

Fated To Not Just One, But Three #Chapter 281: Knowing Sofia - Read Fated To Not Just One, But Three Chapter 281: Knowing Sofia

Chapter 281: Knowing Sofia

Olivia's POV

"You have a son?" I asked, shocked.

"Yes, he's two years and six months old," she said with a bright smile.

I returned her smile, but my mind was racing. Did Damien know about this? Did he know Sofia had moved on—with another man—and had a child? I didn't think he did. So, out of curiosity, I asked, "Have you seen Alpha Damien recently?"

Sofia's expression shifted into something more guarded. "Yes... I saw him two days ago."

I nodded but pressed on. "Does he know you've moved on with another man and have a child for him? Because Damien doesn't seem to have moved on."

Sofia's smile faltered at my question. She looked down at her coffee for a moment, her fingers tightening around the cup.

"I'm not sure what Damien knows," she said softly.

I studied her face—how the light left her eyes when his name came up. Her shoulders slumped slightly, as though the weight of his memory still sat heavily on her.

"I never told him," she admitted, her voice barely above a whisper. "About my son... about the man. About... any of it."

My brows furrowed. "Why?"

She let out a quiet breath and looked up at me again. "Because I didn't want to hurt him more than I already did. And honestly... I wasn't even sure he wanted to know."

I blinked, confused. "But you said you saw him two days ago?"

She gave a small nod. "Yes. When you were taken by Calvin, I was released to him. Actually, the reason I showed up was because I wanted to meet with Rebecca and find out why she married Damien. But instead, I got the shocking news of my life—that she was dead."

She paused and inhaled deeply.

I felt for her... Rebecca's death was a hard pill for her to swallow.

"After realizing everything Damien did with you, I got angry and told him never to come near me again..."

I was quiet for a moment, letting her words sink in.

"You still love him," I said gently.

Sofia didn't deny it. She smiled sadly. "Damien and I... we were so much in love. He obviously loved me. I'll always love him. He was my first love... my only love."

Sofia chuckled softly, looking away, like she was pulling a memory from a box she'd kept hidden deep inside her heart.

"I still remember the night I met Damien," she said, her voice low. "It was five years ago... I had just left this pack for a while. Life here was suffocating—everyone hated me, the whispers never stopped. So I packed my bags and went to stay with an old friend in her pack."

She glanced at me, a soft smile playing on her lips. "One night, my friend dragged me to this nightclub in the city. I was drunk—like, really drunk. And then... I saw him."

Her eyes softened.

"He was sitting in the VIP section with a few other men. Even from across the room, he looked... different. That aura, that power, that calm control—he didn't even have to speak, and I was already drawn in."

She let out a small laugh and covered her face in embarrassment. "Drunk me had no filter. I walked straight up to him, looked him dead in the eyes, and asked if he could take me home and fuck me."

My eyes widened. "You didn't."

"Oh, I did," she laughed, nodding. "I was bold. Stupid, really. He didn't say a word—just stared at me like I was insane. So I turned to the man beside him and repeated the exact same thing."

She shook her head, smiling at the memory. "That was the moment Damien stood up. I swear, the possessiveness that flashed in his eyes... it was like something inside him snapped."

I leaned closer, curious. "What did he do?"

"He pulled me away," Sofia said, her eyes flickering with fondness. "Didn't say a word to the others. Just took me out of the club. I thought he was angry, or maybe he just wanted to teach me a lesson—but instead... he took me to his house. Gave me water. Put me to bed. Stayed on the couch the whole night. He didn't touch me, Olivia. Not once."

She paused, her voice even softer now. "I tried to tempt him. I was throwing myself at him. But he wouldn't lay a finger on me. Said I was drunk and he didn't want our first time to be something I'd forget or regret."

My heart warmed a little at that.

"When I woke up the next morning and realized where I was... I was embarrassed," she continued. "I apologized, thanked him, and left without even asking his name."

Her smile widened. "But the very next day, I walked into my friend's house—and there he was, sitting in the living room waiting for me."

I smiled.

She laughed lightly. "That's when I learned his name. Damien. Alpha of the Pack. I couldn't believe it."

"And that was the beginning," I murmured.

Sofia nodded slowly. "That was the beginning. He courted me after that. Took his time. He was patient. Gentle. Protective. I had never known love before him. I never knew what it felt like to be wanted, cherished. Damien gave me that."

Her voice cracked a little. "He was the first man I ever gave myself to. Completely. My first everything."

I stared at her, my heart tugging at the sincerity in her voice. "Then why did you leave?"

Her smile faded. She took a slow sip of her coffee, like she needed a moment to gather the strength to speak.

"Because he didn't know who I really was," she said quietly. "He never knew my last name. Never knew my family. I kept that from him."

Her fingers toyed with the edge of her napkin. Sofia looked at me, her eyes filled with pain. "I mean... the day I found out we were related—and not just that, but that our families were enemies."

She looked away, her voice shaky. "I left because I thought that was the best thing to do. But leaving him broke me more than anything else ever had."

She placed a hand over her heart. "I had to learn to live without him."

I nodded slowly, then glanced down at the table.

"So... who are you with now? Your son's father?" I asked softly.

Sofia hesitated. "No."

I frowned, puzzled. She inhaled deeply before continuing.

Sofia hesitated again. "There is no man, Olivia..."

She looked away, swallowing hard. "Damien is the only man I've ever been with."

My eyes widened. "So that means..."

Sofia nodded. "He's my son's father."

Chapter 282: Can't Tell Him

Olivia's POV

"I couldn't tell him..." Sofia whispered, her fingers tightening around her coffee cup.

My brows drew together, a mix of concern and curiosity swirling in my chest. "Why?"

She sighed deeply, her gaze falling to the table as if the truth weighed too much to look me in the eye. "First, he thinks he can't get a woman pregnant."

My eyes widened. "But your son—"

"Is his," she confirmed softly. "There's no doubt. But I never told him. I was too afraid of what it would mean for him... for us."

"And the second reason?" I asked gently.

Her shoulders slumped. "Because we're related."

That word hit harder than I expected. It's funny how I was also in this shit with the triplets.

"And the third?" I asked quietly, though I already knew.

She looked up at me, her brown eyes filled with a tired kind of sadness. "Our families have been at war for decades. Everything about us... screams we're not supposed to work."

I was silent, absorbing all of it.

"But you still love him," I whispered.

She gave me a sad smile. "With everything I have. But sometimes... love isn't enough."

I reached across the table and gently placed my hand over hers. "He deserves to know he has a son."

"I know," she whispered. "I will someday... but not just now..."

Before she could finish, the bell above the café door chimed softly again.

I glanced up instinctively—and froze.

My breath caught in my throat.

Because walking through that door, dressed in a dark navy suit and carrying himself with the same quiet confidence I remembered... was Lord Frederick.

Our eyes met.

His steps faltered for the briefest second.

He hadn't expected to see me either. That much was clear.

But then he gave a polite nod and continued further into the café, accompanied by another man I didn't recognize. They took a seat near the far window, their backs partially turned... but Frederick's gaze found mine again.

I quickly looked away, pretending to stir my empty cup.

Sofia had noticed.

She smirked slightly, her voice teasing. "You know Lord Frederick?"

I cleared my throat and tried to keep my expression neutral. "Not really... I only met him during my welcoming party. Briefly."

"Mhmm," she hummed, glancing toward him, then back at me. "Well, he's definitely not looking at his coffee."

I frowned. "What do you mean?"

She leaned forward just a little. "He hasn't taken his eyes off you since he walked in."

I rolled my eyes and muttered, "Great..."

Sofia chuckled softly. "Seems like someone has a little crush."

I shot her a look. "Please don't."

She raised her hands in mock surrender. "Fine, fine. But... in all honesty, he's a good man. A bit serious. But polite. He has a long-standing relationship with our family."

My brow arched. "Why is he here, though? I thought he lived outside the territory."

"He does," she replied, sipping from her cup again. "But he visits often. Something about trade routes and estate borders... he has business here. And our late father trusts him."

I looked away, my gaze drifting to the window beside us. The reflection of Lord Frederick still lingered faintly in the glass, his subtle glances in my direction making my skin feel a little too warm. I hated the feeling. The attention.

Sofia didn't press it further, thankfully.

Instead, her voice shifted tone—softer now, a bit more serious. "Can I ask you something?"

I turned back to her. "Of course."

Her brown eyes searched mine. "What's going to happen... between you and the triplets?"

I froze.

The question settled heavily between us.

I looked down at my hands. "I don't know," I admitted truthfully. "I really don't. It's complicated. Everything is... confusing. But they're my mates. My second chance mates."

There. I said it out loud.

Sofia didn't look surprised. Instead, she nodded slowly like she already suspected it.

"Olivia," she said gently, "I don't know everything you've been through. And I won't pretend I understand all the pain you've carried—but I do know one thing. I've seen the way those men cherish you."

I frowned slightly, unsure of what she meant.

"They love you," she said firmly. "All three of them. No matter what has happened—or is happening—you should never question that. It's obvious in the way they speak about you. That kind of love... doesn't disappear. Even when it's messy."

I stared at her. I knew she was right.

They did love me.

I never doubted their feelings.

I only doubted if their love was enough.

Still... hearing Sofia say it made something inside me settle.

A small, fragile piece of me that had been fighting to breathe.

I nodded slowly, blinking away the sting in my eyes. "Thank you."

She smiled softly. "Just don't let fear make the choice for you."

I nodded. "Thank you."

Sofia and I sat in silence, sipping the last of our drinks. There was something strangely comforting about sitting with her like this. We'd missed so many years of sisterhood, but somehow... this felt easy.

Then, from the corner of my eye, I noticed movement.

I turned slightly—and there was Lord Frederick.

He had left his seat and was now walking directly toward us, his presence calm but commanding. His eyes, sharp and unreadable, were fixed on me.

I stiffened slightly, unsure of what he was doing. Sofia sat straighter.

"Lady Olivia," he said smoothly as he stopped at our table.

Before I could respond, he reached for my hand.

And gently—far too gently—he lifted it and pressed a kiss to the back of it.

My breath caught in my throat.

"Forgive the interruption," he said, his voice as smooth as velvet. "But I couldn't walk out of here without saying hello. It's good to see you again."

My lips parted, but no sound came out.

Then he turned to Sofia, reached into his coat, and pulled out a black envelope sealed with gold wax. He handed it to her with a small smile. "And this—this is for you."

Sofia took it cautiously. "What is it?"

He straightened and glanced between us. "An invitation. Tonight is my birthday. Nothing grand. Just a quiet gathering with wine, music, and maybe a little dancing if the mood allows. I'd love it if you both came."

His eyes rested on me for a beat longer than necessary.

"I'll be expecting you."

And just like that—he nodded politely and turned away, walking back to his seat, where the other man was now standing, ready to leave.

I blinked, still processing.

Sofia held the envelope, staring at it like it might explode. "That man is... dramatic," she muttered with a half-smile.

I looked at her, still stunned. "Are you going?"

She glanced at me and shrugged. "Yes. I think I need it. A little air, a little music... maybe a drink or two to clear my head."

I hesitated... then slowly nodded. "Then I'm coming too."

Her eyebrows lifted. "Really?"

I offered a small, dry smile. "Why not? I could use a distraction."

She grinned. "Great. Let's wear something fabulous and make the whole room stare."

I couldn't help but laugh.

Chapter 283: The Party

Olivia's POV

"Trust me, all eyes will be on you," Lolita teased with a wink, fluffing my hair as I checked myself in the mirror. I rolled my eyes and looked away, forcing a small smile. The truth was, I didn't care about all eyes. I only cared about theirs—Lennox, Louis, and Levi. And they weren't going to be there. So no, I wasn't exactly excited.

Before I could sink too deep into that thought, a knock landed gently on the door. I paused—and even without opening it, I knew exactly who it was. His scent gave him away.

"Come in," I called, adjusting the strap of my dress.

The door creaked open, and Calvin stepped inside. I didn't turn to look at him. Not right away. Not after what happened this morning. After everything we'd said... or yelled.

"Excuse us," he said, directing his words toward Nora and Lolita.

They both bowed slightly and slipped out of the room without another word.

Silence settled between us.

Tense. Quiet.

Until finally, he spoke.

"I'm sorry."

I turned slightly, eyes meeting his in the mirror.

"For what?" I asked quietly.

"For... reacting the way I did earlier," he said, his voice softer than I'd expected. "I didn't mean to scare you. I just—" He paused, rubbing the back of his neck. "I'm angry. Not at you. Just... at what you went through. I can't stop picturing it. I hate that I wasn't there to stop it."

My expression softened, and I nodded slowly.

"I know," I murmured.

He took a breath and looked me over, his eyes lingering on my dress.

"You look beautiful, by the way."

I gave him a small, surprised smile.

"Thanks."

"Have fun tonight. You deserve that much."

I studied him for a moment before asking, "Aren't you coming?"

He shook his head. "No. I've got a few things to handle—pack matters and some loose ends to tie up."

Of course.

Alphas are usually busy.

"Just... if you feel anything strange," he said, stepping closer, "anything off at all—I want you to call me immediately."

I raised a brow. "You want me to call you from a party?"

"No," he said firmly. "I want you to teleport straight to me. No hesitation. No second-guessing. Just get out and come to me, okay?"

His tone was serious, protective, and it made my chest tighten a little.

"Okay," I whispered.

"Promise me, Liv."

"I promise."

He nodded once, like that was all he needed, and turned to leave. But just before he reached the door, he glanced back.

"And hey..." he added with a faint smile. "I love you. Don't you forget that."

I couldn't help but smile.

As the door clicked shut behind Calvin, I stood there for a moment, staring at my reflection. My heart was still a little tangled in his last words.

"I love you. Don't you forget that."

How could I? obviously he does.

The door creaked open, and Lolita stepped back in, a mischievous grin tugging at her lips.

"You done swooning?" she teased.

I snorted. "Barely."

Then I glanced over her shoulder. "Where's Nora?"

"Oh," Lolita said, moving to help adjust my necklace. "Alpha Calvin asked her to bring him a glass of juice."

I frowned. "Juice?"

Lolita nodded. "Yeah. From the kitchen downstairs."

My brows pulled tighter. That didn't sound right.

"Why would he send Nora? He has personal servants for that."

"I thought the same thing," she admitted.

I turned back toward the mirror, a suspicious feeling creeping up my spine.

Alphas don't just accept food or drinks from anyone—not unless it's someone they trust completely. Especially not someone they just met the day before.

Something about that... didn't sit well with me.

Before I could dwell on it too long, a voice echoed in my mind.

"I'm here. You coming?"

Sofia.

Her tone was light, but I could sense the nervous energy behind it.

"Yeah," I mind-linked back. "I'm leaving now."

Calvin's driver was already waiting at the front, and within minutes, I was in the sleek black car, my fingers tapping nervously on my lap as the trees blurred past outside the window.

The car finally pulled up in front of Lord Frederick's estate—a tall, elegant home. It looked more like a royal hall than a house. Music drifted faintly from inside, and the scent of wine, candles, and expensive perfume filled the air.

I stepped out of the car and immediately spotted Sofia waiting near the entrance.

She looked stunning in a deep burgundy dress that hugged her curves perfectly. Her long black hair was curled and pinned to one side, and she smiled the moment she saw me.

"There you are," she said, walking up to me and linking her arm with mine. "You look gorgeous."

"You too," I said with a smirk. "You ready?"

"As I'll ever be," she whispered. Then she leaned in. "Let's go see what's happening."

Sofia and I walked arm in arm through the grand doors of Lord Frederick's estate.

The moment we stepped in, the room seemed to pause.

Heads turned.

Eyes widened.

And all of them—every pair—landed on me.

It wasn't just polite interest or admiration. It was... awe.

Whispers broke out like ripples across a still lake.

"That's her..."

"The special one."

"The girl from the prophecy?"

"She's even more beautiful than they said..."

I forced a small, polite smile, nodding slightly to the guests who greeted me with too much curiosity. I hated this kind of attention. It wasn't admiration—it was fascination, like I was some kind of rare painting they weren't allowed to touch.

Sofia, sensing my discomfort, leaned close and whispered, "Breathe. They're just stunned because you're... well, you."

I huffed softly but nodded. "I hate being stared at."

She grinned. "Better get used to it."

Before I could respond, a soft chime rang out—like a crystal bell—and the soft hum of conversation faded as Lord Frederick appeared at the top of the grand staircase.

He looked as elegant as ever in a dark velvet jacket, a silver brooch gleaming at his collar. His pale skin glowed faintly under the chandelier light, and his piercing eyes swept across the room until they landed briefly—firmly—on me.

Then he smiled.

"My honored guests," he began, his voice smooth and commanding, though not loud. "I thank you all for coming tonight. This celebration... is something I've put off for a very, very long time."

A soft chuckle swept the crowd.

Frederick descended the stairs slowly as he continued, "The last time I celebrated my birthday... was over a hundred years ago. I gave up the habit, thought it unnecessary—pointless, even. But tonight marks a new Chapter."

He reached the final step and paused.

"This is my three hundredth birthday."

A murmur of surprise ran through the room.

"And," he added, "since I have chosen to begin aging forward like the rest of you—starting now—I figured it was only right to acknowledge it."

The guests laughed gently and lifted their glasses.

"To life," he said, raising his own glass of thick red wine—though I wasn't entirely sure it was wine.

"Cheers," the crowd echoed.

Crystal clinked, and the room came alive again with conversation and movement.

Music picked back up softly in the background, and people began to mingle and toast and drift into small groups. But Frederick's eyes lingered on me just a heartbeat longer before he turned away, speaking to an elder vampire near the bar.

Sofia and I exchanged a look.

"Well," she whispered with a smirk, "he's definitely watching you."

I ignored her and reached for a flute of whatever pink drink a passing waiter offered me.

"Let's just try to enjoy this evening."

Chapter 284: Drugged

Olivia's POV

Sofia leaned close again. "You do know he's coming over, right?"

I blinked. "Who?"

She tilted her head. "Lord Frederick."

And as if on cue, I felt the shift in the air. That slight silence, the hush of curious eyes... and then I smelled his scent—subtle but unmistakable.

I turned just in time to see him approach. The way he moved made it feel like the entire room adjusted around him.

"Olivia," he said with a soft smile, his voice rich and smooth as ever. "You look... radiant tonight."

I dipped my head politely. "Thank you, Lord Frederick."

He gently reached for my hand, and before I could even react, he raised it to his lips and kissed the back of it. His cool lips brushed my skin, and the gesture was so regal it felt straight out of a different century.

Then he turned to Sofia. "It's good to see you again, Sofia."

She smiled warmly. "Happy birthday, Frederick."

"Thank you." He nodded, then looked between us both. "I hope you two will stay for a while tonight. I'd be honored to have you here."

"We were planning to," Sofia said smoothly.

Frederick's gaze flicked back to me, and there was something in his eyes—admiration, maybe. Or something else I couldn't quite name.

"I hope you'll enjoy the celebration. There's still more to come," he said. Then, with one last nod, he turned and disappeared into the crowd, already being pulled into conversation by another elder vampire.

Sofia raised a brow at me once he was gone. "Well. That was... princely."

I looked down at my hand, still slightly cold from his touch. "He's very... dramatic."

"Old vampires usually are." She smirked. "But not all of them give you that much attention."

I ignored her teasing and sipped from my glass.

After a few moments of silence, Sofia's eyes flicked past me, and her expression shifted.

"What?" I asked.

She gave a little smile. "There's a man walking over. He's cute."

I turned slightly, and sure enough, a tall, well-dressed man with dark hair and warm eyes was approaching. His posture was confident but respectful as he came up to Sofia.

"Forgive the interruption," he said with a charming smile. "Would you honor me with a dance?"

Sofia glanced at me, then back at him. "I'd love to."

She squeezed my hand briefly. "I won't be long."

And just like that, she glided away with him onto the dance floor.

I stood there alone, holding my glass.

People had asked me to dance earlier—more than a few—but I'd declined each one with a fake smile. I wasn't in the mood for strangers touching me, even politely. I wasn't here for romance or attention.

I was here because I didn't want Sofia to come alone.

Still, the loneliness settled in fast.

A man I hadn't seen before walked up beside me, his voice friendly and calm. "You look like you need a second drink."

I offered a tight smile. "I'm alright, thank you."

He chuckled. "Let me guess—you don't like parties?"

"Not the kind where everyone's watching me like I'm going to sprout wings."

He laughed softly. "Fair enough."

As a waiter passed, he reached out and took two glasses from the tray. One was a pale pink, the other clear and fizzy. He handed me the pink one.

I hesitated—but took it.

"Cheers," he said, clinking our glasses together gently.

We talked for a few minutes—nothing deep, just surface-level chatter about music and how long the party might last. But as the minutes ticked by, I noticed something strange.

The lights seemed a little brighter.

My body... warmer.

Then hotter.

My vision blurred slightly, and I blinked, trying to steady myself.

My throat felt dry.

My chest rose and fell too fast.

My skin tingled—and not in a good way.

What's wrong with me?

I reached for my wolf. What's happening?

Her voice was sharp. Alert.

"You've been drugged."

My heart dropped.

"You need to get out of there, Olivia. Now."

Without hesitation, I focused every ounce of energy I had and teleported.

I landed in my bedroom with a gasp, stumbling onto the floor. My glass slipped from my hand and shattered.

But it didn't stop.

The heat in my body only intensified.

My skin burned.

My mind clouded.

I couldn't think straight.

My wolf growled, "We need to find our mates. Their scent might stabilize you."

I didn't think. I couldn't.

I just acted.

I teleported again, guided by instinct.

And suddenly—I was in a dimly lit room, standing unsteadily in front of Lennox.

He was seated at his desk, scribbling something into a book.

He looked up, his eyes wide with surprise when he saw me.

"Olivia?"

His voice was rough, laced with concern. "What—what are you doing here? What's wrong?"

But I couldn't speak.

I couldn't breathe.

The only thing I could feel... was him.

His scent.

His presence.

And the undeniable pull that snapped something loose inside me.

I didn't wait.

The moment I saw Lennox, I rushed forward, nearly tripping over my own feet. My body was burning, shaking, desperate. I didn't care about anything else.

I crashed into him, my hands on his face, my lips on his before he could even say another word.

And he kissed me back.

Hard.

Hungry.

But only for a moment.

Then he pulled away, breathless, gripping my arms as if trying to hold me steady.

"Olivia... what happened? Who drugged you?"

"I don't know," I whispered, my voice trembling as my fingers fumbled with the buttons of his shirt. "I just—I need you. Please. Touch me."

His hands caught mine, stopping me.

"Liv, calm down—"

"No!" I said, my voice rising with frustration and need. "Don't tell me to calm down, please. Just—please..."

I kissed him again, more desperate than before, trying to melt into him.

He groaned against my mouth, torn, his hold on me trembling.

But just as he began to give in—

The door swung open.

"Lennox—" Levi's voice froze mid-sentence as he and Louis stepped inside.

Their eyes widened at the sight of me—flushed, disoriented, practically clinging to their brother.

"She's been drugged," Lennox said immediately, his tone tight, angry.

Louis's eyes darkened. "By who?"

"I don't know," Lennox growled, his jaw clenched. "She showed up like this—teleported straight here."

Then, unexpectedly, Lennox pushed me gently but firmly toward Levi.

Levi caught me, holding me carefully.

"What are you doing?" I asked breathlessly, confused.

"You know what to do," Lennox said to him, backing away. "Help her."

I reached out, grabbing Lennox's sleeve. "Where are you going?"

His eyes met mine, something unreadable flickering there.

"I'm going to get you water. You need to cool down."

But it felt like a lie.

Something in his voice.

Something in his eyes.

Tells me it's a lie.

"You're lying." I said breathlessly.

Lennox nodded, not even denying it. "If I stay, I'll lose control."

He turned quickly and left the room, shutting the door behind him.

I barely had time to process it because the moment he was gone, Levi cupped my face gently.

"Liv, look at me."

I did.

And then he kissed me.

And just like that... my thoughts spiraled away—chased off by the heat of his mouth, the safety of his hands, the scent I'd always known as home.

And all I could feel... was him.

Chapter 285: Just The Tip

Olivia's POV

Levi's kiss deepened, slow at first, then laced with a hunger that sent shivers down my spine. His hands framed my face, gentle yet possessive. Louis's presence pressed in next, his scent wrapping around me like smoke and spice. He came closer, his hand brushing over my arm, then trailing down to my waist. His touch was firmer, bolder, and it made my breath hitch.

"You're burning up," he murmured, his voice husky.

"I know," I whispered, trembling between them. "Please... don't stop."

Levi's lips traced a path down my jaw, kissing the sensitive spot beneath my ear. Louis leaned in from the other side, his fingers brushing over the straps of my dress before sliding them down, exposing my shoulders to the cool air.

They were working in sync, wordless but connected—like they'd done this a thousand times in dreams they never admitted.

Louis kissed the curve of my shoulder while Levi's hands caressed my thighs through the thin fabric of my dress. My skin tingled under every touch and every breath they took around me.

My dress slipped lower. I didn't stop them.

They touched me like I was sacred—like they needed to memorize every inch before I disappeared again. Soft lips. Strong hands. Gentle pressure.

They worshipped me.

Louis's mouth moved down, lips brushing over my stomach. Levi cupped my cheek again, whispering something I couldn't quite hear through the haze, but I felt it in his tone. It was adoration, desire, and love.

Then he lifted me and gently laid me on the bed. I gasped and pulled him in for a deeper kiss. As our mouths moved, I felt Louis tug at my panties, and I opened my legs for him. His breath hitched as he pulled them down, his lips brushing the inside of my thigh—soft and slow—making me tremble.

Louis's mouth moved lower, and the moment his lips touched me where I needed it most, I cried out, arching into him, my hands clutching the sheets. His tongue moved slowly at first, then with growing urgency, like he was drinking in every reaction I gave him.

Levi kissed along my collarbone, his hand cradling my jaw, grounding me. But I needed more—all of him.

Desperation took over.

I tore my lips from Levi's, my hands shaking as they reached for his belt, unfastening it with frantic fingers. He tensed but didn't stop me. His eyes darkened, his breath catching as I freed him from his pants.

I met his gaze, my need written across every inch of me.

Unexpectedly, I flipped us over and made Levi lay on the bed while I sat on him.

Levi's hands gripped my waist as I straddled him, my body already aching, trembling from the heat Louis had ignited between my thighs. Levi's eyes locked onto mine, pupils blown wide, a low growl rumbling in his chest as I settled against him. His arousal pressed hot and hard against my aching pussy.

Beneath me, he was tense—trying to hold back, to be gentle—but I could feel the war within him. Just like the one raging inside me.

I leaned down and kissed him, slow and deep, tasting his restraint. My hands moved between us, wrapping his hardened cock. His breath stuttered against my lips as I began to stroke him with slow, deliberate care, savoring the weight and heat of him.

Behind me, Louis hadn't stopped. His hands were gripping my thighs, spreading me open with delicious possession. His mouth returned to my pussy like he belonged there—his tongue moving with slow, teasing strokes that had my body jerking in response. Every nerve in me caught fire.

"Oh, Moon Goddess..." I whispered, my voice breaking.

Levi's hands tightened on my hips, his breath ragged as I increased my pace in stroking him.

I dipped down, pressing kisses along his jaw, then lower, tracing his chest with my tongue. My lips found their way down, worshipping the hard lines of his body, while Louis's mouth never stopped licking me from behind.

Levi groaned as I took him between my lips, slow and careful, savoring the taste of him. His fingers curled into the sheets, his body arching slightly beneath mine.

"F-fuck, Olivia," he hissed, the sound strained, reverent.

Louis groaned behind me, and I felt the vibration of it shoot straight through my spine. His tongue moved with purpose now, fast and deep, his hands anchoring me in place as the two of them—gods—the two of them unraveled me at once.

I was suspended between them. One wrapped in my mouth, the other licking my pussy like I was made of starlight and sin.

The heat was unbearable—in the best, most wicked way.

Levi groaned under me, every sound he made vibrating through my lips as I sucked him. His hands tangled in my hair, not to force, but to anchor himself.

"Olivia," he rasped, his voice strained. "You're going to break me."

Behind me, Louis pulled back only for a second, his finger sliding in where his mouth had just been, teasing the edge of my sanity. I gasped around Levi, my thighs trembling, my body caught in a relentless tide between them.

"Don't stop," I begged, breathless. When I pulled off Levi for just a moment, my voice cracked open with need. "Please... don't stop."

"I wasn't planning to," Louis murmured, his voice rough and thick with desire. Then his mouth returned to my pussy, hungrier this time—more desperate, like he couldn't get enough.

Levi pulled me back up, capturing my lips in a kiss that was all teeth and tongue, tasting himself on me. He pulled back for a moment, his eyes searched mine, wild with hunger and possession.

Then he pulled me up into another kiss, his lips crashing against mine, full of hunger and restraint all at once. I could feel the tremble in his hands as they held my waist, the fire behind his darkened eyes.

"Levi," I breathed, pulling back just enough to look at him. "I'm no longer drugged. I know what I'm doing. And I'm not going in... I just want to feel you."

His jaw clenched. "Olivia..."

"Just the tip," I whispered, my voice barely holding together. "Please."

Chapter 286: Pleasured

Olivia's POV

Levi hesitated, torn, but the desire between us was undeniable. Slowly, carefully, he guided his cock to my entrance, the thick head brushing against the slick heat of me. We both moaned at the contact, the tension snapping taut as a bowstring. I rocked my hips slightly, letting the tip of him slide along my folds—wet and pulsing, so close, yet not inside. The friction was delicious and maddening. My breath came in shallow gasps as I moved, the sensation sending waves of pleasure through my core. Levi's grip on my hips tightened.

"Moon... you're killing me," he groaned, his voice guttural.

Behind me, Louis wasn't idle.

His fingers slid between my thighs again, spreading me gently. Then his thumb found my clit, circling it in slow, purposeful strokes that made my entire body jolt with sensation.

"Gods—Louis," I cried, my hips bucking between them.

Louis chuckled softly, his breath hot against my skin.

"I want to feel you fall apart," he murmured. "Right here. Between us."

Levi's cock rubbed at my entrance, the swollen head teasing me with every rock of my hips. It was torture. Sweet, burning, sacred torture.

Our bodies moved in a rhythm that was all tension and longing, every brush of his tip making me whimper. Every flick of Louis's thumb sent sparks bursting behind my eyes.

"Don't stop," I whispered again, my voice shaking with emotion. "Don't stop..."

And they didn't.

Levi's forehead pressed to mine, his breath ragged. Louis kissed along my back, his fingers coaxing more pleasure from my body than I thought possible.

Levi's cock pulsed at my entrance, hot and throbbing against my slick folds as I rocked my hips again, slower this time, savoring the friction. He let out a sharp breath, his hands flexing around my waist as if anchoring himself against the urge to thrust deeper.

His eyes locked on mine—dark, dilated, pleading.

"Olivia, you don't know what you're doing to me..."

"I do," I whispered, brushing my lips against his, teasing him. "I feel every twitch... every ache you're holding back."

And gods, so did I.

Louis's fingers never stopped circling my clit—slow, steady, devastating. His other hand slid up, splaying across my stomach, holding me close as he pressed his chest to my back, his mouth grazing the shell of my ear.

"She's trembling," he murmured to Levi, his voice deep and full of praise. "So damn responsive."

Levi groaned, his hips shifting up instinctively, the thick head of him grinding against my entrance with more pressure. I gasped, clutching his shoulders, the sensation so intense I saw stars.

"I want you to feel all of it," Levi growled, his voice thick with strain, "even if I can't be inside you."

Louis kissed my neck from behind, slow and savoring.

I whimpered in pleasure.

Louis reached around, his fingers replacing his thumb, now sliding in gentle strokes over my clit—up and down, slow at first, then firmer, more insistent. I bucked helplessly

against Levi, the friction between his cock and my folds unbearable now, driving me wild with every movement.

"More," I gasped. "Don't stop—please, more..."

Levi captured my mouth in a kiss that was all teeth and fire, his hips rising in sync with mine. Every motion rubbed him harder against my entrance, every stroke of Louis's fingers pushing me closer to the edge.

My entire body was a storm of sensation—heat, friction, pressure. Levi's cock teasing, Louis's hands orchestrating my pleasure.

"Let go, Olivia," Louis said against my ear. "Let us feel you come apart."

I cried out, the sound raw and broken, as a wave of pleasure crashed through me—sharp, pulsing, endless. My legs trembled, my thighs clamped tight around Levi, my nails dug into his chest as the orgasm rolled through me like lightning.

Levi groaned beneath me, his own restraint shattering as he jerked against me, moaning low into my mouth. Louis held me tight, grounding me as I trembled, whispering praise against my skin like I was something divine.

I collapsed forward, my lips brushing Levi's shoulder, my breath ragged, my heart pounding like a war drum. Louis's arms wrapped around me from behind, solid and warm, and Levi cradled my face, his thumbs wiping away the stray tears I hadn't realized had fallen.

"You didn't even go in," I whispered, half-laughing, half-sobbing.

Levi chuckled hoarsely. "Didn't have to. You broke me anyway."

Louis kissed my spine, a smile in his voice. "And you're not done yet..."

My body was still shaking from the aftermath, the waves of pleasure still humming under my skin when Louis's grip on my waist shifted, strong, possessive.

"Switch," he said flatly to Levi.

Levi blinked, breathless and dazed, still beneath me. "What?"

"You've had your turn. Move."

There was no arguing with that voice. A chill skated down my spine at how quickly the dynamic changed.

Levi groaned but obeyed, sliding out from under me, his cock slick and hard, his breath uneven as he moved to the side. I barely had time to gasp before Louis took his place on the bed, lying back.

"Come here," Louis said, pulling me onto his lap, positioning me over him.

His hand gripped my jaw, making me meet his gaze. "Look at me. Stay right here. You don't move until I say so."

I nodded, trembling, but the challenge in his eyes said he wasn't satisfied.

He leaned forward slightly, his mouth brushing my ear. "You'll learn not to test me, Olivia."

Then came the sting—his palm slapped the inside of my thigh, not harsh but sharp enough to jolt me, send another rush of arousal through my already-overstimulated body.

"Keep those legs open. I don't like repeating myself."

I whimpered, the sound strangled by shock and desire, and obeyed.

Beneath me, his cock pressed against my folds, teasing and hot. He didn't push in, but the weight of him there was torture. My hips rolled instinctively, seeking more, but Louis's hands locked onto my thighs.

"No."

My breath hitched.

"You'll take what I give you," he said, and then—gods—his fingers returned to my clit, circling it with precise, controlled pressure. "And you'll thank me for it."

"Louis," I moaned, my hips twitching against his restraint.

To my side, Levi watched with parted lips, his chest heaving, his eyes blazing with dark hunger. He reached down, wrapping a hand around himself, stroking in slow, rhythmic motions as he watched Louis dominate the moment.

"She's beautiful like this," Levi said hoarsely. "Completely undone."

Louis didn't take his eyes off me. "Not undone yet," he said. "But she will be."

He brought me forward, dragging my folds slowly over his length—tip to base and back again. I cried out, the stimulation unbearable in the best way. Still, he didn't enter. Not even a little.

"You said you just wanted to feel the tip," Louis murmured. "So that's all you get."

Then his hand struck again—another soft slap to my thigh, punishment and reward tangled in one.

"I'll give you everything when you've earned it."

My body bucked, caught between his wicked touch and Levi's gaze—both of them working me from opposite ends of a twisted heaven.

And the worst part?

I never wanted it to stop.

Louis's grip tightened on my waist as I rolled my hips over him again and again, the thick length of him sliding along my soaked folds. The friction was maddening, every drag of his cock against me sparking lightning behind my eyes.

His mouth trailed up my chest, slow and deliberate, until his lips found my nipple. He took it between his lips with a soft growl, sucking hard enough to make me cry out, his tongue flicking over the sensitive peak until my back arched in a helpless curve.

"Louis—" I gasped, my fingers burying in his hair as I rode the ridge of him. "Don't stop..."

"I won't," he muttered around my skin, voice thick, lips never leaving my breast. "Not until you fall apart again."

To the side, I caught Levi watching us, his eyes dark, his jaw clenched, his hand wrapped around himself as he stroked slowly, almost reverently. His chest rose and fell with shallow breaths, watching every move I made.

I reached for him, fingers curling around his wrist to stop him.

"Come closer," I said, my voice hoarse with need.

He obeyed instantly, kneeling beside us, and I leaned forward, brushing my lips down his chest, down his stomach. His cock pulsed in my grip as I brought him to my mouth, slow and deliberate, never breaking eye contact.

Levi groaned—deep, guttural—as I took his cock into my mouth, matching the rhythm of my hips against Louis with the motion of my mouth around him. The combination was too much. The push and pull. The dominance and surrender. The way Louis's hands guided my movement while Levi trembled under my touch.

"You're going to make him lose it," Louis murmured against my skin, his mouth still close to my breast, his voice low and wicked.

I moaned in response, and the vibration made Levi shudder.

"Fuck," Levi hissed, his hands fisting the sheets as he suddenly pulled back, his breath ragged. "I—Olivia, I'm gonna—"

I watched as he tensed, his body straining as he came, his head tipped back, his face caught in that perfect, broken bliss. The sight sent another wave of heat rolling through me.

Louis moved beneath me with new purpose. His hands gripped my hips, guiding me harder, faster along his length. I cried out, the rhythm turning wild, desperate, perfect.

"Just like that," he growled. "Let me feel all of you."

My fingers dug into his chest as I ground against him, hips rocking in frantic need, every movement bringing me closer to the edge again. His mouth returned to my breast, sucking with fierce hunger as his body tensed under mine.

Then suddenly—he stopped.

His hands gripped me tight, stilling me mid-motion, and before I could speak, he pulled me off him with a sharp breath.

I blinked, confused—until I saw his jaw lock, his muscles trembling.

Louis's head fell back, his chest rising in hard, ragged gasps, and he let out a low, raw groan as he released his cum all over his lap. My body felt boneless. Wrung out. Completely drained.

Louis's arms circled me first, his chest rising and falling under me. Levi shifted in closer, his hand brushing my hair back, his lips ghosting over my temple.

They held me like I was fragile.

Like I was more than desire. Like I was everything.

And yet... as warm and secure as their arms were, something in me ached.

Something missing.

I closed my eyes, my heart pounding with the aftermath of pleasure, and then I thought of Lennox.

The thought of him rose like a tidal wave, stealing the air from my lungs. I saw his eyes again, the way they darkened when he pushed me toward Levi. The way his voice had cracked when he said he was going to get water.

"Where is Lennox?" I asked quietly, my voice barely more than a whisper.

Levi stirred. "He should be around somewhere," he said softly, but even he sounded unsure.

I sat up slowly, wrapping the blanket tighter around myself. The warmth of their touch couldn't chase away the hollow in my chest.

"I want to see him," I murmured, trying to stand.

Louis reached for me, his fingers catching mine. "Liv... he's struggling."

I turned to him. "With what?"

He exhaled deeply. "With you. With this. Lennox is... intense. You know that."

A sharp pang twisted through my chest. "That was a one-time thing," I said softly but firmly. "It's okay for him to lose control sometimes.... he's my mate. You all are..." My throat tightened. "I need to talk to him right now. I don't want him feeling like I left him behind."

Louis's jaw clenched, but he nodded slowly, releasing my hand.

I wrapped myself tighter in the blanket, closing my eyes. I let the memory of Lennox guide me—his scent, his presence, the storm in his eyes—and reached for that invisible tether between us.

The room around me faded.

And when I opened my eyes again, I was standing in the study.

The fire was low, casting flickering shadows across the room. Books were scattered across the desk.

And there—seated in the chair, facing away from me—was Lennox.

His posture was tense. A glass of whiskey in his hand. His head was bowed, hair falling over his eyes.

He didn't look at me.

But I could feel it—the pain raging inside him.

"Lennox..." I whispered.

His body went rigid.

Slowly, he turned toward me.

His eyes met mine.

And the pain I saw in them nearly brought me to my knees.

Fated To Not Just One, But Three #Chapter 287: Let's Start all over - Read Fated To Not Just One, But Three Chapter 287: Let's Start all over

Chapter 287: Let's Start all over

Lennox's POV

"Olivia... what are you doing here?" I asked, stunned.

She was the last person I expected to see right now, wrapped in nothing but a blanket, her hair tousled, and cheeks still flushed from whatever had happened before she came here.

But she didn't respond.

Instead, she walked toward me in silence, her eyes unreadable in the low firelight. My heart hammered in my chest, confused and aching all at once.

Then, without a word, she climbed onto my lap and curled into me—her head resting gently against my chest.

I froze.

For a second, I didn't breathe. I just held her there, stunned by the feel of her on me.

Then my arms moved on instinct, wrapping around her tightly. I cradled her like she was something breakable. Something I'd nearly lost.

Her heartbeat thudded softly against mine, steady and close.

And even though my mind was a mess of questions and pain... I held her like she was my world.

Because she was.

Because no matter how much it tore me up, no matter how jealous or broken I felt—this was still Olivia.

My Olivia.

I lifted her gently into my arms, her weight featherlight, her scent already soothing my pain. I buried my face in her hair, letting the silence say what I couldn't.

For a long moment, we stayed like that, wrapped in each other, in silence. The warmth of her body against mine, her soft breaths tickling my neck, the steady beat of her heart grounding me.

And still, I couldn't speak.

I didn't want to ruin this moment. I didn't want to ask questions that might break whatever fragile peace this was.

So I just kept holding her, burying my face in her hair again, breathing her in like she was air and I'd been suffocating.

Then, softly... she spoke.

"Do you remember when I was thirteen?"

Her voice was quiet, almost a whisper, but I felt the words vibrate through my chest.

I nodded slightly, not trusting myself to speak.

"I caught that fever," she continued, curling tighter into me. "And I wouldn't stop shivering... everyone panicked. Even my father thought they'd have to send me to the hospital."

I remembered.

Of course I remembered.

"You were the only one I wanted near me," she said, the ghost of a smile in her voice. "You picked me up and held me like this... right against your chest. You didn't even let go when you started burning up too."

I could still feel it—that moment. Her small, trembling body clinging to me, crying from the heat and the chills, and my wolf refusing to put her down.

She gave a soft breath, almost a laugh. "Levi and Louis kept begging me to let them take a turn. They said you needed rest. That it wasn't fair you had to hold me all day..."

I smiled faintly, the ache in my chest pulling tighter.

"But I refused," she whispered, her fingers curling lightly against my shirt. "I wouldn't leave your arms. Not for anything. Not even for them."

Tears burned at the back of my eyes.

"I didn't care if you were tired... I just felt safe."

I pulled her closer, pressing my lips to the top of her head, letting her words soak through every wound I hadn't voiced aloud.

"I feel that way now," she whispered. "Safe... right here."

I closed my eyes, breathing her in again, letting my arms tighten around her like I could keep her there forever.

Gods... how had I ever thought I could live without her?

She was home.

"Despite everything, Lennox... despite all that happened... my feelings for you... for your brothers never changed... they are still the same," she whispered.

My heart stuttered, tears pricking my eyes... why did Olivia have to be this perfect?

"I... I was supposed to hate you three," she continued, her voice barely more than a whisper. "What you did to me... what you three did to me... I should've walked away and never looked back. But here I am. Wrapped in your arms."

Her words sank deep, each one like a blade sliding through my chest—but it wasn't pain I felt.

It was love.

Undeserved, unwavering love.

She still loved us.

Even after everything.

Her head remained pressed to my chest, but I could feel the tremble in her voice, the way her hands clutched at my shirt like she was trying to keep herself from falling apart completely.

"I tried to hate you," she breathed. "Goddess, I tried. I wanted to. I needed to. But my heart... it wouldn't let me."

She lifted her gaze then, slowly, her eyes glassy with tears that clung to her lashes like fragile crystals. Her expression was so full of pain it almost broke me.

"I've been in love with you three since I turned thirteen," she said, the words raw and honest. "Since the day I realized the way I looked at you... it wasn't innocent anymore. It wasn't just a crush. It was real."

Her voice cracked. "I never stopped loving you, Lennox. Not for one second. Not when you rejected me. Not when you hurt me. Not even when I tried to forget."

Tears slipped down her cheeks, low, silent streaks of heartbreak—and I couldn't take it anymore.

I leaned forward, cupping her face with trembling hands, and kissed her tears away. One. Then another. Then another—until I was kissing her cheeks like I could take all the pain away with just my lips.

"I don't know what to do," she whispered, her eyes searching mine. "I need to hate you. I should hate you. Our families are enemies. Everything says I should stay away..."

My chest heaved with emotion. I pressed my forehead to hers, closing my eyes. "Then let's start afresh, Olivia."

She blinked at me. "What?"

"Let's start over," I murmured, my voice raw. "You, me... Levi, Louis. Let's go back to the beginning."

Her lips trembled, confusion flickering in her tear-filled eyes. "We can't just erase everything that happened."

"I know," I said softly, brushing a thumb along her cheek. "And we're not trying to. But we can't keep pretending the past didn't break something in you—something in all of us."

She closed her eyes briefly, like the weight of those words settled somewhere deep in her chest.

"We've hurt you," I continued, my voice cracking. "Gods, we shattered you. And just saying we're sorry—it's not enough. It'll never be enough."

Her arms tightened around me.

"But maybe," I whispered, "if we stop running from it, if we face it together... maybe we can rebuild."

She looked up at me, silent.

"We want to show you we're sorry," I said. "Not with apologies, but with our actions. We want to show you how much we love you, how precious you are to us."

Olivia's lips parted slightly, her breath catching.

I gave her a faint, hopeful smile. "Let us start by courting you properly... the way we should have."

She blinked. "Courting me?"

I nodded. "You deserve that. You deserve effort, time, love. You deserve to be fought for."

I tucked a strand of hair behind her ear. "So... will you have dinner with us?"

Her brows lifted, and I hurried to clarify.

"Just the four of us," I said gently. "You, me, Levi, and Louis. No pressure. No expectations. Just... food and conversation. A start. A real one."

She stared at me for a moment.

Then she gave the smallest nod. "Yes."

Relief surged through me. "Tomorrow night?" I asked, brushing my knuckles along her cheek. "Is that okay?"

"Yes," she said again, more firmly this time, and her soft smile nearly made my heart burst.

I chuckled, leaning forward to press a kiss to her forehead. "We'll cook all your favorite meals ourselves," I promised. "Even if we burn the kitchen down doing it."

She laughed quietly, that beautiful sound I hadn't heard in what felt like forever.

"I'd still eat it," she whispered.

"I'll hold you to that," I said, pulling her closer once again, wrapping her in my arms as if I could shield her from the weight of everything we'd done.

For a while, we just stayed there, quiet. Her breathing soft against my neck, my hand gently stroking her back beneath the blanket. Neither of us spoke. There was a lot to say. But not now. I'll wait for tomorrow.

Soon, I felt the way her body sagged a little more against mine, the weight of exhaustion dragging at her limbs. She was tired. Drained. And she deserved rest more than anything.

I pulled back slightly, whispering against her hair, "You must be tired... Let me take you to bed."

She didn't answer.

She just slowly slid off my lap.

For a moment, I thought she was leaving. A flash of panic surged through me—had I annoyed her?

But she didn't move toward the door or teleport away. She didn't even look away.

Instead... she turned to face me.

And then, without a word, she let go of the blanket.

It slipped from her fingers, pooling silently at her feet.

My breath caught as she stood completely naked before me.

Chapter 288: I have three mates

Lennox's POV

I could barely speak. I could barely breathe.

My gaze raked over her naked form—her firm breasts, the delicate peaks of her pink, hardened nipples. Then my eyes drifted lower—to the gentle curve of her stomach, the dip of her waist, the swell of her hips—until they landed on her neatly shaved pussy.

I inhaled sharply, shifting uncomfortably in my seat, the tension coiling tightly in my gut. Slowly, I forced my eyes back up to her face.

"Olivia..." I managed, my voice barely a whisper. "What... what are you doing?"

She stepped closer, the space between us shrinking until I could feel the warmth of her skin brushing the edge of my restraint.

"I want you," she said softly, but her voice didn't waver. "The last time I checked, I have three mates, Lennox. Not two."

My wolf howled, wild and feral, pounding against the walls of my chest, begging me to close the gap. To take her. Claim her. Mark her all over again.

I wanted to. Goddess, I craved it.

But my hands shook at my sides.

"Olivia..." I rasped, forcing myself to take a shaky breath. "I don't trust myself. If I touch you now, I might lose control again. I don't want to hurt you."

She didn't respond.

Not with words.

She simply climbed back into my lap, her thighs straddling me, her bare skin pressing into mine like a brand.

And then... she kissed me.

No hesitation. No asking.

Just her lips on mine—soft, warm and desperate.

Everything in me shattered.

Her kiss was fire. Need and nostalgia. It stole my breath and gave it back in pieces, wrapped in everything we'd lost... and everything we still could be.

I groaned into her mouth, my arms locking around her out of instinct. My hands skated over her back, memorizing the feel of her skin, the way she trembled—not from fear, but from desire.

I should've pulled back.

But the second her tongue brushed mine, I lost it.

The taste of her drove me mad.

Her kiss was everything. Rage, longing, heartbreak, love. It shattered my control and rewrote the rules of restraint. Her hands tangled in my hair, tugging me deeper, and I didn't hesitate. I gave in. Fully. Finally.

I stood abruptly, my arms wrapped around her, her legs instinctively locking around my waist. The chair scraped back behind me as I carried her to the desk, knocking aside papers and books like none of it mattered. Because it didn't.

Only she did.

I laid her down gently, reverently, her back pressing against the cool wood while her heat scorched into me like wildfire. Her hair spilled like ink over the desk, her eyes fixed on mine—glassy, vulnerable, but full of need.

She was stunning.

And she was mine.

I kissed her again, slower this time, savoring the soft whimper she gave when our mouths met. My hands trailed down her arms, her ribs, her hips—every inch of her like scripture I needed to memorize. She arched slightly, offering herself to me, and I worshipped her like the goddess she was.

My lips left her mouth to explore her jaw, the delicate curve of her neck, the hollow of her throat. I kissed every inch, tasting her skin, dragging my tongue across the places that made her gasp. And when I reached her breasts—Goddess, I paused.

Just to look.

To feel.

To take in the soft rise and fall of her chest as my thumbs brushed across her hardened nipples. She trembled. I dipped my head and took one into my mouth, sucking gently while my hand caressed the other. Her back arched, a soft cry leaving her lips as her fingers clutched at my hair.

I moved lower, leaving a trail of kisses down her stomach, my hands spreading her thighs open, baring the most sacred part of her.

"Lennox..." she breathed, her voice trembling.

"I've got you," I whispered, locking eyes with her.

Then I dipped my head between her thighs and tasted her.

She cried out softly, her hips bucking at the first stroke of my tongue. Sweet and slick, her scent and taste ignited something feral in me. I licked her slowly, deliberately, dragging my tongue through her folds before focusing on her clit—suckling gently, then flicking with precision.

Her thighs trembled around my head.

Her moans were like prayers.

My finger slid into her slowly, curling just right, matching the rhythm of my tongue. She was already so close, already gasping my name like it was the only word she remembered.

Her hand gripped mine, fingers laced tightly, grounding herself as I devoured her like a man starved. Because I was. Starved of her. Of this. Of everything we'd lost.

Her breath hitched—once, twice—and then she shattered.

She came on my mouth, her body convulsing as her climax tore through her. I didn't stop. I held her there, carried her through it, tasted every drop of her pleasure until she was trembling, drained, glowing.

Only then did I rise, kissing my way back up her body, tasting her release on my lips as I hovered over her once more.

Her eyes fluttered open, glassy and full of something deeper than lust.

Love.

She reached up, cupping my cheek. "Lennox..."

I leaned in, brushing my nose against hers. "That was just the beginning, Olivia. I'll spend forever making up for the lost time."

Olivia nodded, and her fingers ghosted over my chest, her touch soft, sexy. Then, without a word, she slid down from the desk and sank to her knees before me.

The sight of her there—naked, flushed, eyes wide with devotion and hunger—nearly undid me.

She reached for my belt, her fingers trembling slightly as she unbuckled it, then unzipped me. I sucked in a sharp breath as she freed me, her gaze flicking up to meet mine. There was no hesitation in her eyes, just desire.

"I want to taste you," she whispered. "Let me."

My wolf roared with approval, and I could only nod, my hand brushing through her hair as she leaned forward and took me into her mouth.

The heat of her lips, the wet suction, the way her tongue moved with slow, deliberate strokes—it was maddening. She sucked gently at first, then deeper, her hand wrapped around my base as she worked me with exquisite skill.

"Fuck... Olivia," I groaned, one hand braced on the desk, the other tangled in her hair as her mouth worked me. Every flick of her tongue, every sound she made, had my legs trembling. I was close—too close—and she knew it.

But she didn't stop.

I tried to warn her. "I'm going to—"

She moaned around me, the vibration sending me spiraling. My hips bucked forward as I came, hard, spilling into her mouth with a guttural growl. She swallowed it all—every drop—never breaking eye contact.

When I finally opened my eyes, she was wiping her lips with the back of her hand, still kneeling. Glowing. Smirking slightly.

Then she laid back on the floor, spreading her legs for me, her body bathed in moonlight and firelight.

"I want to feel you," she said, her voice hoarse. "You don't have to go all the way in... I just want to feel your cock between my thighs. Please."

I knelt between her legs, my chest heaving as I looked down at her. My cock twitched again, already hardening despite what just happened.

"You sure?" I asked, cupping her cheek.

"Yes," she whispered, wrapping her legs around my waist. "I need you, Lennox... even if it's just like this."

I positioned myself between her thighs, sliding my length against her slick folds—not entering—just gliding, teasing, giving her exactly what she asked for. The friction made us both gasp.

She arched her hips toward me, her hands clutching at my arms as I rocked against her, the length of me gliding between her wetness with each thrust.

Her moans were soft and needy, mine ragged and desperate.

Her hips rocked in time with mine, desperate for more, for all of me. But I kept the pace slow, controlled, savoring every gasp, every tremble.

I leaned down, my mouth finding her breasts again, sucking one nipple gently into my mouth while my hips rolled against hers.

"Lennox..." she gasped, her nails digging into my shoulders. "Please..."

I flicked my tongue over her hardened nipple, then kissed across to the other. "Please what?" I murmured, my lips brushing her skin.

She arched under me, her breath ragged. "Please... I need you inside me. Just—just once. Please. Just go in."

I groaned, the plea slicing through my already fraying restraint. My cock throbbed as I pressed harder between her thighs, our bodies moving like we'd never been apart.

But I didn't give in.

Instead, I chuckled low against her skin, the sound vibrating against her breast. "If I do that, Olivia... my brothers will kill me."

She gave a breathless laugh—half desperate, half amused—as she buried her fingers in my hair. "I don't care."

"I do," I whispered, lifting my gaze to meet hers. "Because I want this—us—to be right. Not rushed. Not stolen in a moment of weakness. You have three mates, remember?"

She swallowed hard but nodded in agreement.

I rocked against her one last time, slowly, deeply, letting her feel every inch of me without taking that final step. Then I stopped.

Her breathing was uneven, her body trembling.

And still, she was the most beautiful thing I'd ever seen.

Gently, I pulled away, brushing her hair back from her face. I laid beside her, one arm wrapping around her as she curled into me, her cheek pressed to my chest.

"I want you more than anything," I whispered into her hair. "But let's have that talk tomorrow, alright?"

She nodded against me, her breath warm on my skin. "Then promise me it'll be soon."

I kissed the top of her head, holding her tighter. "Soon," I vowed.

Chapter 289: Waking Up In Their arms

Olivia's POV

I felt soft kisses trail over my cheeks, nose, and forehead. It was warm and gentle, nudging me out of sleep like sunlight peeking through a window.

"Mmm..." I groaned, half asleep, trying to bury my face into the pillow.

"Louis, stop... you're waking her up," came Lennox's unmistakable voice, laced with amusement and warning.

I recognized it instantly.

But Louis just chuckled, completely unbothered. "She loves it. Don't you, sweetheart?" he murmured, pressing one more exaggerated kiss to the tip of my nose.

I tried to smile, still caught between sleep and waking—until I felt a sudden shift in the bed and heard a thud, followed by a grunt.

I forced my eyes open.

What I saw made my sleep-heavy brain jolt awake.

Lennox had tackled Louis, pinning him flat on the bed. His hand was wrapped around Louis's wrist while his knee held down his shoulder. Louis squirmed dramatically beneath him, clearly not trying very hard to escape.

"I warned you," Lennox said with a growl that wasn't at all serious.

Louis only laughed harder, breathless beneath him. "You're just mad I got to her first."

"I always get to her first," Lennox shot back smugly.

"You sound like children," I mumbled, my voice still hoarse with sleep.

They both froze, their heads snapping in my direction.

Then Louis flashed me a boyish grin from beneath Lennox. "Morning, beautiful."

I rolled my eyes. "You're ridiculous."

"You love me that way."

Before I could respond, the bathroom door opened—and out stepped Levi, steam curling from behind him. His dark hair was damp, and he wore nothing but a white towel

slung low around his hips. Droplets of water glistened on his skin, trailing down his chest as he rubbed another towel over his hair.

He paused mid-step, looking over at the scene on the bed with a raised brow.

"Seriously?" he muttered. "You two already fighting?"

"He started it," Louis said, still pinned.

"I'll finish it," Lennox smirked, shoving his brother's face into the mattress just enough to make him grunt.

I shook my head, suppressing a smile. There was something deeply comforting—almost surreal—about waking up to this chaos. Like nothing had changed and yet... everything had.

Before I could say anything more, Levi walked over to the bed, his towel still wrapped low on his hips. The droplets on his skin shimmered in the morning light as he tossed the towel from his hair onto a chair and leaned down toward me.

"Come here," he murmured, his voice soft and warm.

Without thinking, I reached for him—and he scooped me into his arms with such ease it made me feel weightless. I instinctively wrapped my legs around his waist, my arms loosely circling his shoulders as he held me close against his chest.

It wasn't until I rested my cheek against him that I realized what I was wearing.

One of their oversized shirts.

I blinked, confused for a second. I didn't remember changing. Didn't remember how I got into bed. Everything after curling into Lennox last night had been a blur. A warm, safe blur.

Levi must've noticed my hesitation because he chuckled softly. "You knocked out cold. Lennox carried you in. Louis insisted you wear something comfortable. We all agreed on the shirt."

"Figured you'd like my scent more," Louis added from the bed, his face still partially squished under Lennox's arm.

I smiled faintly, inhaling the faint, familiar mix of all their scents clinging to the fabric. It was stupid how comforting it felt. Like home.

Levi shifted me slightly in his arms, brushing a few strands of hair away from my face with his free hand. "How are you feeling?" he asked gently.

I looked into his eyes, those alluring sea-blue eyes that always seemed to know more than they let on, and nodded. "I'm fine."

His gaze softened even more. "Are you ready for our date tonight?"

That made my heart skip a beat.

I nodded again, a little breathless. "Yes."

A slow smile curved his lips, and he leaned in, pressing a sweet, lingering kiss to mine—unhurried, like we had all the time in the world. His lips were warm, familiar, and everything in me seemed to melt into that moment.

When he finally pulled back, his forehead rested against mine for a second before he whispered, "Good."

Then, gently, Levi walked over and lowered me down onto the bed. Before I could even settle, Lennox reached out and pulled me into his arms, tucking me close to himself.

I smiled to myself, wrapped in his warmth, my fingers lightly tracing circles over his chest as Louis finally managed to wriggle free from under him, grumbling playfully.

Everything felt so good. Real.

Until it didn't.

A sudden sharp voice sliced through my thoughts like a knife.

"Olivia Beckham, where the hell are you?"

The mind-link hit me hard. It was from Calvin.

My heart dropped.

I sat up straight, my breath catching in my throat. "Shit."

All three men immediately stilled.

"What's wrong?" Lennox asked, sitting up behind me.

"Is everything okay?" Levi was already by my side.

Louis raised a brow. "Who was that?"

I stood quickly, brushing my hair out of my face. "It was my brother. Calvin. He's looking for me."

Their expressions darkened instantly—equal parts frustration and protectiveness.

"Why do you look scared?" Levi asked, his voice sharp.

"Because I didn't exactly tell him where I was going last night," I admitted, moving toward the dresser and looking around frantically for my dress. I spotted it folded at the edge of a chair and snatched it up, slipping it on.

"I'll deal with him," I said, trying to keep my tone steady. "I'll see you tonight, okay?"

They didn't look happy about it. At all.

"You sure?" Lennox asked, frowning.

I nodded, leaning in to give him a quick kiss on the lips. "Positive."

Then I turned to Levi and kissed him too—soft and quick, but warm.

Finally, I crossed the room to Louis, who gave me a dramatic pout.

I rolled my eyes and kissed him anyway.

"Behave," I warned lightly, then stepped back, blowing them a kiss.

And just like that—I teleported.

The room vanished.

I landed in my bedroom back at the Beckham's estate, my feet hitting the tiled floor with a light thud. I barely had time to look around before Calvin's furious voice cut through the air again.

"You have got to be kidding me."

He stood near my desk, arms crossed, his eyes blazing.

Beside him were Nora and Lolita, both looking equally worried—though Lolita's lips twitched like she was trying not to laugh.

"Well," Nora said, arms folded. "Glad to see you alive."

Lolita just smirked. "I told them you were fine."

Calvin stepped forward. "Where the hell were you?"

I swallowed, my heart still racing. "With the triplets."

The silence was deafening.

Nora raised her brows. Lolita blinked slowly. Calvin's expression darkened.

This... was going to be a very long conversation.

Chapter 290: Captured

Olivia's POV

Calvin stared at me like I'd just confessed to committing treason.

His jaw was clenched so tightly I thought it might crack. His hands fisted at his sides, and I could practically feel the rage radiating off him. But to his credit, he didn't yell. Not yet. His voice, when it came, was low... controlled.

Too controlled.

"Whatever you think you're doing," he said through gritted teeth, "you need to stop. Now."

I lifted my chin, already bracing for the inevitable wave of judgment. "Calvin—"

"No." He cut me off, his eyes blazing with anger. "No excuses, Olivia. This is disgraceful. Sleeping in the bed of the same people who ripped your heart apart? Whose family has done nothing but torment ours?"

Nora looked away, clearly uncomfortable. Lolita bit her bottom lip, like she was dying to say something but knew better.

I tried to stay calm. "It's not that simple."

"Yes, it is!" Calvin snapped, the first crack in his control showing. "Their family and ours are enemies. Olivia, enemies. Do you even understand the implications of what you're doing?"

"I do," I said quietly, folding my arms. "But that doesn't make what I feel any less real."

He scoffed, stepping forward. "And what about the fact that we're related?"

"We're not directly related," I said firmly. "You know that, Calvin."

"That doesn't make it right," he fired back. "So what? You're just going to forget everything they did to you?"

That hit deeper than I wanted to admit.

My silence must have said enough.

Calvin's expression shifted. His voice dropped, softer now. "You're going to forget how they rejected you? Humiliated you? Tore you apart? Is that it?"

Tears burned at the back of my eyes, but I refused to let them fall. I stood my ground.

"I haven't forgotten," I whispered. "But I'm trying to heal. And they're trying too."

Calvin shook his head slowly, his eyes filled with disappointment. "Our parents would be ashamed of you."

That one... that one shattered something inside me.

He turned and walked toward the door, but before leaving, he paused, his back still to me.

"You might think this is love," he said, voice colder now, "but this is just obsession."

Then he walked out.

Nora shifted beside me, then turned toward the door. "I'll be back," she said suddenly.

I frowned. "Where are you going?"

She simply gave me a small frown. "I'm coming."

And then she walked out too—leaving me with Lolita.

I sank slowly onto the edge of my bed, my arms folding around myself. My chest ached from the tension, from Calvin's words, from the ugly truth of it all.

Was I doing the right thing?

Lolita stepped closer as she sat beside me.

"You okay?" she asked softly.

I hesitated before nodding. "Yeah... yeah, I'm fine."

She gave me a look that said she didn't believe that for a second.

I swallowed hard, then turned to her. "Lolita... do you think Calvin's right? That I'm making a mistake?"

She tilted her head, letting the question settle before answering. "I think... love doesn't come with a right or wrong, Olivia. It just is."

I looked down at my hands.

"He said I'm letting them off too easily," I whispered. "That I'm forgetting what they did."

"You're not forgetting," Lolita said gently. "You're choosing to forgive. There's a difference."

"But what if I'm just being weak and stupid?" I asked.

"You're not weak or stupid," she said firmly. "You're strong enough to let yourself feel. That's more than most people can do." She touched my arm, comforting me. "The triplets... they love you. I see it, clear as day."

I looked up at her, my eyes burning. "Then why can't Calvin?"

Lolita sighed. "Because they haven't shown him. Not yet. He's still stuck in the version of them who hurt you. That's all he knows. But you... you've seen a different side. You've seen them fight for you, cry for you. He hasn't. So I understand where he's coming from too."

Her words sat heavy in my chest.

Just then, the door creaked open.

I turned.

Calvin stepped back inside, his face unreadable. And right behind him... was Nora.

I blinked.

Calvin cleared his throat, his gaze lowering briefly to the floor before finding mine again. "I... I'm sorry," he said quietly. "If my words earlier hurt you, that wasn't my intention."

My breath caught.

He glanced at the window, then back at me. "I still don't accept them. I don't know if I ever fully will. But I shouldn't have said what I said like that. That was... wrong of me."

Then, without waiting for a response, he turned and walked away again.

I sat frozen, my heart still racing.

My eyes shifted slowly to Nora, who leaned against the wall with her arms crossed.

I stared at her. "What... did you say to him?"

She shrugged. "Nothing much."

Lolita raised a suspicious brow at her. "Is there something you are not telling us?"

Nora swallowed hard but shook her head. "No... what is there to hide?"

Lolita and I exchanged skeptical glances at Nora's too-quick answer. Obviously, we don't believe her.

She shifted on her feet, her arms still folded, but I could see her throat bob as she swallowed hard.

"There's nothing to hide," she repeated, a little too calmly.

I narrowed my eyes but let it slide—for now. My head was still spinning from Calvin's outburst and his unexpected apology.

Nora cleared her throat and changed the subject, almost too quickly. "Anyway... guess who's in your brother's dungeon."

I blinked. "What? Who?"

Lolita leaned in slightly, her tone low. "Anita."

I sat up straighter. "Wait—Anita? As in the Anita?"

Nora nodded.

My mind reeled. "How? Why? I thought—"

"Don't you know?" Lolita cut in, her voice more serious. "She lost the last pregnancy."

My breath hitched.

"She miscarried?" I asked, stunned.

"She did," Lolita confirmed. "And after that, everything crumbled. The triplets—especially Lennox—banished her and her mother from the pack."

I was still processing when Nora added, "Her mother couldn't take the disgrace. She killed herself not long after."

"Oh my goddess..." I whispered.

"It got worse," Lolita went on. "We don't know all the details, but from what we've heard, her father used a dark spell on the triplets... we don't know how."

I stiffened. "What?"

"Alpha Lennox ordered his execution," she said. "He was crucified. As a warning to any pack members who tried to use dark magic."

The room felt colder all of a sudden.

I was stunned... All of this had happened... and I hadn't known?

"And now," Lolita said, looking at me with concern, "she's here. We don't know how, but somehow, Alpha Calvin sent his men after her. She's locked in the dungeon."

I sat in stunned silence, every part of me trying to absorb what I'd just heard.

My mind was spinning... "How did Anita's father use a dark spell on the triplets?"

Nora shrugged. "We have no idea... you'll have to ask them yourself."