

Fated To Not Just One, But Three #Chapter 271: A Different Man - Read Fated To Not Just One, But Three Chapter 271: A Different Man

Chapter 271: A Different Man

Sofia's POV

My head was spinning. It felt like I was trapped in a dream. Rebecca dead? How was that even possible? Was that why I couldn't reach her for the past few months? When I heard she'd married Damien, I was stunned — because the Rebecca I knew would never do that. She knew I loved Damien too much to ever hurt me like that... speaking of Damien — the door creaked open and he stepped in, looking like he was on the brink of collapsing.

Our eyes met, and I couldn't recognize the man in front of me... I couldn't believe this was the man I fell in love with... the kind-hearted, jovial Damien. I couldn't believe he did all the things he confessed. I glared at him and stood to my feet, moving closer until I stood before him.

"Tell me, did you kill her?"

Damien's eyes twitched, and I could tell he was hurt by my accusation.

"I didn't... I swear on my life... I am still investigating her death."

The look in his eyes told me he was telling the truth, but I just couldn't believe him. My head throbbed as I stood there, staring at the man I once loved. The man I thought I knew. Rebecca was gone... and somehow, Damien—my Damien—was tangled in all of it. I couldn't breathe. I took a step back, my heart pounding.

"I need to leave," I whispered, turning around.

Behind me, I heard him shift.

"Sofia," his voice cracked. "At least tell me why. I deserve that much."

I froze. He sounded broken. Desperate.

"I loved you," he said, each word heavy. "I never once tried to hurt you. So please... just tell me why you left."

I clenched my jaw and slowly turned around to face him, the pain bubbling inside me.

"No point hiding it anymore," I said softly. "You want the truth? Fine."

I met his eyes.

"I left because I found out we're related."

His breath hitched.

I nodded slowly. "Our families... the blood feud... the history of betrayal between us. I found out. And I knew then that whatever we had—whatever we dreamed of—was doomed from the start."

Tears stung his eyes. "Sofia..."

"I couldn't live with that truth," I whispered. "I couldn't lie to myself anymore."

He took a step toward me. "I don't care about that," he said, shaking his head. "I love you. I don't care what our families did. I don't care about any damn feud. You're mine. My mate."

I looked away, blinking back tears. "You know I'm not really your mate, Damien."

He froze.

"You marked me," I continued. "We chose each other because we loved each other. We wanted to be bonded... but we were never fated mates. Not really."

Silence stretched between us, thick and aching.

"You know it's true," I added quietly. He looked down, pain etched on his face.

I stepped back again.

"I loved you, Damien," I whispered. "But right now I don't recognize the man in front of me. You've changed a lot, and I hope one day you find love and peace." With that, I turned to leave.

But I didn't even make it halfway across the room before I felt him. He wrapped his arms around me from behind, pulling me into his chest like letting go would destroy him completely. He didn't say a word. But I could feel it—his sobs. His chest shook silently against my back. His breath hitched as he buried his face into my shoulder, clinging to me like I was the last thing holding him together.

My heart cracked. My wolf whimpered inside me, crying for the bond we once shared. For the love that still lingered in the corners of my heart. But I couldn't let her rise. Not now. Not anymore.

I closed my eyes, forcing the tears back.

"I'm sorry," I whispered, barely able to speak. "But this isn't our story anymore."

Gently, I reached down and pried his hands off me. He didn't fight me. Didn't try to stop me. He just let me. I stepped away, opened the door and left.

With tear-filled eyes and a broken heart, I descended the stairs and when I got to the living room I met the triplets having a talk with one of their guards. When they saw me, they sent the guard away. I walked over to them and spoke.

"I believe Olivia is my half-sister," I announced and saw their eyes widen.

"Yes... we share the same father but different mothers who are twin sisters," I added. The triplets looked dumbfounded but I continued.

"Where is Rebecca's body?"

"In the mortuary," Louis responded.

I swallowed in pain and nodded. "I will make arrangements when I get home for her body to be brought to me. That way I can bury her myself."

The triplets nodded and then Lennox spoke. "Are you going to meet Olivia now?" he asked.

I sighed. "I don't know if they will let me see her."

The brothers looked confused. "Why?"

My shoulders slumped. "My mother was an enemy to Olivia's mother despite them being twins... It's a long story but just know that Olivia and her brother see me as an enemy," I said with pain. Knowing that I have a younger sister who probably hates me without even getting to meet me or know me was a lot to take.

"Thank you. I will take my leave now."

They didn't say anything. They didn't need to. I turned to leave, but paused at the doorway and glanced back.

"I'm..." I began, meeting each of their eyes, "I apologize for all the things Damien did to you three. I hope one day you can find it in your heart to forgive him."

I didn't wait to get their response before leaving. As I stepped out into the cool evening air, the wind kissed my cheeks, drying what remained of my tears. I had barely taken five steps when a guard approached me from the side of the mansion.

"The Alphas instructed me to drive you, ma'am," he said politely, gesturing toward the sleek black car parked near the edge of the driveway.

I hesitated for a moment—torn between pride and exhaustion—but finally gave a soft nod. "Thank you."

The drive was quiet. No music. No questions. Just silence... and my thoughts. Thoughts of Rebecca. Of Damien. Of Olivia. Of everything that had fallen apart.

After two long hours, the vehicle slowed to a stop at the edge of Nightshade Pack's territory. I opened the door gently and stepped out. "Thank you," I said to the guard. He nodded, and I watched the car disappear down the road before turning toward the path that led home.

The closer I got, the heavier my heart felt. I reached my front door and rang the bell. It opened seconds later to reveal my mother. She stood in the doorway, stunned, confused.

"Sofia?" she whispered.

Before she could say more, a tiny voice squealed from behind her.

"Mommy!"

My heart leapt. A wide smile spread across my face as my two-year-old son came running, his arms flung open as he threw himself into me. I dropped to my knees instantly and scooped him into my arms. Tears rushed to my eyes. I held him tightly, kissing his soft curls.

"Oh, baby," I whispered. "I missed you so much."

He giggled against my shoulder, wrapping his little arms around my neck. "Miss you, Mommy! Daddy come too?" he asked, his eyes wide with excitement.

I felt my throat close up.

How could I tell him that his father didn't even know he existed?

Chapter 272: Meeting My Mother

Olivia's POV

A knock landed on my door, and I instantly knew it was Calvin.

"Come in," I called softly.

The door creaked open, and Calvin stepped in with a warm smile spreading across his face the moment his eyes met mine. I was starting to get used to that smile—the way it lit up like just seeing me made his whole day better.

"Good morning," I greeted, rising to my feet.

"Morning," he replied as he stepped further into the room. "How was your night?"

I smiled and lied, "It was great."

The truth? It wasn't.

All night, I'd tossed and turned, thoughts of the triplets haunting my mind. No matter how hard I tried, I couldn't shake them off. Their faces, their voices, their touch... it was like a ghost that wouldn't leave.

But I couldn't tell Calvin that.

He nodded slowly, maybe sensing something behind my smile. "Come with me. I want you to meet Mother."

My breath caught.

Our mother?

My heart skipped a beat.

I wasn't sure what to expect. I was anxious but also... strangely eager. He led the way, and I followed him through a quiet hallway. The air grew cooler the deeper we walked, and the walls dimmed with shadow as we turned into a passage I hadn't seen before.

Finally, we reached a door at the very end.

It was old, carved with strange symbols I couldn't read.

Calvin pushed it open gently, and the scent of herbs and age washed over us as we stepped inside.

The room was dimly lit by a few flickering candles placed around the corners. It was silent... heavy... like time stood still here.

And in the center, was a bed.

My steps slowed.

There—lying still and lifeless on the bed—was a woman.

My breath caught in my throat as I drew closer.

Her face.

I'd seen it before.

At the rooftop.

In my dreams.

This was her.

Calvin stood beside me, his voice low. "Meet our mother."

My eyes widened as I looked at him, then back at the woman who looked like she was having a peaceful sleep.

"She's not dead," he continued. "She's in a spiritual coma. Has been like this for the past ten years."

I blinked through the sting in my eyes. "Can't she be healed?" I asked quietly.

Calvin's gaze stayed fixed on her face, his jaw tight with pain. "No healer has been able to help her," he murmured. "They've tried everything. For ten years."

My chest ached. Ten years of being like this.

I turned to him slowly. "What if I try? What if I use my abilities? Maybe I can reach her. Maybe I can pull her back."

He looked at me then gently shook his head.

"Not yet," he said softly. "You're still learning. You don't even know the full range of what you're capable of. If anything goes wrong..." His voice trailed off, but I saw the fear in his eyes.

Fear of losing her completely.

Fear of losing me.

"You're my only hope, Olivia," he added. "But not now. Please. Finish your training first."

I nodded, understanding. I wasn't ready yet—not if trying meant risking everything.

I turned back to her and stepped closer to the bed. Slowly, I reached out and gently took her hand in mine. It was warm.

I swallowed back the lump in my throat.

"Hi," I whispered, my thumb brushing lightly over her fingers. "I'm Olivia... your daughter. I've waited so long to meet you."

A tear slid down my cheek, landing softly on her blanket.

"I can't wait to really meet you one day. To hear your voice."

I hesitated, glancing at Calvin, then back at her.

"I promise," I whispered, "I'll bring you back. Just hold on a little longer."

With one last squeeze of her hand, I stepped back.

Calvin flashed me a weak smile before leading me out of the room.

When we stepped into the lighter part of the hallway, Calvin turned to me.

"I have a few meetings to attend," he said quietly. "Pack matters. I'll come check on you later, alright?"

I nodded, giving him a small smile. "Okay."

He paused like he wanted to say more but ended up just nodding back before heading off in the opposite direction.

I returned to my room, my thoughts heavy.

Seeing her... our mother... had shifted something deep inside me. She was real. She was here. And now I understood why Calvin carried so much weight in his heart.

I sat on the edge of my bed, replaying her peaceful face in my mind when a soft knock pulled me out of my thoughts.

A maid peeked in.

"Lady Olivia," she said with a small bow, "Alpha Joel of the Stone Pack is here to see you."

I blinked, confused. "Alpha Joel?"

She nodded. "He's waiting in the living room."

I sighed. Calvin had told me to get used to this.

"Alright," I said, smoothing my hair. "I'll be there in a moment."

I made my way downstairs and entered the large sitting room.

A tall man stood near the window, hands in his pockets. He turned when he heard me enter.

My steps slowed slightly.

He was handsome.

Dressed casually in a dark shirt and fitted jeans, with a calm, confident look that made it hard to guess he was an Alpha. He looked like he was in his mid-twenties, with neat dark hair, sharp cheekbones, and eyes that seemed to observe everything without missing a beat.

He smiled politely and stepped forward.

"Olivia," he said warmly. "It's a pleasure to finally meet you."

I gave him a small nod, still watching him carefully. "You too, Alpha Joel."

He chuckled. "Please—just Joel. No need for titles."

I gave a faint smile.

"I owe you an apology," he said, his voice low and sincere. "I wasn't able to make it to your welcome celebration. I was caught up in urgent matters at my pack. I hope you'll forgive my absence."

"It's alright," I said politely. "Alphas are usually busy."

He nodded, smiling warmly at me. "I came because I thought it was time we met properly," he continued. "Also, I would like to request that you give me the opportunity of taking you to dinner someday."

I raised a brow slightly but kept my tone neutral. "I'll think about it."

This was the fifth man who had asked me to dinner, and it was already beginning to suffocate me.

As Joel and I exchanged a few more polite words, I kept my smile intact, though my thoughts were elsewhere. He was kind, charming even... but I barely knew him, and his invitation to dinner, while flattering, felt like another weight being placed on my already burdened shoulders.

When he finally left, I exhaled quietly and made my way back to my room.

The moment I stepped inside, I let out a tired sigh.

The room was quiet. Too quiet.

I sat on the edge of the bed and looked around. The space felt beautiful but unfamiliar. Like it belonged to someone else.

How was I supposed to survive this life?

This attention.

These titles.

These constant meetings with Alphas and strangers, all expecting something from me just because I was "special."

I missed Nora's laugh. Lolita's teasing. I missed having someone around who saw me for me—not for what I represented.

I curled my knees to my chest and leaned against the headboard, staring at the wall.

Then... a silly thought crossed my mind.

But it didn't feel silly for long.

I took a breath and focused.

"Lennox...?"

My voice trembled through the mind link.

"Can you hear me?"

There was silence... then a jolt of surprise.

"Olivia?" Lennox responded... sounding shocked to hear from me.

I hesitated.

"Sorry. I didn't mean to bother you. I just..."

I paused.

"I wanted to ask about Nora and Lolita. My handmaids. Are they... still there?"

His voice came softly. "Yeah... they're still here."

He paused.

"Do you... want them with you?"

I felt a smile tug at the corner of my lips.

"Yes. I miss them."

There was a quiet beat before he answered again.

"Then I'll send them to you immediately. Just tell the men at the border to let them through."

A big smile spread across my face. For a moment, I didn't feel so alone anymore.

"Thank you," I whispered.

"Anything for you, Oli," Lennox replied gently.

The moment he called me by my nickname, something in me shifted.

My heart began to pound fast and loud, like it was trying to escape my chest. A fluttery sensation stirred in my stomach, wild and uncontrollable... like butterflies taking flight.

Just hearing his voice...

Just knowing he still cared enough to do something for me...

It overwhelmed me.

Too much.

I blinked rapidly and ended the link before I'd do something silly.

Chapter 273: Verdict

Lennox's POV

A knock echoed through the study, and I instantly knew it was Damien. He didn't wait for us to let him in—he opened the door and stepped inside.

I glared at him as he entered, but he didn't seem bothered by it. Rather, he began speaking.

"I know being sorry won't make up for all the terrible things I did to you three, but I just want you to know that I'm truly sorry..." He paused, inhaling deeply.

"These past three years I haven't been myself... I made decisions I regret now, and I wish I could turn back the hands of time and undo them, but I can't..."

My frown deepened. Still, I said nothing.

"I only hope that one day, the three of you find it in your hearts to forgive me..."

He didn't wait for our response. With quiet dignity, he turned and left the room.

Before we could even process his words, a guard entered and bowed respectfully. "Alphas, the trial has begun."

I nodded and exchanged glances with my brothers. Together, we rose to our feet and made our way to the pack hall.

The moment we stepped into the hall, every person present rose to their feet and bowed their heads respectfully.

My brothers and I walked forward in unison, each step echoing with authority. We took our seats at the front, flanked by guards and elders. The hall was packed, yet it felt cold. Tense. No one dared to speak.

The trial began immediately.

Anita's father was brought forward, shackled in chains and brought in by warriors. He looked older than I remembered. Just one day in the dungeon, and he looked like a shadow of himself.

The charges were read aloud: Treason, use of black magic... attempted murder.

There was no need for arguments. No need for defense. Even as the elders began their formal questioning, my mind had already made its decision. All this was just formalities.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Anita.

She sat silently among the front rows, her head lowered, her shoulders trembling. Tears rolled freely down her cheeks. She wasn't supposed to be here, but she had begged to stay for her father's trial.

When the questioning ended, all eyes turned to me.

It was time.

I stood, my eyes darting around the room.

"After careful deliberation and overwhelming evidence, this council finds you guilty on all counts."

Anita's father said nothing. He simply stared ahead, like the words meant nothing to him.

I took a deep breath and glared at him.

"As Alpha of this pack, I hereby decree that you, and your entire bloodline, be banished. Effective immediately."

Gasps echoed across the room.

Anita buried her face in her hands, her sobs breaking the silence.

"And as for you..." I said, turning my gaze back to the man who had caused so much pain, "You are to be crucified to death at the border. Let your punishment be a warning to all who think of betraying this pack."

He still didn't flinch. Not a word. Not a plea. It was obvious he was expecting this.

Anita and her mother began crying, but I ignored them and turned to the guards.

"Make sure the verdict is carried out today."

The guards nodded and bowed.

Levi and Louis rose beside me, and together, we exited the now chaotic hall.

Back at the mansion, we entered the sitting room to find our parents waiting.

Father stood stiffly near the fireplace, while Mother rose from one of the couches the moment she saw us.

Her eyes were red-rimmed, like she'd been crying.

"Lennox... Levi... Louis," she began softly, stepping forward. "I know you're angry. I know what we did was wrong. I just—"

"Stop," I cut her off.

She froze.

I looked at her, frowning. "No more excuses. No more tears."

She swallowed hard, clearly trying to keep herself together.

"I was scared," she whispered. "I thought I was doing what was best—"

"What was best for you," Louis snapped coldly. "Not for us. Never for us."

She flinched, like the words physically struck her.

Father didn't say anything. He hadn't said much since everything came to light. He just stood there—silent.

Levi crossed his arms. "Do you have any idea what we've been through because of your lies?"

Our mother nodded through her tears but couldn't find her voice.

I turned to Dustin, who stood quietly behind us, waiting for instruction.

"Prepare a two-year trip for both of them," I said flatly. "They leave tomorrow morning."

Mother gasped. "Lennox, no—please!"

But I didn't even look at her.

"I want the journey mapped. No contact with this pack, no contact with us."

"They're to reflect," Levi added.

"To think," Louis finished.

Dustin gave a sharp nod and turned to leave.

"Lennox," Mother pleaded again, her voice shaking. "I'm still your mother..."

"No," I said, finally looking her in the eyes. "You were. But mothers protect their children. They don't destroy them from the inside."

She broke into sobs then, sinking back onto the couch, her face buried in her hands.

Father still said nothing. He just stared at the floor.

We left the sitting room without another glance at our parents. None of us spoke as we made our way upstairs, each lost in our own thoughts.

Once inside our shared quarters, the silence remained.

We sat in our usual spots, but no one said a word for a long time.

The crackle of the fireplace was the only sound in the room.

Finally, Levi broke the quietness.

"Did you send the maids to Olivia?" he asked.

I nodded. "Yes. They should be arriving soon. I told her to notify the guards at the border."

Louis leaned back, his arms crossed tightly. "I miss her," he muttered, almost under his breath. "I wish she was here."

I glanced at him, and the words hit me.

I missed her too.

Despite everything, despite knowing we were related, despite the blood feud and the tangled mess between our families, it didn't change how I felt.

It didn't erase what she meant to me.

I stared into the fire, my jaw tight, trying to keep the pain from swallowing me whole.

Then Levi sat up straighter, his eyes lighting up with something mischievous.

"I have an idea," he said.

We both turned to look at him.

His lips curled into a half-smirk.

"A plan," he added. "To get Olivia here. Instantly."

My brow furrowed.

Louis leaned forward. "What kind of plan?"

Chapter 274: Tricked

Olivia's POV

"My lady... your guests are here," one of the maids announced softly.

Excited, I jumped to my feet and hurried downstairs.

They're already here?

It hadn't even been three hours since I contacted Lennox... How did they arrive so fast? My heart raced as I reached the living room.

There they were.

Nora and Lolita.

The moment their eyes landed on me, they both rushed forward, and I met them halfway. We collided in a tight hug, the kind that squeezed the breath out of you, but in the best way.

"I missed you so much," I whispered, my voice cracking.

Nora let out a shaky laugh. "We missed you more, my lady."

Lolita sniffled, clinging to my arm. "It hasn't been the same without you. The whole place felt empty."

I pulled back a little to look at their faces. Their eyes were wet with tears, but they were smiling. Just seeing them, just having them here, made something heavy inside me lift.

"Come," I said, still smiling. "Let's go to my room. You have to tell me everything."

They nodded eagerly, and the three of us walked upstairs like old times, their presence wrapping around me like a warm blanket.

We reached my room, and the moment the door shut behind us, all the weight I'd been carrying seemed to ease. Nora and Lolita looked around with wide eyes, taking in the space.

"Wow," Nora said, spinning slowly. "This room is huge."

"It's beautiful," Lolita added, trailing her fingers along the edge of the dresser.

I gave a small smile and nodded. We all sat on the bed, like we used to back at the mansion. For a moment, none of us spoke. Then, Nora reached over and took my hand.

"Are you okay?" she asked gently.

I hesitated, but then I nodded. "I'm surviving."

Lolita gave me a look. "Surviving is not the same as living."

I sighed, hugging my knees. "I know. But it's hard. Everyone looks at me like I'm this... powerful girl who's supposed to fix everything. But I feel so lost. I miss you both. I miss home. Even with Calvin being kind, I still feel like I'm surrounded by strangers."

They both leaned in, wrapping their arms around me. I melted into their embrace.

"You're not alone anymore," Nora whispered.

"Not ever again," Lolita added.

We sat there for a while, just holding each other in silence.

Then Nora pulled back and smiled through her tears. "We got some news to share."

I looked up at them, eager to know.

Lolita and Nora exchanged a look, then turned back to me.

"Anita lost the remaining pregnancy."

My eyes widened. Nora nodded.

"Yes... and also she is banished from the pack... the Alphas found out what she and her father did."

I swallowed hard, not knowing what to feel.

My wolf stirred inside me.

"Don't tell me you're feeling sorry for her," she growled.

I frowned.

"You can't blame me. She was once dear to me."

"I also heard the triplets are sending their parents away as punishment... we don't actually know what they did... but we heard the triplets are angry with them," Lolita added.

My brows drew together in concern. What could their parents have possibly done to warrant their sons' rage?

Nora and Lolita exchanged another glance before Nora leaned in closer.

"So..." she began gently, "what's going to happen now? Between you and the triplets?"

The question hit me like a wave I wasn't ready for.

I blinked, caught off guard. "I... I don't know."

They watched me quietly, waiting.

"I don't know what's supposed to happen," I admitted. "I'm still trying to understand everything. My feelings, their actions... it's all a mess in my head. Some days, I'm angry. Other days, I just miss them. And sometimes..." I paused, swallowing the lump in my throat. "Sometimes I wish things could go back to how they used to be. But that is never happening—not with the enmity between our families, and on top of it all, we're even related."

The room went quiet. Nora and Lolita didn't ask questions or urge me to say more—they just remained silent, offering their listening ears to me.

But I couldn't stay in that moment any longer. I forced a smile and stood up.

"You two had a long journey," I said. "You need to rest."

Nora looked like she wanted to say more, but Lolita nodded, standing.

"I'll call a maid to take you to your rooms," I added quickly, walking toward the door.

Moments later, a young maid arrived and curtsied. "I'll show your guests to their chambers, my lady."

I nodded, and with soft goodnights, Nora and Lolita followed the maid out.

Once the door shut, I turned slowly, lay back on the bed, and stared up at the ceiling, my fingers loosely gripping the sheets.

I didn't know what was going to happen. But one thing was certain—they were still in my heart. And that... terrified me.

Suddenly, I felt a mind-link snap open.

"Olivia... can you hear me?"

I recognized Lennox's voice immediately.

"Lenno..."

"Olivia... Levi just collapsed... He's unconscious. Please, we need your help..." he pleaded in a panicked voice.

My eyes widened as fear gripped my entire being, forcing me on my feet.

"Where are you guys?" I asked, already panicking.

"In his room..."

I didn't wait for him to finish. I teleported out of my room and appeared in Levi's chamber.

The second I arrived, I saw Louis and Lennox crouched beside Levi's motionless form, panic etched on their faces.

My heart raced in fear.

"What happened?" I gasped, rushing to his side.

I sat beside Levi, my hand trembling as I placed it gently on his forehead. His skin was warm, but not burning. That was at least a good sign.

I focused, ready to unleash my healing ability. My energy began to rise from within, glowing faintly under my palm—

When suddenly—

Levi's eyes shot open.

Before I could react, he grabbed me by the wrist and, in one swift motion, pulled me down onto the bed under him.

I gasped as my back hit the mattress, and he climbed on top of me, pinning me down.

"Levi?!" I gasped, my heart slamming into my ribs.

My eyes darted to Lennox and Louis, who were now standing at the foot of the bed with wide grins on their faces.

I blinked in confusion as realization hit me like a slap.

They tricked me.

"Are you kidding me right now?!" I snapped, glaring up at Levi, who still hovered above me with a sheepish grin.

"Sorry," he said, though the smirk on his face said otherwise. "It was the only way."

"The only way?" I spat, struggling under him. "You faked collapsing just to drag me here?! What is wrong with you three?!"

Louis chuckled. "Worked, didn't it?"

Lennox at least had the decency to look guilty. "I'm sorry, Olivia... we just—missed you. We didn't know what else to do."

I glared at all of them. "I could've been doing something important, you know. And you dragged me here with some cheap prank?"

Levi leaned down slightly, his voice softer now. "But you came."

I swallowed, my cheeks flushing as I turned my face away.

Of course I came.

The moment I heard Lennox's voice... the panic in it... I'd felt like the world was collapsing. There was no way I could've ignored it.

I could've just teleported away right now, left them all staring at the air.

But I didn't.

Because deep down, despite all the reasons I shouldn't... I didn't want to.

I sighed, still not meeting Levi's eyes. "You guys are unbelievable."

I clenched my jaw and crossed my arms, still lying beneath Levi.

"Get off me, or I swear I'll teleport your eyebrows off one by one."

Levi laughed and rolled off me, raising his hands in surrender. "Alright, alright. Truce."

As I sat up, rearranging my hair, Lennox stepped closer.

"Please stay for a little while, Olivia," he said quietly. "We won't pull another trick, I promise. We just... missed you."

I stared at them, my heart pounding, emotions swirling like a storm.

I should be mad.

I was mad.

But deep down I missed them too.

Still fuming, I looked around the room, my eyes landing on a pillow near Levi's head.

Without thinking twice, I grabbed it and launched it across the room, straight at Louis.

It smacked him clean across the face.

He blinked in shock, then slowly turned his head toward me, his eyes wide. "Did you just throw that at me?"

"Oh, you bet I did," I said, already reaching for another one.

He didn't hesitate. He dove for a pillow and threw it back, but I ducked, and it hit Levi instead.

Levi growled playfully. "Oh, it's on now."

Within seconds, chaos erupted in the room.

Pillows flew through the air, feathers burst loose with every hit, and laughter echoed off the walls.

Three Alphas vs. one furious girl.

Totally unfair.

"You're ganging up on me!" I shouted, dodging another attack.

"It's called strategy," Lennox smirked, swinging a pillow at me, which I narrowly blocked.

"No, it's called bullying," I fired back, throwing one straight at Levi's head.

But Levi suddenly froze mid-swing.

"This isn't fair," he announced dramatically. "I'm switching sides!"

"What?!" Louis and Lennox shouted at the same time.

Levi turned to me with a grin. "I'm on Olivia's team now."

"Oh really?" I raised a brow, tossing him a pillow. "Then show your loyalty, soldier."

"Gladly." He turned and tackled Louis to the bed with a flying pillow strike, feathers exploding everywhere.

Lennox tried to escape, but I jumped on his back, wrapping my arms around his shoulders as Levi attacked from the front.

"You traitor!" Lennox shouted at his brother, laughing uncontrollably.

We collapsed into a heap of tangled limbs, feathers, and laughter. Completely breathless.

Then, in the middle of it all, Levi tripped on a pillow and fell.

Right on top of me.

"Oof—Levi!" I gasped, the air knocked out of me.

Our eyes met, our lips just inches apart. My breath caught.

His hand was on my waist. My heart thudded.

And then... he kissed me.

Chapter 275: Out Of Control

Olivia's POV

The kiss sucked the breath and soul right out of me.

I gasped softly against Levi's lips, frozen with shock at first. My mind couldn't catch up with what was happening, but my body, my wolf, already knew.

And then... I kissed him back.

His lips molded to mine with desperate desire, like he'd been holding back for years. One of his hands cradled my cheek, the other still firm on my waist.

A soft moan escaped me, not just from the kiss, but from the way my wolf howled with satisfaction in the back of my mind. She'd been waiting for this. Craving it.

I kissed him back with equal hunger, my hand fisting in the front of his shirt as my desire exploded. My wolf purred with delight, unbothered by anything else except the fact that we were finally touching our mates again.

But then...

Soft, featherlight kisses ghosted along my thigh, and my breath hitched. My head turned sharply, catching a blur of Lennox's raven-black hair. I gasped, my lips parting from Levi's as my hand shot down to clutch the sheets. Lennox's warm mouth trailed along the inside of my thigh. Nothing rushed, nothing demanding. Just worship. Every brush of his lips sent sparks through me, lighting trails of fire across my skin.

Then came a hand. Gentle, but gliding up under the hem of my nightdress. I trembled as it ghosted up my waist, fingers dragging slowly along my ribs before cupping the side of my breast. A sharp inhale escaped me, and I arched instinctively. My body was no longer mine—it belonged to them. A thumb brushing over my nipple, teasing it until it peaked. My head fell back, a breathless moan slipping through my lips.

"Olivia..." Levi whispered against my neck, his voice thick with restraint. "Your arousal smells so fucking good."

I barely had time to respond before warm lips wrapped around that sensitive bud, sucking gently, tender, teasing, maddening. I let out a cry of pleasure and sealed my lips again with Levi's.

I felt my legs being gently guided apart by a pair of strong hands, and voluntarily I parted my legs wider.

Lennox's kisses trailed higher, pressing into my thigh like it was sacred. Louis suckled my breast as though he drew life from it, while Levi devoured my mouth with breathless hunger.

Lennox didn't wait for permission. His fingers curled into the waistband of my underwear, and in one sharp, controlled tug, he slid them down my thighs. The cool night air kissed my skin, but it was nothing compared to the heat of his gaze. He didn't speak. He just stared. As if this—me—was something sacred and sinful all at once.

Then he did something that made my breath catch. He lifted the soaked soft fabric to his face and inhaled.

"Mine," he said, low and guttural, his eyes locked on mine with a dark possessiveness that made my stomach flutter and my legs press together.

I swallowed hard, my voice barely a whisper. "Lennox..."

He didn't let me finish. He gripped the back of my thighs and spread them gently, placing himself between them with a kind of control that sent shivers up my spine.

"You smell like... so intoxicating," he muttered, trailing his lips across the inside of my thigh. "Like something no one else should ever touch."

His fingers gripped my hips as his mouth moved. Hot breath teasing, lingering just above where I needed him most, never quite touching. He was punishing me. Teasing me. Letting the tension strangle every breath I took.

And I hated how much I craved it.

I squirmed beneath his hold. "Stop playing with me—"

"I'm not playing," he snapped, his voice hoarse with restraint. Then his mouth finally moved lower.

The moment I felt his tongue lick my pussy I gasped, but Levi shut me up by sealing my lips with another kiss. As Lennox pleased me with his mouth and tongue, Louis sucked on my right nipple while his fingers played with my left nipple, and Levi kissed me hungrily.

It was heaven and hell at the same time, and I didn't want it to end.

I noticed Lennox hungrily eating my pussy like a starved man. I wasn't complaining—it was a great feeling. I trembled under the pleasure until suddenly he stopped. Unexpectedly, he pulled me from his brothers, lifting me onto his lap. He kissed me hungrily, making me taste myself on his lips.

His erection pressed hard against me, and I moaned louder. But then... something changed.

His energy.

It shifted.

He tore my nightdress down the middle with a growl, exposing skin. His mouth latched onto my nipple while his fingers found my pussy, ready to thrust in.

And then—

"Teleport away..." Levi's voice cut through the haze, a whisper against my ear. "Lennox is no longer in control."

I froze. The words made sense, but the pleasure was too consuming to let go. I ignored the warning and sealed my lips with Lennox, who released an animalistic growl.

Then I heard his zipper. I felt his cock spring free.

Before he could go any further, Louis yanked me back, clutching me tightly while Levi tackled Lennox to the bed.

"Get off me!" Lennox roared, his voice no longer the velvet baritone I knew but something darker... guttural. Almost inhuman. His eyes, those beautiful green eyes—were no longer calm. They were wild. Glowing. Feral.

Levi grunted, using all his strength to pin Lennox to the bed as Louis held me tightly against his chest, shielding me from the madness erupting before us.

But I was still reaching for him. My hand trembled in the air, fingertips aching to touch Lennox, to soothe him, to feel him against me again. My wolf whimpered inside me, desperate for his touch.

Lennox thrashed under Levi's hold, pure rage flooding his features. "She's mine!" he snarled, nearly throwing Levi off. "Don't you dare keep her from me—!"

"Olivia!" Levi bellowed, still struggling to hold his brother down. "Teleport. Now! He's not in control anymore. That's not our Lennox. His desire for you has taken over him!"

I hesitated, frozen. My body burned with leftover touches, my lips still swollen from kisses, and my core still aching for more. But the thing I saw in Lennox's eyes... It wasn't just desire. It was need. Savage and untamed.

"Please, Liv!" Levi's voice cracked with desperation. "I can't hold him much longer!"

Lennox's gaze found mine again. The raw hunger in his expression made my knees buckle. His lips pulled into a twisted smile, his chest heaving as he struggled under Levi.

"Come here, Olivia," he purred, his voice thick with possession. "Don't listen to them. You want this. You want me."

I did. Goddess help me—I did.

But something about him... it was wrong. Louis's grip around my waist tightened as Lennox's body arched with violent strength, almost breaking free again.

"He's shifting inside," Louis whispered urgently in my ear. "It's not just desire—his wolf is trying to take over, and if he gets a hold of you, he might take you in the most brutal way you can imagine. And he will never forgive himself for it."

"No," I whispered, my voice cracking as tears welled in my eyes. "Lennox..."

"GO!" Levi shouted.

The power surged in my gut, my magic sparked by desperation. I shut my eyes just as Lennox broke free from Levi's grip, lunging toward me with a savage snarl on his lips.

In that final second, I caught his eyes again, and what I saw wasn't just desire.

It was terror.

He didn't want this. His wolf was breaking free. He wasn't in control.

I let the teleportation spell rip through me, light flaring under my skin.

And just seconds away from Lennox reaching me, I teleported and appeared back in my room, my heart still racing, my body still trembling, and soul still aching.

Chapter 276: The Decision

Levi's POV

The moment Olivia disappeared into the air, Lennox released a growl so loud, it shook the walls.

"NO!" he bellowed, lunging forward as if he could tear through space to follow her. But it was too late—she was gone.

His fists slammed into the wall. His chest heaved, muscles bulging, veins rising under his skin as he snarled like a wild beast cornered and wounded.

"Lennox—" I reached out, cautiously.

"DON'T!" he snapped, spinning toward me, his eyes glowing a bright, deadly green. "You took her from me!"

Louis stepped forward, calm but firm. "We saved her, brother. You were losing control."

"She wanted me!" he snarled, his voice feral and guttural. "I could smell it. I could feel it. She is mine—mine!"

"She's not just yours," I growled, stepping between him and Louis. "She's ours. And if you had touched her like that while you weren't yourself, do you think she would have forgiven you? You could have hurt her."

Lennox's jaw tightened. His nostrils flared. He looked like he wanted to kill me. I thought he would attack me, but surprisingly he didn't. But instead, he turned and violently kicked a stool aside, facing the wall.

Louis and I exchanged worried gazes as we watched him, waiting for his next line of action. But then I nodded—his once-trembling body was no longer trembling. It looked relaxed.

Slowly, he turned around, and this time there was no longer fury in his eyes—I saw something else. Pain. Shame.

His breathing slowed slightly. His shoulders slumped, just a bit.

"Damn it! What have I done?" he murmured regretfully, his eyes filled with guilt.

"I didn't mean to hurt her," he whispered hoarsely. "I just... I couldn't stop. The scent of her, the sound of her voice, her taste—Goddess, Levi, I'm losing it. Every day, it gets harder."

I nodded slowly, understanding all too well. "That's the mate bond, Lennox. It's driving us. But if we give in when we're not in control... we'll destroy her. And ourselves."

Lennox dropped to his knees beside the shattered bed, his fists clenched against the broken frame.

"I wanted to worship her," he murmured. "But I nearly—fuck. I nearly ruined everything."

Louis walked over, kneeling beside him. He placed a hand on Lennox's back. "She'll come back," he said softly. "But only if she knows she's safe with us. You need to get yourself in check."

Lennox's head dropped forward, sweat dripping from his hairline.

"I need her, Louis... I need her more than I need air."

"We all do," I said. "But if we don't find balance, this desire will destroy us."

He looked up at me, his eyes still glowing, but wet with unshed tears.

"Where is she now?"

"She should be back in the Nightshade Pack," Louis replied. "I can feel her aura. She's scared. Still aroused, but scared."

Lennox winced like the words physically hurt.

"I have to talk to her."

"No," I said firmly. "Not like this. You'll scare her even more. Go cool off. Shift. Run. Scream into the forest. Just don't communicate with her until you've locked your wolf back down."

"I—" His voice cracked. "I don't know if I can."

"You have to," I said, placing a hand on his shoulder. "Because if you don't... she'll never trust you again."

Lennox shut his eyes, breathing heavily, then nodded.

"I'll go," he whispered, rising to his feet. "But tell her..." His voice broke again. "Tell her I'm sorry. Tell her I'll never lose control like that again."

He turned and walked toward the door, his body trembling from the aftermath—the shame.

Louis looked at me, his face unreadable. "You think he'll be okay?"

I stared at the cracked bed, the sheets tangled with Olivia's scent, the wild energy still lingering in the air.

"I don't know," I admitted. "Tonight it was Lennox... next time it might be me. Or you, Louis."

Louis looked worried too. He understood what I meant.

It wasn't easy—Goddess, it was torture.

To have our mate this close.

And still hold ourselves back.

Especially for Alphas like us. Born to claim. Built to dominate. Designed to mark, take, and make her ours.

But we hadn't.

We couldn't.

Louis ran a hand over his face, finally meeting my gaze.

"I know what you're saying," he murmured, voice rough. "It's not just Lennox. We've all been on edge. Every time she breathes near me, my wolf wants to pin her down and make her ours."

I sighed and sat on the bed. A moment of silence hung in the air before Louis spoke.

"We should come to a decision," Louis said out loud, and I moved my attention toward him.

"Olivia is still confused... so many things are going on right now, so I think it's best we don't engage in any sexual activities. That way, we won't lose control," he suggested.

My wolf let out a disapproving growl inside me, but I ignored him and nodded in agreement.

"Good... I'll speak to Lennox about it. I believe he will agree."

A long silence passed between us, broken only by the wind rustling outside the cracked window.

"Where's Lennox now?" Louis asked.

I extended my senses, searching for the flicker of his presence.

"Heading toward the northern woods," I replied. "He's shifting. I can feel it."

"Good," Louis muttered. "He needs to run."

Louis got up to his feet. "It's late... see you tomorrow."

I nodded and watched him leave.

After Louis left, I remained seated on the edge of the bed, staring at the chaos left behind. Olivia's scent lingering in the air made my wolf restless. Hungry. But I forced him back, swallowing the burn of desire in my throat. I couldn't risk losing control, not like Lennox had.

Minutes turned into an hour. Then two.

Eventually, I stood and made my way to Lennox's room.

I didn't know why exactly.

Maybe to be close. Maybe to make sure he came back. Maybe because I needed to see with my own eyes that he was still Lennox and not the creature that had tried to take Olivia in a haze of wild, uncontrolled desire.

I opened the door slowly. The room was dark, quiet.

Empty.

So I walked in.

I sat down on the small couch near the window and leaned back, resting my head against the frame. I stared out at the trees, listening for the faintest echo of paws against soil.

I waited.

And waited.

The stars shifted in the sky, and eventually I dozed off—only to jolt awake when I felt it.

Lennox. Powerful, heavy presence.

The door creaked open, and Lennox stepped inside, drenched in sweat, his chest bare, his breathing low and steady like someone who'd been to hell and back and just barely made it out.

He paused when he saw me.

"I figured you'd be here," he said, his voice rough, but calm.

I stood slowly. "You okay?"

He didn't answer right away. Instead, he walked to the bathroom, splashed cold water on his face from the sink, and stared at his reflection like he didn't recognize himself.

Then, quietly, he said, "I ran until my legs gave out. Then I shifted. Then I ran some more."

I nodded. "That's good."

"I saw her," he added, voice quiet. "In my head. Over and over. The way she looked at me before she vanished. She was scared, Levi. Of me."

He turned back around, his eyes no longer glowing but raw with emotion.

"I hate myself for that."

"You didn't hurt her," I reminded him. "You stopped. And that counts for something."

"No," he said. "You two stopped me. That's the difference."

A silence settled between us again.

Then he walked past me and sat heavily on the couch. He rubbed his face with his hands and groaned.

"This bond... it's messing with us. I can't even think straight when she's near."

I sat down beside him.

"That's why Louis and I talked," I said. "We're going to set boundaries. No more kisses. No serious physical contact until she's sure she wants it."

His head lifted. "You're serious?"

I nodded. "Dead serious. Until she's ready, we don't push. And if she is ready, then we still make sure we are too. We won't hurt her. Not even by accident."

Lennox stared at the wall, his jaw clenched.

And then—finally—he nodded.

"Alright," he said. "That's fair."

He exhaled long and deep, like the weight had finally started to lift.

"I'll talk to her," he added.

"Not tonight," I warned. "Let her rest. She should be asleep by now."

He closed his eyes for a moment. Then opened them again.

"Tomorrow morning then."

I gave him a light pat on the back and stood. "Good. Get some rest, brother."

As I turned to leave, he called after me.

"Levi."

I paused.

"Thanks. For stopping me. For not letting me become a monster."

I didn't say anything at first.

Then quietly, I said, "You're not a monster, Lennox. You're a mate who's hurting."

Chapter 277: Finish What We Started

Olivia's POV

With my eyes closed, I lay on my bed, trying to get some sleep.

But I felt it before I saw him.

That pull.

That heat crawling across my skin.

I opened my eyes—and there he was.

Lennox.

Leaning against my bedroom doorframe, his shirt unbuttoned, chest bare, dark pants riding low on his hips. His eyes were glowing gold, fixed on me with a kind of hunger that made my breath catch.

"Lennox?" I sat up slowly, confused but not afraid. "What are you doing here?"

His lips curled into a slow smirk. "I came to finish what we started."

I swallowed hard. "What are you talking about?"

He stepped forward, each movement controlled and slow, like a wolf stalking a prey, only I wasn't scared. I was burning. And I couldn't look away.

He stood in front of me and began taking off his clothes. He hooked his thumbs into the waistband of his sweatpants, his eyes locked with mine, and began to pull them down his hips in one slow, deliberate motion. The fabric slid over his skin like silk, revealing more of him inch by inch. My breath hitched as I took in the sight of him—each movement accentuating the carved muscles of his abdomen, the V-cut tapering into strong, powerful thighs.

And then, he stepped free of the pants.

My lips parted in awe.

His cock stood tall between his legs, thick, long, and veined, with a proud curve that made my entire body flush. He was huge. The kind of huge that made my throat dry and my heart stumble. The ridges of veins traced down his cock, leading to a thick base that promised fullness I'd never known. My eyes lingered, both frightened and fascinated by the sheer size of him.

He saw the uncertainty in my gaze and offered a soft, reassuring smile—one that made the heat between my legs pulse even harder.

He climbed onto the bed, the mattress dipping under his weight, and my breath hitched when he caged me between his arms. He didn't touch me—not yet—but his presence was overwhelming.

"You don't remember?" he murmured, his lips brushing the shell of my ear. "We were supposed to finish something off before we were interrupted?"

My lips parted, but no words came out. My breath shuddered as he finally touched me, his fingertips trailing down my arm, featherlight, raising goosebumps in their wake. His hands were calloused but gentle as they explored me, learning me like a song he already knew by heart.

I gasped when his mouth finally found my throat, trailing hot, open-mouthed kisses along my skin.

"You smell like you need me," he whispered against my neck, his voice thick with desire. "And I need to taste every part of you."

He slipped the strap of my nightdress off one shoulder, then the other, his lips following the path as my dress slid down my body, pooling around my hips.

I was naked to him, trembling under his gaze—but not from shame.

From anticipation.

"Lennox—"

He cut me off with a kiss—not hard or rushed, but deep. Slow. Passionate. His tongue explored my mouth like he was savoring me, and I melted into him, my fingers clutching his shoulders as he pressed me gently back onto the bed.

His lips never stopped moving. From my lips, to my throat, down to my collarbone. His hands followed, tracing every curve with maddening patience. He took his time. Worshipping. Teasing. Driving me wild with nothing but slow strokes and whispered promises.

When his mouth reached my breasts, I arched into him, a soft moan escaping my lips as his tongue circled my nipple before taking it into his mouth. His other hand toyed with the other breast, and my thighs instinctively clenched together, seeking friction.

He noticed.

And grinned.

"You're so wet already," he murmured, trailing kisses down my belly, nipping gently at my hip. "And I haven't even gotten to the best part."

He kissed down between my thighs, spreading them slowly as his shoulders settled there. My heart thundered.

Then his mouth ate my pussy.

I forgot how to breathe.

Lennox licked me like he had all the time in the world—long, slow strokes of his tongue that had my back arching off the bed. He knew exactly where to touch, where to suck, and where to press with just enough pressure to drive me insane. My fingers tangled in his hair, my thighs trembling as he devoured me like I was his favorite meal.

"Lennox—oh gods—"

He pulled back just enough to look up at me, his lips glistening, his eyes burning. "Say my name like that again, and I might not last."

He kissed his way back up, and when he hovered above me again, I could feel how hard he was. How much he needed this too.

I wrapped my legs around his waist, pulling him closer. "Please."

That was all it took.

His hand slid between us, guiding himself to my entrance. He moved with painful slowness, easing in inch by inch, giving me time to adjust. I cried out at the sting, and he stopped immediately, holding me close.

"I've got you," he breathed. "Just breathe. I won't move until you're ready."

Tears welled in my eyes, not from pain—but from the overwhelming emotion. I clung to him, grounding myself in the warmth of his body.

And then I nodded.

He began to move—slow, careful thrusts that sent shivers down my spine. The pain dulled, replaced by a slow-building pleasure that left me breathless.

Our eyes locked.

Our bodies moved in perfect rhythm.

Our bond hummed in the air between us—thick and real.

He moved slow, grinding deep, making sure I felt every inch of him. Every stroke pushed me higher. Every roll of his hips had my nails clawing down his back, begging for more. We moved in sync, like we were made for this. Like this was the moment we were always meant for.

He kissed me again, deeper this time. "You feel like home," he groaned.

I was falling.

And I didn't want to stop.

"Come with me," he whispered, his hand slipping between us as he massaged my clitoris. "Let go for me, Oli."

My body tensed.

The world blurred.

And I shattered under him—calling his name as the wave crashed over me.

He followed seconds later with a deep growl and one last thrust that had stars dancing behind my eyelids.

I gasped as I jolted awake, my heart pounding, my legs still trembling from the phantom pleasure. My body was damp with sweat. My core throbbled like I'd really just—

I ran a shaky hand through my hair, trying to calm my racing pulse.

Chapter 278: Where Were You Last Night

Olivia's POV

"Are you okay?" Nora asked, her curious gaze meeting mine through the mirror as she helped me tie my hair into a bun.

I swallowed hard and sighed. "I had a dream."

Lolita, who was straightening the sheets on my bed, looked up. "A nightmare?"

I scoffed and shook my head. "It wasn't. In fact, it was the best dream of my life," I admitted with a blush.

Nora smirked and winked at me through the mirror. "So why don't you look happy?"

I frowned. What is there to be happy about? It was just a dream... but Goddess, I wished it was real.

My wolf growled approvingly in my head, and I rolled my eyes at her. Horny bitch, I muttered silently.

Just then, a knock landed on the door.

"Breakfast is served, my lady," a maid called from outside.

I turned to Nora and Lolita. "Come with me. I want to introduce you to my brother."

They looked at each other nervously.

"You think he'll accept us?" Lolita asked, acting nervous.

I smiled and shook my head. "Don't worry. Just be yourselves."

This morning, I was dressed casually in jeans and a simple top. I wasn't Luna anymore—no need for formal gowns.

We made our way to the dining room, and there sat Calvin, already at the table, halfway through his meal.

The moment we stepped in, his eyes shifted toward us... then landed on Nora.

I noticed it instantly—the way his gaze lingered on her. It was intense and unreadable.

I cleared my throat. "Brother," I said, walking up to him, "these are my friends, Nora and Lolita. I'd like them to stay here with me."

For a moment, he said nothing. He just kept staring at Nora. Not even blinking. I turned slightly to glance at her and noticed her fingers were clenched nervously at her side, her eyes lowered to the ground. She was panicking.

But then I looked back at Calvin... and what I saw surprised me.

There was no hate in his eyes.

Just a strange stillness.

After a few seconds, he gave a small nod and returned to eating without a word.

I exhaled, relieved. "Thank you, brother," I said gently, taking my seat at the table.

Nora and Lolita bowed politely before turning to walk away. But as they did, I noticed Calvin's gaze follow them... no, not both of them. Just Nora.

I furrowed my brow. He was staring again, his expression unreadable.

What was that look?

Before I could figure it out, a guard entered the dining room, holding a medium-sized, neatly wrapped box in his hands.

"This just arrived for Lady Olivia," he said, stepping forward.

I stood halfway, reaching out. "For me?"

But before I could touch it, Calvin shot to his feet.

"Don't," he said sharply, blocking my hand. His tone was firm, protective. "Something harmful could be inside."

I blinked at him, startled, but slowly lowered my hand. "Okay..."

Calvin took the box from the guard, setting it gently on the table. He inspected it carefully, then unwrapped it.

Inside was a delicate velvet pouch. He pulled it open and revealed—

A silver locket.

I gasped.

It was beautiful. The kind of jewelry I'd always admired in shop windows but never bought for myself. Simple, elegant, with a tiny sapphire set in the center.

Nestled beside it was a small folded note.

Calvin picked it up and began to read.

At first, his expression remained calm.

But then his eyes darkened.

His jaw tightened.

And unexpectedly, he hurled the entire box across the room with a growl, the contents scattering across the floor.

I flinched. "Calvin!"

His fists clenched at his sides, his breathing heavy.

I stood, my heart racing. "What did it say?"

He didn't answer right away. He just stood there, seething.

"Calvin—what did the letter say?" I asked again, terrified, my heart racing.

He finally looked at me, and the anger in his eyes made me shiver.

"Last night... where were you?" Calvin asked, his voice cold.

I swallowed hard, my eyes dropping to the floor. My heart pounded in my chest.

"Answer me, Olivia!" he growled, slamming his palm against the table so hard the plates rattled.

I flinched, my breath catching in my throat. My hands trembled as I slowly stepped toward the shattered box. The locket had rolled across the floor, but my eyes weren't on it—they were on the letter. It had fallen open.

I picked it up, unfolding the note with shaky fingers.

"I'm sorry about last night. My wolf got out of control... it won't happen again. I swear, I never meant to scare you. I just—being near you drives me insane, Olivia. I will get better. I'll prove myself to you, no matter how long it takes. I love you."

My eyes scanned to the bottom.

—Lennox.

I froze.

Calvin knew.

There was no need to hide it anymore.

I looked up, my lips parting. "Calvin... I'm sorry. I was going to tell you—"

But he cut me off, his voice rising like thunder.

"What the hell is wrong with you?!"

I staggered back at the weight of his anger.

"Those men—those animals—they're the ones you can't stay away from?" he roared. "Do you even know what they did to you?!"

My mind screamed yes. I knew it. I lived it. I survived it.

"I found out everything, Olivia!" he snarled, his eyes blazing with rage. "My investigators finally gave me the full report."

His words struck like a blow to the gut.

"Those men rejected you. Abused you. Treated you like trash. And not just once," he continued, his voice trembling with rage. "You nearly died because of them!"

Tears filled my eyes. My knees felt weak.

"Do you know what else I learned?" he spat. "That they made your best friend their concubine just days after getting married to you. That on your wedding night—" he broke off, rage choking him.

He looked away for a second, his fists clenching, trying to hold himself back. Then he looked at me again.

"They fucked your best friend right in front of you," he said, his voice low and trembling with fury. "And you collapsed."

I couldn't breathe.

How did he know that?

I'd buried that night so deep, I thought it would never surface again.

"I wanted to kill them the moment I read that report," he muttered, pacing furiously. "And those are the men you're letting near you again?"

I opened my mouth to explain, but his furious eyes scanned me from head to toe.

And then they locked on my neck.

His expression changed.

Darkened.

"Are those... hickeys?"

My blood froze.

I instinctively reached up, covering my neck.

"Did you let them touch you?" he asked slowly, angrily, like the words themselves were poison in his mouth.

I couldn't speak.

I couldn't lie.

The silence gave him his answer.

Calvin's entire face changed—his anger melting into heartbreak. When he spoke again, his voice was full of disappointment.

"...You let them touch you?"

Chapter 279: Confession

Olivia's POV

"Did you fucking let them touch you?!" he roared again, louder this time... so loud I swore the walls shook with it.

I took a shaky step back, my lips trembling, my eyes wide. This was a different Calvin.

"Calvin, please—"

His fist slammed down on the table with such force, the wood cracked and splintered, a jagged line cutting straight through the center.

A maid screamed from the hallway and ran off.

Calvin's chest rose and fell like a beast barely holding onto its leash. His eyes weren't just angry—they were enraged.

"You let them touch you..." he spat, as if the very thought of it was driving him insane. "After everything they did... after what they made you suffer..."

"I didn't plan it," I whispered, my voice barely audible. "It just... happened. I was caught in the moment. My wolf—"

"Don't," he snapped, shaking his head violently. "Don't blame your wolf, Olivia. She's not stupid. You're the stupid one."

My heart sank. "I'm not defending them, Calvin."

"Could've fooled me!" he spat.

He turned away, gripping the edge of the broken table, breathing through gritted teeth like he was trying not to explode again.

Then, without turning to face me, he asked quietly, "Do you love them?"

The question hung in the air like smoke.

I opened my mouth... but no sound came out.

Not because I didn't know the answer.

But because I did.

And saying it out loud would only anger him more.

So I stood there in silence, trembling.

That was enough for him.

He turned around slowly, his expression unreadable—but his eyes... his eyes were burning with anger.

"You don't love them," he said coldly. "You're clinging to them."

I shook my head, but he didn't stop.

"You think you love them because you grew up around them. Because they were kind to you once. Because you were little and stupid and didn't know what real love was. You're not in love, Olivia—you're obsessed."

"Calvin, stop—"

"No!" he cut me off, stepping closer. "You're mistaking familiarity for love. You think just because they smiled at you when you were little and held your hand, that means they're yours forever?"

My frown deepened, but I stayed silent.

"Do you even hear yourself?" he hissed. "You're making excuses for monsters who broke you. Who discarded you. Who humiliated you. And now you can't let go—not because of love—but because you don't know who you are without them!"

My lips parted.

But he wasn't finished.

"You're chasing ghosts, Olivia. You're holding onto the past so tightly, you're blind to the damage it's doing. You're trying to rebuild something that was never whole to begin with!"

That broke me.

"I love them," I whispered, my voice trembling. "You're wrong."

His face twisted. "No. No, you don't—"

"I do!" I cried. "I wish I didn't, Calvin. Goddess knows I wish I didn't. I wish I could wake up one day and feel nothing for them. I wish I could rip them out of my soul and throw them into the sea. But I can't. I've tried. And it doesn't work. Because the truth is... I love them."

Calvin stepped back like I'd slapped him. His jaw clenched so tightly I could hear the grind of his teeth.

"They hurt you, Olivia."

"I know!" I yelled. "I know what they did. I remember every detail. And I still love them. That's what makes this a curse."

He turned his back to me, dragging his hands through his hair. "How can you love them when our families have hated each other for decades? We lost a life because of them!"

I swallowed hard.

Here it was.

The part I had tried so hard to avoid.

"I don't just love them, Calvin..." I said softly.

He turned around slowly, his brows drawn together in confusion.

I took a shaky breath.

"I'm their mate."

The silence that followed was the loudest thing I'd ever heard.

Calvin stared at me.

Like he hadn't heard me.

Or couldn't believe he had.

"...What?" he whispered.

I nodded slowly. "The bond... it's real. I've felt it since the day of my welcoming party. They are my second chance mates."

His mouth opened... but no words came.

And then his face twisted into something between grief and horror.

"Goddess," he whispered, backing away like I'd just confessed to something unspeakable. "No..."

"It wasn't a choice," I whispered. "You know that, Calvin. The bond chooses. The moon chooses."

His face paled. He looked like the ground beneath him had disappeared.

"How can this be possible?!" he exploded, his voice trembling with disbelief. "You are related, Olivia! Related!"

His words echoed off the walls, filled with disgust, confusion, and pain.

I flinched, the shame and pain in his voice slicing through me like a knife.

"I know..." I whispered, my voice trembling. "Goddess, Calvin, I know. I've asked myself that same question a hundred times."

He stared at me like I had a hand in it.

"You think this is normal? You think this makes sense?" he demanded, his hands shaking. "Our families are tied by blood. Hate. Loss. And you're telling me the Moon Goddess thought this—they—was your fate?"

"I didn't choose it," I said, shaking my head, my throat tightening with emotion. "I didn't ask for this."

Calvin scoffed bitterly.

Then slowly, his voice hoarse, he asked, "...So what now?"

I stayed quiet.

He took a step forward, and I saw it—the desperation behind his rage. The helplessness of a brother watching someone he loved walk into what he believed was a fire.

"You're rejecting them, right?" he asked, his voice tight. "Olivia, tell me you're going to reject them."

The moment those words left his mouth, my wolf let out a sharp, furious growl inside me, clawing at my chest like she wanted to tear free.

No.

She was livid.

I shut my eyes, gripping the edge of the table to steady myself. My heart thundered. My head spun.

"I—" I tried.

But the words wouldn't come.

Because I didn't know what to say.

Because saying yes would be a lie.

And saying no would break him.

So I did the only thing I could.

I disappeared.

Chapter 280: We Meet

Olivia's POV

I found myself standing outside the Nightshade Pack house, the cold breeze brushing against my face like a quiet slap.

I hugged my arms around myself, drawing in a shaky breath.

I hadn't meant to come here. But my wolf had brought me... maybe she just needed space. Maybe I did too.

Either way, I was here now.

And I needed to clear my head.

So I started to walk.

I hadn't really explored this pack. I'd been here for days, but always locked away in my room. I didn't even know what the streets looked like or where they led.

With no particular direction, I followed the winding path into the heart of the territory.

It was quiet. Peaceful.

Houses lined the path, some simple and modest, others larger and regal. Children ran across the yards, their laughter echoing faintly. I passed warriors in training gear, older omegas tending to gardens, and a pair of elders sitting beneath a tree, sipping tea and chatting like time didn't exist.

They saw me. All of them.

And as soon as they recognized who I was... they froze.

Surprise lit up their eyes. Some stood straighter. Others lowered their heads in respect.

I didn't know what they saw when they looked at me.

But still, they bowed.

I nodded politely, offering a small smile as I walked past. I didn't want respect... I didn't want attention. I just needed air.

Eventually, I reached a quaint street with a few small shops—a bookstore, a flower stall, and a little café with a wooden sign swinging gently in the breeze. The smell of roasted beans and baked bread spilled out into the street, warm and comforting.

I was about to pass it when something caught my eye.

Through the large glass window of the café, I saw someone sitting by herself, a tall glass of coffee in hand.

I stopped.

My heart dropped.

My eyes widened.

Because I knew that face.

Even from here, I would recognize her anywhere.

It was Sofia, sitting casually at a corner table, as she sipped her drink, completely looking lost in thought.

My legs froze. I couldn't move. I didn't even know how I felt. This was the first time I was actually seeing her, and I had no idea what to do. Should I pretend I didn't see her? Walk away? But I couldn't. I'd always wanted to meet her. And now that I finally had the chance... I wasn't going to waste it.

So, following my instinct, I walked toward the small coffee shop.

The bell above the door gave a soft chime as I stepped in, the warm scent of coffee and cinnamon hitting my nose. The few people inside turned briefly, their eyes widening when they saw me, but I barely noticed.

My gaze was locked on Sofia.

She hadn't seen me yet.

She was facing the window, her chin resting in one palm, her fingers idly stirring her drink as she stared outside. She looked troubled. Like someone who had a lot of things weighing her down.

I stood still for a moment, just watching her. My chest tightened. She was my half-sibling... my sister.

She reached for her cup again, and maybe it was the clink of the spoon or the shift in the air, but she finally looked up—and our eyes met.

I watched the blood drain from her face. Her hand froze mid-air. Her mouth parted, but no words came out.

She recognized me instantly.

"Olivia..." she whispered.

It seemed she knew me too.

I gave her a tentative smile and moved closer, while she stood up slowly, looking stunned—like she was staring at a ghost.

Reaching her table, I paused, unsure of what to say. My heart thudded in my chest as I gave her a soft smile.

"Hi," I said quietly, extending my hand for a handshake. "I'm Olivia."

But to my surprise, she didn't take it.

Instead, Sofia stepped forward and pulled me into a hug.

A real one.

Warm. Tight. Familiar.

I froze for a moment, caught off guard. Then slowly, I relaxed into her arms.

"It's so great to finally meet you," she whispered against my shoulder.

When she pulled back, her eyes were glistening a little. She offered a small, shy smile. "I would've come to the Pack House to see you sooner, but... I knew Calvin wouldn't let me past the gates."

I blinked, still stunned by how open she was. "You... knew me?"

Sofia chuckled softly. "Of course I did... and seeing you now... Goddess."

She studied me like she was taking in a long-lost reflection.

I stared back at her.

We looked so much alike it was unreal.

Same cheekbones. Same nose. Same mouth.

Only three things set us apart: her deep brown eyes, her long, silky black hair—the same color as my natural one (mine was blonde now), and then our age difference... she seemed to be older than me with a few years in between.

She smiled warmly. "The eyes are different, but everything else? It's like looking in a mirror."

I smiled faintly. "Yeah... it's a little creepy, honestly."

She laughed, and it seemed genuine. "Come on, sit with me," she said, motioning to the seat across from her. "I'd love to talk... and I have about a thousand questions."

I hesitated only for a second before sliding into the chair.

Glancing around, I noticed a few people still staring, whispering. Sofia noticed too.

"Don't mind them," she said with a casual wave of her hand. "They're probably shocked to see us sitting together when we were supposed to hate each other."

I looked back at her and furrowed my brow. "We're family. Why are we supposed to hate each other?"

Sofia slowly took a sip of her coffee before setting it down gently, her eyes drifting to the window for a moment, as if collecting her thoughts.

Then she looked back at me, her expression sad.

"I didn't have it easy growing up here, Olivia," she said quietly.

I stayed still, listening.

She took a breath. "You know... it wasn't just about being the Alpha's daughter. It was everything else. The way I came into this world."

Her lips curved into a bitter smile, but her eyes held no humor. "My mother... she was your mother's twin sister. And she betrayed her. Slept with her mate—our father. That's

how I happened. A child born out of betrayal. Out of shame. So you can imagine what that did."

My heart ached at her words.

"My mother performed the act that day," Sofia continued, her voice low. "And me? I carry the consequences. I've spent my whole life being the product of a scandal no one wants to remember."

She paused, then added with a hollow chuckle, "And my father—our father—he never truly saw me. Not as a daughter. Not even as a person. To him, I was just... a mistake."

I swallowed hard, not knowing what to say.

Her gaze dropped to her cup again. She traced the rim with her finger. "When they thought you were dead... everything got worse. The entire pack blamed my mother. Rumors spread fast. Everyone whispered it must've been her. That she must've been jealous her sister gave birth to the special one."

She looked up at me again, her voice trembling. "And me? Every time I walked by, someone would say, 'It should've been you.' 'We lost the wrong one.' 'If only Sofia had died instead.'"

I gasped softly. "Sofia..."

She shook her head, blinking rapidly. "No one wanted me here. I was groomed to hate you, Olivia. Everyone expected it..."

I stared at her, my chest tightening.

"But," she sighed, "thank the Moon Goddess, I never did. I couldn't bring myself to hate you. Not once. Not even when it would've made things easier."

Her eyes met mine again.

"Because how could I hate someone I never even got the chance to know? Someone who, by all rights, should've been my sister? Who is my sister."

My vision blurred slightly as emotion crept up on me.

Sofia smiled faintly. "So yeah... seeing you here, sitting with me like this—it means more than you'll ever know."

I reached across the table and gently took her hand.

She smiled weakly.

I don't care what happened," I told her quietly. "You are my sister. And nothing will change that."