Because right now, the only thing stopping me from finishing what I just started... is her."

He turned slightly—toward Olivia.

She was still seated. Not even moved by what had just happened.

I took a grip of myself and stared at Olivia, whose eyes had been avoiding us.

"Mine!" my wolf howled possessively inside me.

I took a shaky breath. "Olivia... is this really you..." I asked, my lips trembling slightly.

She turned and held my gaze. "Yes, it's me," she said plainly.

A sad smile spread across my face, but before I could speak, Calvin spoke.

"Olivia is a Beckham," he snapped. "She comes from a sacred bloodline—our bloodline! And you fools... you dared to treat her like trash. You subjected her to pain. Humiliation. Rejection. Do you have any idea who she is?!"

We frowned at his words.

I exchanged glances with Lennox and Louis. Both of them looked just as wrecked—torn, ashamed, hurting.

"We didn't know," I said quietly. "We had no idea our great-grandmother had children with anyone else."

"We just found out a few days ago," Lennox added hoarsely. "Everything we were told growing up was a lie."

Calvin scoffed bitterly. "And I'm supposed to care?"

He took a slow, threatening step forward.

"I called you here for two reasons," he said, his tone sharper now. "One: so you could see her. See who she is. What she's become."

He paused, his eyes narrowing.

"And two: to tell you to stay the hell away from her for the rest of your lives."

I stiffened.

"What?" Louis said, his voice cracking. "You can't—"

"I can," Calvin snapped. "And I just did."

A thick silence followed.

We were stunned. Breathless.

How could we stay away when we'd just realized she was our second chance mate?

I looked at Olivia again, searching for something in her expression. Something in her eyes to tell us she felt it too... she felt the bond, but her eyes gave nothing.

Lennox suddenly stepped forward, his frown deepening, his jaw clenched tight.

"She's our mate," he said firmly, his voice low but filled with raw emotion. "She's our second chance mate."

Calvin's head snapped in his direction. "What did you just say?"

I swallowed hard.

"She's our mate," I echoed. "We all felt it... the second we walked into that hall."

Louis stepped closer too, desperation in his voice. "It's real. We know it's crazy, but the bond—it's back."

Calvin's eyes narrowed, disbelief flashing across his face. "That's impossible. She rejected you. The bond was broken. And besides..." he added with a bitter scoff, "you're related."

"We are not lying... Olivia is our second chance mate."

Calvin looked at us like we were insane. "And you expect me to believe that?"

We turned to Olivia.

She had been quiet through all of this, her face unreadable.

"Olivia," I said gently. "Tell him. Tell Calvin... you feel it too, right?"

Her eyebrows slowly drew together in a frown.

"What are you talking about?" she asked coldly.

I blinked. "The mate bond. You feel it too... don't you?"

She stared at us for a long moment.

Then she scoffed.

"A silly joke," she muttered, shaking her head slightly. "That's what this is."

"No, it's not," Louis said quickly. "We're telling the truth. Don't you feel anything?"

She folded her arms, her face hardening with a bitter frown. "Why should I? I rejected you. And there is no way you three can be my second chance mates...."

My heart dropped.

My wolf whimpered.

"You don't feel anything?" Lennox asked quietly.

She frowned. "Feel what?"

Confusion swirled inside me. I looked at my brothers. They looked just as lost.

Was it only us feeling the bond?

Why?

How?

My head spun.

"No... Olivia, you're lying. You feel it... I know you do,"

"I don't," she snapped, her eyes flashing with anger. "What the hell are you three even saying? How can we be mates again? Do you even hear yourselves?"

I took a slow step forward, desperate. "Olivia—"

But before I could get closer, Calvin stepped between us like a wall.

"That's enough," he said sharply. "It's time for you all to leave."

"No," Lennox said stubbornly from behind me. "Not until we get answers. Not until Olivia—"

"I said leave," Calvin growled, his eyes glowing faintly with Alpha command. "Don't make me call the warriors."

"You wouldn't—"

"Oh, I would," Calvin cut in coldly. "You may be powerful Alphas, but this is my pack. My territory. And right now, you're standing on my land."

His voice dropped lower, angrier. "Don't make me remember the blood feud between our families."

I blinked, stunned. "Blood feud? What feud?"

Lennox frowned. "We share the same great-grandmother. How can we be enemies?"

Calvin let out a dry, bitter laugh. "So you really don't know."

He looked at us like we were pathetic. "Your parents never told you, did they?"

"Tell us what?" Louis asked quietly.

"Your family and mine are bound by blood to hate each other... we're like snakes and humans, doomed to destroy on sight. When a snake crosses paths with a human, it coils to strike — and when a human sees a snake, they crush it without mercy. Believe me, they had no idea you three were coming here. If they did, they'd have spilled blood before ever letting you set foot in this place."

My stomach twisted. "What the hell is going on?"

"Blood enemies? We didn't even know Great-Grandmother Hailee had other children until a few days ago," Lennox muttered.

Calvin's face didn't soften. Not even a little.

"Then go ask your parents why they lied to you," he said coldly. "Maybe then you'll understand why I want you nowhere near my sister."

"Calvin—"

"Leave." His voice boomed with finality. "Before I stop being polite."

None of us moved.

Then Olivia spoke, her voice sounding like a plead.

"Please leave."

That was it.

One word.

But it hurt more than everything else combined.

*Chapter 264: Attention*

Olivia's POV

For a moment, I thought they would protest, stand their ground, challenge Calvin, and refuse to leave. And that terrified me. Because just looking at Calvin... I could tell he was close to losing it. His hands were still clenched, his breathing uneven. I had never seen him that angry before, but something told me... if he snapped, it would be catastrophic.

Thankfully, they didn't push it.

One by one, the triplets gave a reluctant nod, turned around, and walked out.

The moment the door clicked shut behind them, silence fell like a heavy curtain. My wolf whimpered inside me, pacing restlessly, and a strange discomfort bloomed in my chest. She was still howling. Mates...

But I shut her out. I buried the ache deep and kept my face unreadable—even though inside, I was falling apart.

A few seconds passed before Calvin exhaled deeply and turned to me. The anger on his face was gone, replaced with concern. His eyes softened as they landed on me.

"You okay?" he asked gently.

"Yes," I lied.

But I wasn't okay. Not even close.

I had just confirmed that I was related to the triplets... that our families were sworn enemies... and somehow, impossibly, they were my second chance mates.

The Moon Goddess must really enjoy messing with me.

I hesitated, then asked the question burning in my chest. "Calvin... what happened between our families?"

His jaw tensed slightly, but he shook his head.

"Today is a joyful day," he said calmly. "Let's not ruin it with old grudges. I'll tell you everything... soon. Just not tonight."

I wanted to press further. I needed to know. But I could see it in his eyes—he wasn't going to say more right now.

So I let it go. For now.

He reached for my hand. "Come. Let's go back to the party. Your guests are waiting."

I didn't want to. I didn't feel like celebrating. But I forced a smile, nodding.

Calvin led me back to the hall, and the moment we stepped in, I realized the party had come alive again. Music floated through the air. Glasses clinked. Laughter echoed in distant corners. Guests were chatting, dancing, and sipping wine.

But the second my presence was noticed... everything shifted.

Conversations died down. Heads turned.

And then, all at once, the entire room's attention locked onto me—like bees swarming to honey.

It was suffocating.

Calvin gently squeezed my hand in support before letting go, nodding toward the crowd. "Go on," he whispered. "Meet them. They came for you."

I took a breath and nodded slowly, lifting my chin.

Then they began to approach.

One by one.

A tall Alpha in a black and gold suit stepped forward first. He gave a respectful bow, his eyes dark and intense. "Alpha Kade of the Red Fang Pack," he introduced himself. "It's an honor to finally meet the moon-blessed one."

I gave him a polite smile and a nod. "Thank you."

Next came a regal vampire lord with silver hair and piercing blue eyes. "Lord Vadim of the Eastern Blood Court," he said with a small smirk, taking my hand and pressing a kiss to it. "You're even more captivating in person."

I withdrew my hand quickly, trying to mask my discomfort. "Thank you for coming."

A Beta from the Northern Wastes followed, then a warlock draped in midnight-blue robes. A siren prince, a Fae general, a Lycan heir.

They all introduced themselves—some with charm, others with flattery. Their titles varied, but they all had one thing in common:

Their eyes.

Every single one of them looked at me with the same unsettling hunger. Desire. As if I were a prize to be claimed... fought for.

Their gazes lingered a second too long. Their words dripped with admiration. Some tried to hide it behind respect, but it was there.

They all wanted me.

My wolf growled low inside me, restless and agitated. She didn't like this. Neither did I.

But I stayed silent. Composed. Trying my best not to think of the triplet.

As a Beta spoke to me, my eyes drifted through the crowd and found that same vampire who had caught my eye when I first entered. He stood a few feet away, deep in conversation with a woman in flowing green silk, his expression calm and charming. But as if he sensed my stare... he suddenly looked up.

Straight at me.

Our eyes locked.

I froze. Caught.

I quickly looked away, swallowing hard as heat crawled up my neck. What was wrong with me? Why was I staring? Why did it feel like... he knew I was?

I tried to focus on the Beta still speaking to me, nodding politely even though I had no idea what he was saying. My thoughts were a mess.

I wondered—Who is he, really?

Unable to hold back my curiosity, I blurted, "Who is that man?" I asked the Beta in front of me while my eyes flicked back to the vampire's direction. This time, he wasn't looking at me.

"He's Lord Frederick," the Beta responded. "A vampire lord. One of the oldest."

I turned my head slightly. My eyebrows raised. "But he doesn't look a day over twenty-five..."

The Beta smirked faintly. "That's the thing about vampires. They stop aging after a certain point. He's well over three hundred."

My lips parted in silent shock. Three hundred?

I tried not to stare again.

When I was little, vampires were the monsters in bedtime stories. Creatures of the dark. Enemies of werewolves. I still remembered those stories clearly—wolves and vampires at war, blood spilled for centuries.

But years later, I'd read in old books how the great wars ended. Peace treaties signed. The vampires vowed to drink only animal blood or blood delivered from hospitals. Some went years without needing it at all. Most only required it once a month.

My brow furrowed. There was something about Lord Frederick that set my nerves on edge. Not in a bad way. But not good either.

I forced a smile as the Beta politely excused himself and moved on. As he slipped away, I let out a breath I hadn't realized I'd been holding. My eyes swept the crowd again—half-listening, half-searching—and that's when it struck me.

Lord Frederick was the only one who hadn't come to me.

Everyone else had come forward. Alphas, Hybrids, Betas, warlocks, royals. They introduced themselves, offered their respect, and tried to impress me.

But him?

He hadn't come to me.

"Lady Olivia!" a woman's voice chimed beside me, pulling my attention. A curvy, red-haired woman with a gentle smile stepped up to me, holding a glass of wine. "You look stunning. Absolutely radiant."

"Thank you," I replied softly, trying to remain present.

She leaned in slightly, lowering her voice. "You must feel like a goddess with all these powerful men lining up for your attention."

I gave a small, polite laugh. "It's a little overwhelming, to be honest."

She winked. "They'll be fighting for you before the night ends."

I wasn't sure if that was meant to be a compliment or a warning.

And then I noticed—just behind her, Lord Frederick was moving toward us.

The air seemed to tighten... grow colder...

A strange chill crawled across my skin, even though the room was warm.

Slowly, purposefully, Lord Frederick approached. He didn't rush. Didn't smile. His presence alone parted the people before him without a single word.

And the entire time... his eyes never left me.

My heart skipped.

He wasn't pretending to look elsewhere like the others. He wasn't trying to charm me from across the room.

No.

He was coming straight for me.

And for a reason I couldn't explain, that terrified me.

*Chapter 265: Love At First Sight?*

Olivia's POV

The moment he reached where I stood, the woman I had been speaking to instantly lowered her gaze and gave a graceful bow.

"Lord Frederick," she murmured with respect, before turning to me with a quick smile. "If you'll excuse me, Lady Olivia."

Then she was gone.

Just like that, it was only the two of us.

I suddenly felt like all the air had been sucked from the room.

He stood right in front of me—tall, poised, and intimidating in the most effortless way possible. There was something about him... something commanding, like the kind of power that didn't need to be announced. It was just there—pressing against your skin, making your breath catch without even trying.

His aura was suffocating.

Like he carried the weight of centuries in his silence.

But I forced myself to hold my ground. I lifted my chin and met his gaze directly, refusing to show weakness—even though every part of me was screaming to look away.

He said nothing.

And neither did I.

We just stared at each other.

Waiting.

Watching.

He was... breathtaking.

Silver hair framed his face in soft waves, catching the light like moonlit silk. His skin was pale, smooth, and flawless—like he was carved from marble. And his eyes...

Goddess, his eyes.

A deep, mesmerizing green—vibrant and ancient all at once. They weren't just beautiful. They were haunting. Like they'd seen too much, known too much...

His face was striking. Sharp cheekbones, a strong jawline, and lips that looked like they rarely smiled—but when they did, it probably made kingdoms fall.

He was beautiful in the kind of way that made you forget how to breathe.

Dangerous... yet almost impossibly perfect.

I didn't understand why I was reacting this way.

I barely knew him.

And yet, standing here, caught in his gaze, it felt like he could see through every wall I'd ever built.

And I hated that.

Finally, after what felt like forever, he spoke.

"Lady Olivia," he said in a voice smooth and low—like velvet laced with steel. It held no arrogance, yet it commanded attention.

I forced a polite smile. "Lord Frederick."

His eyes never left mine as he reached for my hand—slowly, deliberately—as though giving me a chance to pull away.

But I didn't.

I let him take it.

His cool fingers curled gently around mine, lifting my hand to his lips. And when they brushed against my skin...

A strange flutter bloomed in my chest.

It wasn't like the overwhelming pull of the mate bond I felt with the triplets. This was different. Subtle. Intriguing. Like a thread of silk wrapping softly around me.

He kissed the back of my hand—not rushed, not lingering, but just long enough to make my breath hitch.

When he pulled back, those haunting green eyes searched my face again.

"I'm pleased I got to meet another special one," he said softly. "It's been quite some time since I last encountered someone like you."

I blinked, his words catching me off guard. "Another...?"

He smiled faintly. "Your great-grandmother, Hailee. She was remarkable. Strong. Fearless. And unforgettable."

I stared at him.

"You knew her?" I asked, my voice barely above a whisper.

He nodded. "I did."

And just like that, the room felt smaller again. I had to remind myself—this man was a few centuries old. For a moment, I'd forgotten. Everything about him felt too youthful, too effortlessly graceful to be anything but timeless.

Yet here he was, talking about my great-grandmother like he had seen her just yesterday.

He studied me for a moment longer, then said, "I hope, Lady Olivia, that one of these days... I might have the honor of taking you out. For dinner, perhaps."

My lips parted in surprise.

I wasn't sure what to say. I wasn't even sure what I felt.

But before I could answer, he gave a small bow of his head and added, "Of course... only if and when you wish it."

Then he stepped back, the faintest trace of a smile on his lips—like he already knew I'd be thinking about this conversation long after he walked away.

And Goddess help me... he was right.

I couldn't tear my eyes off him... I kept watching him as he moved further away.

"Love at first sight?" I flinched when I heard a woman's voice behind me. I turned to see a brown-skinned young lady smiling warmly at me. "There's nothing to be ashamed of... we all fall for him at first sight."

I frowned at her words. "I think you must be mistaken," I said quickly, trying to sound firm—but even to my own ears, the words lacked weight.

The lady's smile widened. "I'm not," she replied, her voice light, almost playful. "It's written all over your face."

I blinked, completely thrown off, and studied her more closely.

She had warm brown skin, glowing under the chandelier light, and her eyes sparkled with something between amusement and empathy. Her hair was pulled back in a sleek braid, and she wore a soft lilac gown that shimmered when she moved. She didn't look much older than me.

"I didn't catch your name," I said, trying to steer the conversation away from Lord Frederick and the strange chaos he'd left in my chest.

"Nina," she offered with a small curtsy. "I'm from the Southern Crescent Court. My mother's a Seer... which means I've grown up reading people."

Great.

Just what I needed—a girl who could read through me like glass.

"Well, Nina," I said calmly, "I wasn't falling. I was just... surprised. That's all."

"Mmhm," she hummed, clearly not convinced. "He has that effect. Lord Frederick doesn't show interest in many people. When he does, it's... noticeable."

I crossed my arms, trying to hide how warm my cheeks were getting. "And do all the women here... fall for him?"

"Not just the women," she said with a little wink. "But yes. He's charming. Mysterious. Dangerous. And ancient enough to have stories that could fill a hundred libraries. That kind of aura? It's impossible not to feel something."

I glanced toward the spot where he'd vanished into the crowd, but he was gone now.

And yet I still felt him—like a lingering presence in the air, brushing against my skin.

I looked at her again. "Why are you telling me all this?"

She smiled, this time more gently. "Because you looked like you needed someone to tell you you're not crazy for feeling... something for him. We all do." She flashed a friendly smile and walked away.

I stood there, watching Nina disappear into the crowd. The air around me suddenly felt heavier.

I didn't want to be here anymore.

Not with all these eyes watching me.

Not with questions swirling in my head.

All I wanted—was to be in my room.

Just for a moment.

Just to breathe.

I closed my eyes.

Goddess, if I could just disappear from this place for a little while...

And then... it happened.

The air around me changed. It felt strange, like the way heat dances above hot pavement. I heard a soft whooshing sound, like wind mixed with whispers. My skin tingled, and something inside me tugged, like an old part of me was waking up.

Then, I opened my eyes—and gasped.

I was in my room.

"What the hell...?" I whispered under my breath.

My wolf spoke with a hint of excitement I hadn't heard in her in a while. "Your teleportation ability... it's finally activated."

My eyes widened even more as I blinked at the space around me. "Woah...?"

"It's one of your gifts," she explained.

I sat down slowly on the edge of my bed, still in disbelief.

I didn't know whether to laugh or panic.

Teleportation?

Suddenly, everything about me felt even more... unknown.

I rubbed my temples and let out a shaky breath.

"I really need a nap."

But something deep inside told me—there wouldn't be much rest in the days ahead.

*Chapter 266: How It Happened (Damien's)*

Louis's POV

The moment we stepped into the living room, Lennox barked, his voice sharp and filled with anger.

"Mother! Father! Damien!" he roared, loud enough to shake the walls. "Get in here—NOW!"

His chest was heaving, his fists clenched, and his eyes were glowing with rage.

Levi and I stood beside him, silent, but equally seething. We knew exactly what this was about.

We needed answers.

And this time, no one was leaving this room until every secret was dragged out into the light.

Footsteps echoed on the stairs. Damien appeared first. I didn't waste a second—I attacked him and smashed my fist into his face.

Our parents, who had just entered, froze in shock, but before Damien could even stumble back from the blow, I grabbed him by the collar, yanked him forward, and snarled right into his face.

"How dare you!" I spat in rage. My wolf growled angrily inside me.

"You changed Olivia's face with Rebecca's and made us believe she was dead! You bastard!" I spat with pain and anger. It hurt so much that our favorite uncle could stab us this way. "You knew who Olivia was all this while, didn't you? Speak! Fucking speak!" I yelled.

But Damien didn't flinch; he didn't even look startled—like he'd been waiting for this confrontation all along.

Damien pulled my hand away from his collar and arranged his shirt before darting his eyes between me and my brothers. "I'll go straight to the point without cutting corners," he said casually.

My glare deepened. My wolf howled, rattling my bones, but I forced myself to stand still and listen.

"I didn't know who Olivia was when I first saw her at that auction. I bought her because she looked so much like Sofia—I couldn't stand the thought of some bastard having her. The plan was simple at first: keep her as bait, use her to draw Sofia out. But then I found out she was your mate. And that's when everything changed. I realized I could use her for my own revenge on you three..." He paused to drag in a breath. "I thought you three betrayed me—told Sofia I couldn't father a child—so I swore I'd make you feel my pain. I'd make Olivia abandon you so you'd know what betrayal felt like."

Lennox scoffed in anger. "I believe now you know we didn't do it."

Damien nodded once. "I know. I'm sorry for that."

Levi groaned. "Keep your fucking sorry to yourself and keep talking."

A moment of silence hung in the air before he continued. "It was after Olivia left to stay with Gabriel that your father... my brother, told me who Olivia really was."

My brothers and I turned and glared at our father. His turn was coming.

We looked back at Damien.

He continued. "Through what your father said, he made me realize we were related to Olivia, and he thinks she is the special one." Damien shifted slightly, then exhaled—his voice calm. "After your father told me who she really was," he said, "everything changed."

He looked at each of us slowly, almost as if he was weighing our reactions.

"Olivia..." he said her name softly. "She's the daughter of the family we were sworn enemies with. The very bloodline our kind was taught to despise."

My chest tightened.

Of course.

It all made twisted, painful sense now.

"But that," he went on, "wasn't what concerned me. What mattered more was the fact that our relatives wanted her dead. And I..." He hesitated. "I couldn't let that happen."

We stared at him, frowning.

His jaw clenched slightly. "That was when Gabriel reached out to me."

"What did he want?" Lennox growled.

Damien met his eyes. "He told me the truth... or at least, his version of it. That Olivia's real mother—" he paused, "—was the one who murdered his mother."

My eyes widened slightly.

"He told me he made a vow on her grave. That one day, he'd kill the daughter of the woman who destroyed their family. Which is Olivia."

A cold shiver ran down my spine.

"And now," Damien continued slowly, "he's got her locked in his cell. He says he's finally going to fulfill that promise. But..."

"But?" Levi snapped, his eyes blazing with anger. "He doesn't want to kill her anymore."

We blinked.

"He's fallen in love with her."

My blood turned to ice. My wolf growled with jealousy.

"He's confused. He's tormented, stuck between love and loyalty," Damien added. "He knows killing her would honor his sister and satisfy the pack that still cries for revenge. But keeping her alive... would betray them all."

His eyes met mine again, conflicted and heavy. "So he asked me: What do I do?"

I stared at him, the pieces finally fitting into place. My voice came out low, sharp.

"So... you killed Rebecca?"

Damien's eyes darkened slightly, but he shook his head. "I didn't. Someone else did."

Just then our eyes fell on Sofia, who had been silently stunned. Her eyes were wide open. Damien looked at her with concern flashing in his eyes before he turned away and looked back at us. "While I was still with Gabriel, my men reached out to me and informed me a dead body was seen at my pack territory. And they said the body looked like Rebecca... Lady Sofia's friend."

"No!" Sofia cried out, her voice raw with disbelief, as she rushed at Damien. She grabbed him by the collar, her hands trembling. "Tell me you're lying... Tell me Rebecca isn't dead!"

Her eyes were wild, filled with fear and pain, and her lips trembled as if the words themselves were hurting her. "She can't be dead... She can't..."

Damien didn't move. He just looked at her—his expression tight with guilt, pain flickering in his eyes. Slowly, gently, he took her hands and pulled them off his shirt.

"I'm sorry," he said softly.

Sofia collapsed onto the floor, sobbing loudly.

None of us moved. The pain in the room was thick.

Damien ran a hand through his hair and exhaled, his voice cracking slightly now.

"After Gabriel told me everything," he continued, "I told him I needed to go. That I'd return. I warned him not to touch Olivia. Not to make a single move until I came back."

Lennox growled at him. "You could have informed us... we could have waged war on them and easily saved Olivia, but you didn't."

Damien nodded. "I could have done that... but her enemies were too much."

I shot him a glare that could have killed him where he stood. He looked down, then straightened, meeting our eyes again.

"When I got to my pack... they had already brought the body in."

He paused, his voice tight. "It was really Rebecca."

My heart sank.

"Her neck had been sliced clean through. A knife. No bite. No mark. Just a blade." He looked away. "I didn't know what to feel. I hadn't seen her in years. She vanished, and now she was just... gone."

He swallowed hard. "Rebecca was like a sister to me."

There was a brief silence—one that carried both sorrow and anger.

"That's when the thought came to me," Damien said at last. "If Olivia stayed with Gabriel, she'd die. His sister's demand for her head wouldn't disappear just because he fell in love. The pack still wanted revenge."

He looked at us sharply.

"So I made a choice."

My brows furrowed. "What choice?"

He inhaled deeply, as if finding the courage to say what he did. "I used the body. I had one of my witches—one of the most powerful illusionists—perform a spell. A trade of appearance. We made Rebecca look like Olivia."

"Fuck you..."

"I told Gabriel the plan," Damien cut in firmly. "Told him I'd bring him a dead body—that looks just like Olivia. That it would be enough to satisfy his sister's rage. Enough to calm the cries of the pack."

"And he agreed?" Lennox snapped.

Damien nodded. "He did. He was torn. But he agreed."

He drew in a long breath. "So I returned to Gabriel's pack. Took Olivia from the cell, and Gabriel placed Rebecca's dead body there... made it look like Olivia had taken her own life by slitting her throat."

My wolf growled.

"Gabriel's sister was furious. She demanded the dead body's head still be chopped. She wanted you three to see her in a miserable state."

"So... Rebecca's head," I said, piecing the puzzle together.

Damien nodded grimly.

"They cut it off. Thinking it was Olivia's dead body. And then... Gabriel had it delivered to your border for you three to find."

*Chapter 267: Start Talking*

Lennox's POV

"They cut it off. Thinking it was Olivia's dead body. And then... Gabriel had it placed at your border, for you three to see."

Rage like nothing I'd ever felt before surged through me. My wolf growled inside my head, demanding I rip Damien apart right there. But I held myself back.

Damien kept talking like he couldn't see we were seconds from tearing him apart.

"I told Olivia I would only help her escape Gabriel if she agreed to have a change of face... and act as my wife."

My jaw clenched. My fists curled so tightly, I felt my nails pierce skin.

"She agreed," he went on, almost casually. "The plan was simple. Take her in as my wife so the council would stop pressuring me to marry—while I still continued my search for Sofia." He cast a quick glance at Sofia, who was now sitting silently on the couch, shoulders shaking as she sobbed quietly.

"My plan would've worked," he added coldly. "If not for the threats I started receiving. That's why I brought her here... and well, I believe you know the rest."

A heavy silence filled the room. No one spoke. No one moved. Until I did. I took a slow, threatening step forward, my eyes locked on him with pure, blistering hate.

"You're evil," I said coldly. "You didn't just trick us. You didn't just rip her away from us..."

My breath came out ragged.

"You made her reject us."

He opened his mouth slightly, but I didn't let him speak.

"You knew she was in danger. You knew people were hunting her. You knew she needed help. But instead of telling us—you used it." I took another step. "You used it for your own twisted revenge. For your selfish plan. You took her pain and made it part of your fucking strategy."

Damien looked away, but I didn't stop.

"You don't get to act like the hero now just because you kept her alive. You still broke her. You broke us. And for that..."

I stepped right up to him now, my face inches from his.

"You'll pay."

And I meant every word.

Damien frowned. "I knew I did wrong, but I was also trying to protect her..."

"She didn't ask you to," Louis barked.

"I don't get it," Levi muttered, drawing my attention to him. His brows were furrowed in pain and confusion. "Why didn't Olivia tell us? She had so many chances to."

"Because I threatened her not to," Damien cut in.

My head snapped back to him.

"There was a bracelet wrapped around her wrist," he said. "That bracelet suppressed her wolf... her scent... even her life. It was enchanted. If she disobeyed me, if she spoke a word—"

He didn't get to finish.

I roared and launched at him.

We crashed to the floor with a loud THUD, my fists swinging before anyone could stop me.

"You fucking bastard!" I screamed, punching him hard across the face. "You caged her! You silenced her!"

He tried to push me off, grunting as he braced against my weight, but now I was stronger—fueled by nothing but pure, unforgiving rage.

I didn't care who he was anymore. I didn't care that he was my uncle. He had touched what was mine. He had hurt Olivia in the worst possible way he could.

I landed another hit—then another—knuckles cracking against bone. My wolf howled inside me, blood pounding through my ears.

He shoved again, managing to shift beneath me slightly, but I slammed him right back down.

"You let her suffer!" I shouted. "You knew! And you still—!"

"ENOUGH!" Father's voice thundered across the room.

A pair of strong arms grabbed me from behind, yanking me off Damien and dragging me back.

"Let me go!" I snarled, and yanked myself away from his grip. I turned around and glared at my father. "You better start talking too," I snapped, my chest heaving, "because I swear, if you don't—I'll forget you're my father."

"Yes, Father." Levi stepped closer. "You and Mother should start talking, and we want the absolute truth."

Father didn't speak at first. He stood there, silent. His face was hard to read, his jaw clenched, his brows drawn. But I could see the war behind his eyes. The weight of truth pressing down on him.

Finally, he exhaled slowly and looked at us.

"Like I said," he began quietly, "your great-grandmother... she had children with other men before she ended up with your great-grandfather."

The air tensed again. We already knew that.

Father's eyes moved between us. "And Olivia is descended from those earlier children. From your great-grandmother's first bloodline."

Despite hearing it for almost the fourth time, it still hurt to think that we were related to Olivia.

"Which families are we related to through Great-Grandmother Hailee?" I asked cautiously, not sure I wanted the answer.

He hesitated just for a second then said, "The Beckhams from the Nightshade Pack. And... the Blackwells from the Snow Moon Pack."

Silence fell again. I blinked. "The Blackwells?" I glanced at Levi, who looked just as stunned.

Louis stepped closer, his voice sharp. "You mean Great-grandfather Nathan's cousin's bloodline? Anthony's Family?"

Father nodded slowly. "Yes. That one."

"But—" Levi's voice caught. "That doesn't make any sense. The Blackwells are related to us through our great-great-grandfather Dominic's sister, who got married there. How did Great-Grandmother Hailee have a child for Great-Grandfather Nathan's cousin?"

"It was complicated," Father said darkly.

We stared at him, stunned.

"Her life was complicated," he went on. "Your great-grandmother. There were secrets. A lot of pain. And even more betrayal. She went through things... things none of us ever fully understood. But eventually, she found her way back to your great-grandfather."

"But we already know all that," I snapped, frustration building in my chest. "We've heard the happy version a thousand times. We want the truth."

"Tell us," Louis added, stepping forward, "what caused the rift between us and the Beckhams. What created the enmity between our families?"

Father looked at us, and by the shadow in his eyes, I knew... He was finally ready to tell the piece of the story they'd buried for generations.

#### *Chapter 268: Confession*

#### Lennox's POV

"That was all that happened," Father said, finishing the shocking revelation. Dumbfounded, I exchanged gazes with my brothers. This was more than what we thought... this was more than an enmity. This was a lifelong hate between both families. No wonder Calvin had used a snake and a human to make his point.

Mother stepped forward then, her expression unreadable.

"That's why," she said softly, "when Parker told your father which family Olivia came from... we thought it was best to separate you all." She looked down for a moment, guilt flashing across her face.

"So we forged the letters," she admitted. "But we didn't bewitch them. We only forged the letters, and it worked. But the Moon Goddess played a cruel trick by mating her with you three anyway."

My heart clenched. She looked back up, her eyes heavy with regret.

"Since Alphas can't reject their mate, your father had to pressure you into accepting the bond. And when you finally did, I told him we should respect it. You were married now. Fated. We had no choice but to live with it."

I blinked in shock.

"So you accepted Olivia?" Louis asked, a bit surprised.

Mother nodded. "Yes. Despite her bloodline. Despite everything. I accepted her."

I believed her. Mother was nice to Olivia at a certain time.

"I even wanted peace between you three," she said, almost whispering. "That was my intention. I truly wanted to fix things." She paused. And I could feel it—that drop in the air. Like the tension before a storm. Her lips trembled slightly.

"Until..." We all leaned in, instinctively bracing ourselves.

"Until Mr. Parker—Olivia's guardian—reached out to us," she continued, "and warned that what we were doing wasn't right." She took a breath.

"He said Olivia's father, his best friend, would never rest in his grave if he knew we allowed a bond to form between our families. He reminded us of the hatred—of the danger. He said the Blackwells and our family were never meant to be connected. No link should ever exist."

My throat tightened.

"And that..." Mother said slowly, "was when your father and I became truly conflicted." She glanced at Father, who stood silent.

"Then Anita declared she was pregnant. I used that," she confessed. "I thought it was a good opportunity. A way to end the bond before something worse happened. I wanted you three to mark Anita and end your bond with Olivia. Not because I hated Olivia. I never did." She looked me right in the eyes now.

"It wasn't her. It was the bloodline. The war. The fear. I didn't want my sons to be caught in that again."

But it was too late. We were caught.

Mother continued. "We are so sorry, sons... we should have just told you three the truth, but we were worried that even with the truth, you three would still want her, so we did what we had to do."

I stared at her. At the woman who raised us. Who smiled through our victories... and stood tall in our defeats. And yet right now, all I could see was betrayal. Not the kind that bruised. But the kind that shattered.

A part of me wanted to scream. Another part wanted to break something. Instead, I clenched my fists and turned away, breathing through the rage that wanted to tear its way out of me.

"You should've trusted us," Louis finally said, his angry voice booming in the air. "You should've told us everything from the beginning!"

"We are sorry," Mother replied, but it only fueled my anger.

I turned to Father and glared at him. "What happened to Mr. Parker?" I demanded.

Father inhaled deeply before he spoke.

"As you know, he was accused of stealing one of the family heirlooms. It was found in his possession. He got arrested, but I didn't believe it... I wanted to release him, but he strangely told me not to..."

I furrowed my brow... waiting for Father to continue.

"According to him, Olivia's enemies are looking for him. Although they don't know him, once they see him, they will know he is the one... they knew Olivia is still alive and they wanted her dead, so they have been looking for him in order to get to her, so he asked me if he could remain in the cell for now. I agreed to his request."

"Mr. Parker..." he continued, "asked one thing of me before he was taken." We listened closely. "He told me, if I truly cared about Olivia's safety—even just a little—I should make his entire family Omega and let them stay in the packhouse. That way, she will be protected."

My frown deepened... so making Olivia and her mother Omega was Mr. Parker's request.

My mind reeled at the layers upon layers of secrets.

"But after a few years..." Father continued, "I couldn't keep him in that prison any longer. It wasn't right. He'd done nothing wrong. So I arranged his release."

My eyes narrowed. "But no one ever said he was freed..."

Father nodded slowly. "Because I faked his death."

I scoffed.

"He agreed to it," Father said quickly. "I smuggled him out and sent him to live in the city of humans. Somewhere far from our kind—where he could live without being hunted."

I couldn't believe what I was hearing.

"And later on," Father added, "his wife joined him."

Silence filled the room again. So much deception. So many tangled lies.

Louis raked a hand through his hair. "All this happened under our nose, and we had no knowledge of it."

Father looked at us with guilty eyes. "Everything we did... everything I did... was for your best interest..."

I snarled and glared at him. "We didn't ask you to... we never asked you to do any of the things you did," I spat angrily.

Mother stepped forward with tear-filled eyes. "Sons... please..."

"No!" Levi angrily cut her off. "Don't even think of apologizing, Mother..." he said through gritted teeth.

I glared at my parents and felt nothing but anger and hate for them... if only they had told us everything in the beginning, things could have been better. We could have solved it ourselves, but no, they decided to control our lives, and in the process they ruined it.

"I have a question," Louis spoke, and I turned my attention to him. "You said you gave the letter to the guards who gave them to us. Was there anybody there?" Louis asked, and I understood where he was going. If our parents didn't spell the letter as they claimed, then someone did it.

We all looked at Father, whose brow was furrowed as if he was trying to recall. Then he nodded. "YES... Anita's father was there."

We all froze. Father's words echoed in my head like a sudden, loud clap of thunder. "Anita's father was there."

The room went deathly silent. Until Louis muttered the exact thing we were all thinking.

"He could've benefited from all of this."

"Of course he would," Levi growled. "If we had accepted Anita, her child would've become our heir."

"He had everything to gain from us staying away from Olivia," Louis added darkly. "Everything." My wolf stirred, growling low in my chest.

"Guards!" I barked toward the open door, my voice shaking the walls. Within seconds, two guards rushed in.

"Bring me Anita's father. Now," I ordered sharply. "Drag him here if you have to."

They nodded and disappeared down the hall. The room remained tense—thick with all the questions that had no answers yet. Minutes later, the guards returned, practically dragging Anita's father in. He stumbled forward, confusion all over his wrinkled face. "What is going on—?"

"Shut it," I snapped, stepping toward him with slow, threatening steps. "I'm not in a good mood." His eyes widened as I stopped inches from his face, every ounce of anger I felt leaking through my voice.

"I'm going to ask you a question," I said coldly. "And you will tell me nothing but the truth. Do you understand me?" He swallowed hard.

"Because if you dare to lie to me," I continued, my tone like a knife, "I will not only kill you..." I stepped closer, my voice dropping into a low growl. "...but I will wipe out your entire family." Gasps echoed behind me. I didn't care. My fists were clenched. My eyes were burning. He trembled slightly under my glare.

"Now," I snarled. "Did you cast a spell on the letters sent to us? Did you enchant them—yes or no?"

His lips parted, but nothing came out. His eyes darted between me, my brothers... and then our parents.

"I—" he stuttered. "I can explain—"

"Yes or no!" I roared. He flinched. Then, finally, he nodded slowly. "Yes."

### *Chapter 269: Punishment*

#### Lennox's POV

I wasn't even surprised when he confessed. Deep down, I think part of me always knew. We all did. It made too much sense.

"I'm sorry," he pleaded, his voice trembling. "I just wanted my daughter to be happy. It was never supposed to go this far."

I folded my arms, my jaw clenched tightly. He shook his head, fear in his eyes. "After your father asked the guards to deliver the letters, I was curious. I told them I'd do it myself... and when I opened them, I saw what your parents wrote..." His shoulders sagged with guilt.

"I saw an opportunity," he said quietly. "I met with my sister—the one who specializes in enchantments. I told her what I needed. She did it. She cast the spell. I made it so you three would feel hatred... disgust... anything that would push Olivia away."

My vision blurred with red. With a roar, I lunged forward and slammed my fist into his jaw, sending him crashing to the floor. He coughed, blood dripping from the corner of his mouth.

"You put a spell on us!" I snarled. "You made us hate her. You made us want to kill her!"

Tears slipped from his eyes as he raised his hand in surrender. "I'm sorry," he gasped. "I just wanted Anita to be happy. She's all I have—she didn't even know what I did. Please... don't punish her for my sins."

Louis growled beside me. Levi's expression twisted in disgust. Levi took a step forward and crossed his arms.

"What else have you done?" he demanded angrily. "You better start talking. Because if we call the Seer—and she tells us anything you failed to confess—we will kill you. And this time, no spell will save you."

He nodded quickly, trembling where he sat on the floor. "I'll talk. I'll talk." He took a shaky breath.

"I was the one who... who set Mr. Parker up. I planted the missing heirloom in his belongings so it would look like he stole it. I made sure he got arrested."

Louis's face twisted in rage.

"And after Olivia married you..." He continued, his voice cracking, "I... I poisoned her."

Time stopped. I felt my knees weaken—but I stood still.

"You what?" Levi thundered.

Kelvin nodded, full of shame. "I wanted her gone so you can stay with Anita."

My wolf howled angrily inside me.

"I'm sorry," he whispered again, his body trembling from head to toe. "Please... please forgive me. Anita had no idea—she didn't even know I tampered with the letters. She's innocent in this. Please don't blame her. I did everything. She just... she just wanted to be loved."

I stared down at him. This man had destroyed lives. I didn't know what was more painful—his betrayal... or the fact that it all could've been avoided.

"You will pay for this," Louis said and turned to the guards. "Lock him in the dungeon," he ordered.

The guards moved forward and dragged him away, and he didn't struggle with them. After they had left with him, I turned to Damien, who had been silent, and glared at him. "You will pay for your crime... I'm reporting you to the council of elders." He didn't say anything.

"You are never allowed to set foot in this pack again," I said coldly. "You've got one hour to leave. After that, I'll consider you trespassing—and you know what happens to trespassers."

Damien didn't respond. Didn't flinch. He just nodded once, quietly. But that wasn't enough.

"We hate you," Levi said, stepping beside me, his voice raw with fury. "You lied. You used Olivia. You broke her. You broke us. You better be telling the truth about Rebecca's death—because if we find out you had a hand in it..." He trailed off, his voice shaking, "you pay."

Damien finally looked up, eyes heavy with regret. "I didn't kill Rebecca," he said. "That's the one truth I swear on."

I didn't care anymore. Truth or not, he was dead to me.

I turned now—slowly, deliberately—to the people I never imagined I'd be looking at this way. My parents.

"You," I said, voice cold. "You two... from today on, you are nothing to us."

Mother gasped, her hand flying to her mouth. "Lennox, please—"

"No," I snapped. "Don't. Don't even try."

Her eyes brimmed with tears. "I was trying to protect you—"

"You ruined us," Louis cut in, voice trembling. "You broke your own children. And for what? Fear? Lies? Control?"

Levi stared at them, his face unreadable. "We don't need protection from the people we love," he said. "We need the truth. We needed trust. And you gave us none."

Mother took a shaky step forward. "I'm sorry," she whispered. "Please... sons, we're so sorry—"

I shook my head. "No. From today you both are dead to us and get prepared—you two are leaving for a long-time vacation. I don't want to see your faces for at least two years." I thought father would argue but I was surprised he didn't.

Suddenly a maid hurried towards us. "Alphas... Anita is screaming in pain," she said, looking terrified. I frowned, and my mother yelled at the guards to get the healer while she ran up the stairs to Anita.

I exchanged glances with my brothers and then at Uncle Damien, then father. It hurt so much that our entire family hurt and betrayed us. Damien spoke. "I'm sorry... I hope one day you forgive me." He didn't wait for us to respond before walking away.

Father took a step forward. "Sons... I know you're angry, and you have every right to be. But I'm sorry. For everything."

None of us responded. Not a word. Not a nod. Nothing. We just walked past him like he didn't exist. Because to us—he didn't anymore.

We made our way to the study, closing the door behind us. The silence was thick, heavy. Levi ran a hand through his hair, then slumped down in one of the leather chairs.

"So... what do we do now?" he asked quietly, his voice hollow. "Olivia... despite being related to us... she's still our mate. But now with everything—the feud... the bloodlines..." He trailed off, shaking his head. I didn't have an answer. None of us did.

Before anyone else could speak, there was a knock at the door. One of the maids poked her head in timidly.

"Alphas... Miss Anita is requesting to see you."

I stiffened. Louis looked away. Levi grunted. "We're not going." But... something in me said go. Not for her. But for the answers.

We finally stood and followed the maid upstairs. The room smelled faintly of herbs and blood. A healer stood by the bed, whispering something to Anita.

When she saw us, her face turned solemn. "I'm sorry, Alphas..." the healer said quietly. "The last child... didn't make it. The pregnancy is lost."

A cold chill rolled down my spine. I didn't know what to feel. Nothing came. Just numbness.

Anita looked pale and drained, lying on the bed, her fingers tangled in the sheets. She tried to sit up, but the healer gently pushed her back down.

Tears streaked her cheeks. "This is the gods' will," she whispered. "Their punishment... for my sins. For what I did..."

She looked at each of us, broken. "I never meant for all of this to happen," she cried. "Please... I'm sorry. Forgive me."

None of us spoke. We didn't move. We didn't feel sorry for her. Because the damage was done. And she wasn't the one who paid for it. Olivia was.

"We're not the ones you should ask for forgiveness," Louis said flatly.

"You need to leave," Levi added, his voice devoid of emotion. "You should have been punished for kidnapping Olivia and selling her, but you have already been punished enough." And in a way, he was right. She looked like a shadow of who she used to be.

"Tonight. Pack your things. You are banished from this pack—never set foot here again."

Anita gasped but didn't argue. Not even a whisper of protest. Only tears.

We didn't say more but just turned and walked out.

#### *Chapter 270: Reject Me*

#### Olivia's POV

I was having lunch with Calvin at the dining table. I noticed his eyes were constantly on me, watching every move like he needed to be sure I was really okay. Finally, he spoke.

"How was your practice today?" he asked, his voice calm but edged with worry.

"I nodded with a small smile. "It was great... I can now teleport easily, and now I know how to control it."

Calvin nodded slowly. "That is good. Keep it up."

"Thank you," I said and went back to eating. Another moment of silence hung in the air before Calvin spoke.

"I don't want to keep anything away from you anymore. After you finish eating, I'll show you something... and tell you how the Lucianos and our family became sworn enemies for life."

I swallowed hard and nodded, my fork hovering over my plate. I was tense... my mind spinning with questions I was terrified to answer. What could have caused such hatred

to run so deep? And if there was so much hate between us, why would the Moon Goddess mate me with the triplets—twice? What was she thinking?

I forced myself to keep eating until we were both done. Calvin suddenly pushed back his chair and stood.

"Come on... let me show you something," he said quietly.

I followed Calvin in silence, my heart thudding anxiously in my chest. He led me through the hallway until we reached the library. It was quiet and cold, the scent of aged paper and leather-bound books filling the air. He walked to one of the older shelves tucked in the far corner, reached behind a stack of thick volumes, and carefully pulled out a scroll.

He handed it to me.

"Read it," he said softly. "Everything you need to know is in there. It was written by your great-grandfather Callum himself. His final record before he died."

I nodded slowly, feeling a lump rise in my throat as I carefully unrolled the scroll. The handwriting was old, jagged in places, but clear enough to read. As I read, my eyes began to sting. My fingers trembled. Tears slipped down my cheeks as I kept reading. By the time I reached the final line, I was sobbing. Not just from the words, but from the weight of it. The pain etched into every stroke of ink. The heartbreak. The betrayal. The loss. I could feel it all. As if great-grandfather Callum's soul had reached out and placed his agony in my chest.

With tear-filled eyes, I looked up at Calvin and asked, "They really did this?" I asked, not able to believe it.

"Yes." Calvin nodded and slumped on the couch. "That's why great-grandfather Callum warned Hailee never to step foot in this pack. Her son—our grandfather—cut all ties with her when he was just a teen. No one spoke of her. So when the revelation came that the next special one would come from us... it shocked everyone. Because we hated her. We hated her for what she did."

I swallowed hard and thought of the pain great-grandfather Callum must have gone through. His only crime was loving her... wanting to be with her, and she did such unspeakable things to him? I stood abruptly, my fists clenched at my sides.

"Why would the Moon Goddess do this?" I said bitterly to myself. "Why would she mate me with the Lucianos? With their descendants—twice?"

I was shaking. Was this some cruel punishment? A test? Hadn't I been through enough?

"I can't," I said, backing away. "I can't do this."

Calvin stood. "Olivia, where are you going?"

"I'll be back," I muttered. And with a quick breath, I focused—and vanished.

When I reappeared, I was in Lennox's room. The familiar scent hit me, but I fought it down. All three of them—Lennox, Louis, and Levi—were there, frozen in place, shocked at the sudden appearance.

"Olivia?" Lennox asked, his eyes wide. "How...?"

"I teleported," I said flatly. "That's not why I'm here."

Their expressions shifted instantly—guarded, confused, tense.

"You already know the truth, don't you?" I said. "About our families."

Levi stepped forward, his face conflicted. "We just found out," he admitted. "We didn't know anything until recently."

My wolf howled inside me, drawn to them. Their presence, their bond—it still pulled at every part of me. But I shoved her back with force. This wasn't the time. This wasn't the place.

"I can't do this," I said, my voice shaking but strong. "I can't be mated to you. Not to the descendants of people who destroyed mine. Who made my great-grandfather bleed in ways that never healed."

Louis tried to speak, but I held up my hand.

"I want a rejection," I said. "I want this bond gone."

The room went still. Like the very air had frozen.

"I don't care what silly games the Moon Goddess is playing," I spat, my voice trembling with rage, "but I'm ending it right here."

I took a deep breath and lifted my chin.

"I, Olivia Beckham, reject you—Lennox, Levi, and Louis Luciano—as my mates."

The words left my lips like venom. But none of them reacted. They just stood there, unmoving, unbothered. Like I hadn't just tried to rip our bond apart.

My fists clenched.

"Why?!" I shouted, glaring at them, my heart cracking with every second of their silence. "Why won't you reject me?! We're enemies by blood! My family suffered because of yours! We should hate each other!"

Lennox stepped forward first.

"We don't care," he said firmly.

"You think any of that changes how we feel?" Louis added, his tone sharp.

"We didn't ask for this war between our bloodlines," Levi said, his voice low. "But we're not letting it destroy what the Moon Goddess still gave us."

I shook with anger. "You should hate me! I hate you!" But even as I said it, I didn't believe it. Because deep down, even after everything... ..I still loved them. And that made me angrier than anything.

"We are not rejecting you," Lennox said firmly.

"You bastards!" I screamed, hitting Lennox in the chest. "Why can't you just reject me? Why won't you let me go?!" I hit him again and again, the pain too much, the tears pouring down. "You should hate me... you should..."

But then Lennox grabbed me. He yanked me toward him and crushed his lips against mine. I gasped. My body froze, shocked by the heat of the kiss, by the electricity that sparked through me. I tried to push away. But I felt Levi behind me. He was close—too close—and his lips found the back of my neck. I moaned. My breath hitched, my knees weakening as his kisses trailed up my skin. I was losing myself. The pull was too strong.

And then—Louis. He stepped in close, his hand tilting my chin so Lennox's kiss deepened. His other hand slid to my waist, pulling me tighter between them all. Lennox's kiss devoured every ounce of resistance I had left. I could feel his anger, his desperation—his love—woven into every rough brush of his lips. My fists were still pressed against his chest, but they were no longer pushing him away. They were clutching his shirt, holding him closer.

Behind me, Levi's breath was hot against my skin as his mouth trailed fire along the curve of my neck. Each kiss made my knees buckle, my mind spin. His hands gripped my hips, grounding me—trapping me.

Louis's hand slid up my side, his thumb brushing just under my breast, making me shiver. He tilted my head more, forcing me to take Lennox's kiss deeper, and I whimpered when his tongue brushed mine. I hated them. I hated how they made me feel. I hated that my body betrayed me so easily—craving their touch when my mind screamed for escape.

"Stop..." I gasped between kisses, but my voice sounded weak, breathless, and needy. "Don't... don't do this.."

"You don't want us to stop," Levi murmured into my skin, his voice sending vibrations down my spine.

Louis's lips found the corner of my mouth, brushing soft, teasing kisses there before pulling back just enough to look into my eyes. "You want this, Olivia. Even if you hate us... you still want us."

"No..." I whispered, but my moan betrayed me when Lennox's hands slid down my back, grabbing my ass and pulling me flush against him. I could feel him. His cock hard, ready, his scent wrapping around me like a chain I couldn't break.

"You can't reject us," Lennox growled against my lips, his forehead pressed to mine as he spoke. "Your soul won't let you."

He kissed me again, rougher this time, swallowing my soft cry. Louis's mouth claimed my throat, kissing and biting gently until I was trembling in all their hands. Levi's hands slipped under my shirt, his palms warm against my bare skin. I gasped, my body arching into him as if it belonged there.

"You hate us," Louis said, his voice low, lips brushing my jaw, "but you'll still be ours. Always."

Tears slipped from the corners of my eyes—frustration, confusion, desire tangled in a knot that refused to unravel. My wolf howled inside me, clawing at the walls I'd built, desperate to give in to them.

"No... no, please..." I begged, but my plea turned into a moan when Lennox's teeth grazed my lower lip, biting down just enough to make my knees give out. Levi caught me easily, pressing my back against his chest, his hands splayed wide across my stomach.

"You're ours, Olivia," Lennox murmured, his forehead resting on mine, his breath ragged. "No family relationship. Blood feud. No betrayal. Nothing will change that."

Louis's fingers brushed away my tears as he pressed a soft kiss to my temple. "Fight us all you want... we'll fight back harder."

Suddenly they let me go. Breathless, shaking, and drowning in their scent, I couldn't stand it anymore. Before they could touch me again, I forced myself to focus through the haze... and teleported away.