

# **Fated To Not Just One, But Three #Chapter 291: The Date - Read Fated To Not Just One, But Three Chapter 291: The Date**

*Chapter 291: The Date*

Olivia's POV

Nora and Lolita pulled me toward my vanity the moment it was 5 p.m.

"Sit," Nora said with a tiny smile. "We're dressing you up. You've got a date to slay tonight."

I chuckled weakly but obeyed, letting them take over.

Lolita stood behind me, her fingers running through my hair. "Your roots are showing," she noted softly.

"I know," I murmured. "I was thinking... maybe I should go back to black. My natural color."

Nora perked up. "Really?"

I nodded. "Yeah."

Within minutes, the blonde was gone—replaced by the rich, glossy black I hadn't seen in months.

When I looked at myself in the mirror, I barely recognized the girl staring back. Not because she looked different... but because, for once, she looked like me.

"You look stunning," Lolita said, giving my shoulders a little squeeze.

"Absolutely divine," Nora agreed, holding up a blue gown. It shimmered faintly under the lights, hugging all the right places. "Try this. The triplets are going to go breathless when they see you."

I smiled at that, feeling a sudden flutter in my stomach.

As Nora helped zip me up, something tugged at the back of my mind. I bit my lip, debating with myself for a moment before finally turning to them.

"Can I ask you both something... a little personal?"

Nora raised a brow. "Of course."

Lolita grinned. "Now you've got my attention."

I hesitated, then looked between them. "Have you two ever... you know... had sex before?"

Nora's eyes widened, and she quickly shook her head, her cheeks flushing. "No! I—I haven't. I'm still a virgin."

Lolita, on the other hand, just gave a knowing smile. "I have. A few times."

I nodded slowly, heart thudding a little faster.

"I think I want to... with them," I admitted softly. "With the triplets. I know it sounds crazy, but I... I just feel it. Like I want to give that part of myself to them. All of them."

Lolita didn't look surprised. She moved to sit on the edge of the bed, looking thoughtful.

"It doesn't sound crazy," she said gently. "You love them."

Nora sat beside her, still looking a little dazed. "Wow..."

I walked over and sat too, fiddling with the hem of the gown. "But I've never... I mean, how do you even do something like that? With three of them? At once?"

Lolita chuckled. "You don't have to do it all at once, Olivia."

"But what if I want to?" I asked shyly. "What if I want it to be... special but shared? Like... all of us together. I want them to know I'm theirs. And I want to feel that I'm theirs too."

Nora covered her mouth, her eyes wide. "You're bolder than I thought."

Lolita, on the other hand, smiled warmly. "Then you take your time. You talk to them. Tell them how you feel. And when the moment comes—you let them show you, guide you, but also trust your own body. Your own instincts."

I exhaled slowly, trying to steady the fluttering nerves in my chest.

Lolita leaned in. "If it's love—and I know it is—it'll be unforgettable. Just... make sure it's your choice."

I nodded slowly, my heart hammering a little faster as I imagined what tonight might bring.

Nora leaned over, carefully applying the final stroke of mascara to my lashes while Lolita adjusted the straps of my gown.

"You're glowing," Lolita said proudly, stepping back to admire their work. "Like... damn. If I were one of them, I'd fall on my knees."

Nora grinned. "They're not going to survive tonight."

She bent down and slipped a pair of sapphire-blue heels onto my feet, fastening the delicate straps around my ankles. The heels matched the gown perfectly, adding just the right amount of height—and elegance.

As she stood, Nora gently touched my hand and met my eyes. "Don't worry about your brother tonight, okay?"

I blinked.

But she quickly turned away, adjusting the necklace around my throat. Lolita shot her a side glance but said nothing.

I frowned slightly, sensing something unspoken between them... but I let it go. For now.

Just then, a voice brushed across my mind.

"Are you ready?" Lennox's voice came through the mind-link, his tone gentle, laced with anticipation.

A smile tugged at my lips. "Yes. I'm ready."

"We're on the rooftop," he added. "Come find us."

I could practically hear the smirk in his voice.

Lolita noticed the shift in my expression. "Let me guess. That was one of them."

I nodded slowly. "They're waiting."

Nora clapped her hands softly. "Then go. Knock them dead."

Lolita winked. "Or knock them to their knees. Same effect."

I laughed, nerves and excitement swirling in my chest as I prepared to teleport.

With one final deep breath, I closed my eyes and teleported.

When I opened them again, I was standing on the rooftop of the Luciano mansion—and the moment I arrived, the air caught in my lungs.

My breath... was gone.

The entire rooftop had been transformed into something out of a dream.

Hundreds of candles glowed softly along the floor, their flames flickering gently in the evening breeze, casting a golden haze over everything. Twinkling fairy lights hung from overhead, draped like falling stars across the edges of the rooftop canopy. The scent of jasmine floated faintly in the air, blending perfectly with the warm night.

But it wasn't the lights that stole my breath completely.

It was the photographs.

All around me, clipped onto delicate strings and pinned between vines and lanterns... were pictures.

Pictures of me.

Of us.

I took a slow step forward, my eyes scanning the nearest photo. It was me—barely ten years old—grinning with frosting all over my cheeks. Louis stood behind me, making bunny ears over my head while Lennox tried to swipe a piece of cake from my plate. Levi was to my right, holding up a badly wrapped gift with my name scrawled on it in big, messy letters.

My tenth birthday.

I hadn't seen that photo in years. I didn't even remember it being taken. My fingers trembled slightly as I reached out and brushed the edge of it.

Further along, there was another—me in a pale blue graduation gown, cap in hand, tears in my eyes. Lennox had his arm around my shoulder, pulling me in close while Levi stood at my other side, offering a soft smile. Louis had somehow managed to photobomb the shot, halfway through lifting me off the ground in a hug.

I laughed softly to myself.

There was one of us all at a lake, soaked and laughing, with me chasing Levi through the shallows while Louis and Lennox pushed each other off a dock.

Another one of me curled up on a couch, sound asleep, my head on Lennox's lap, while Levi's hand rested gently on my ankle—and Louis was in the background, asleep on the floor beside us with a book covering his face.

And then there were candid shots... raw moments.

Me crying into Louis's shoulder one night after I failed an important test.

Levi helping me braid my hair because I was too tired to do it myself.

Lennox carrying me on his back up a hill because I'd twisted my ankle during training and refused to be left behind.

I couldn't speak.

I hadn't seen these in years.

I didn't even know they had them.

Some were torn at the edges, a little faded, others looking like they'd been tucked away in wallets or books.

I slowly walked past them, my heart aching and blooming at once. Every picture was a memory. A ghost of who we used to be... and maybe, who we could be again.

"Do you like it?"

I turned.

There they were.

The triplets stood near the edge of the rooftop, backlit by the soft glow of string lights. All three of them were dressed in fitted black shirts and slacks, sharp and heartbreakingly handsome, but what stole my breath again—wasn't just the way they looked.

It was how they were looking at me.

Like I was the only thing in the world that mattered.

Lennox stepped forward first, his eyes roaming over me slowly like he was memorizing everything—my hair, my dress, my lips.

"You're... stunning," he said quietly.

"Absolutely unreal," Louis added, slipping beside him with a crooked smile, though his eyes held something far deeper.

Levi gave me a soft nod from where he stood, his voice like velvet. "Breathtaking."

I swallowed hard, the lump in my throat almost too big to speak past. I was still so stunned—by the rooftop, the pictures, them.

"I—" I started, but my voice broke.

Louis moved quickly, taking my hand and guiding me toward the center of the rooftop, where a round table was set for four. Crystal glasses shimmered beside silverware. All my favorite dishes were beautifully displayed. A bottle of wine sat chilled in the center.

This was more than a date.

Lennox pulled out my chair while Levi helped me sit.

*Chapter 292: The Talk*

Olivia's POV

Louis poured the wine while Lennox lit the last candle on the table. As I looked around, taking it all in, my heart swelled to the point of pain.

"I don't understand," I whispered, my eyes brimming. "How did you even pull this off?"

Levi smiled gently, his gaze never leaving me. "We did all this throughout the day."

"It's beautiful." I whispered, my voice cracking.

Lennox leaned down, brushing a strand of hair behind my ear. "You deserve to feel loved, Olivia. Cherished. We wanted to remind you of what we had... and what we can still have."

Levi rested his hand over mine. "You've always been our everything. We just forgot how to show it."

A heavy silence fell over us... not tense but comfortable...

Until I spoke... "I missed you. All of you. So much it felt like dying."

Louis squeezed my hand. "We missed you too, little bird."

That name. That damn name.

It cracked something wide open inside me.

It was the name Lennox had given me because he always teased that I was like a bird—fluttering, always circling them. And he wasn't wrong. Back then, I was always around them.

Tears fell, slow and silent, streaking down my cheeks. I didn't wipe them away. I let them fall. Because for the first time in what felt like forever... I wasn't crying alone.

Lennox reached across the table and gently caught one of the tears with his thumb, his touch featherlight. "You're here now. That's all that matters."

I nodded and flashed them a weak smile. "Let's eat. The meal is getting cold."

They nodded and offered to fill my plate, and then we began eating in silence. I knew we had a lot to talk about, but we were waiting until after the meal.

They kept refilling my plate with my favorites, urging me to eat more, drink more.

By the time dessert came—chocolate mousse with strawberry hearts—I felt full in a way food couldn't explain.

"Alright, please stop," I said with a soft chuckle, pushing the dessert slightly away. "I'm going to explode if I eat one more spoon."

They all smiled, watching me with that same soft admiration. But underneath the warmth, I could feel they were tense.

"I know you guys probably have a lot to say," I murmured, folding my hands on the table. "But let me start."

They paused, all three of them. Attentive. Silent.

"I heard what happened to Anita... and her family."

The air shifted instantly. Like the wind had changed direction.

Lennox's jaw clenched slightly. Louis looked away. Levi's fingers tapped against his glass.

I glanced between them. "What... exactly did Anita's father do?"

The silence was heavy and thick. Finally, Levi spoke, his voice low and grave. "He found the letters, Olivia. The ones that tore us apart. We've found out who really forged them."

I narrowed my eyes. "Who?"

There was a pause.

Then Lennox answered, his voice a whisper of guilt. "Our parents."

My eyes widened. "Your parents forged those letters?"

"Yes," Louis said softly. "When they discovered who you truly were, they wanted to separate us. They didn't want us near you."

"But it wasn't just the words in the letters that messed us up," Levi added, looking directly at me. "Anita's father—he got a hold of the forged letters. And he performed a spell on them."

I blinked, confused. "A spell?"

"A dark one," Lennox said, his voice hard. "It was meant to twist us. To make us hate you."

Louis nodded. "So much hate, it would've made us capable of... killing you."

I gasped, but I wasn't shocked. If he could set up my father, he was capable of far worse.

Levi reached across the table, placing his hand over mine. "Luckily, Olivia, we didn't."

Lennox interrupted, his voice full of guilt. "I know. We didn't kill you physically... but we killed you with our actions. With our words. Over and over again."

"And that's something we'll never forgive ourselves for," Louis whispered.

I stared at the three men before me and could see it plain as day. The regret. The guilt. The pain of their mistakes. It wrapped around them like a second skin.

I swallowed the lump in my throat, the weight of everything pressing on my chest. "How long?" I asked softly. "How long have you known the letters were spelled?"

They exchanged glances. It was Levi who finally spoke.

"Before the meeting with the Council," he admitted quietly.

I frowned, my heart clenching. "Then why didn't you tell me?"

"Because," Levi said, leaning forward slightly, "you wouldn't have believed us, Olivia. Not then."

I wanted to protest, but as I thought back to how broken and angry I'd been, I knew he was right.

"I wouldn't have believed you," I whispered, more to myself than to them.

Silence fell again, heavy but no longer suffocating.

"I need to tell you something," I said, my voice gaining strength. "Anita... she confessed to me. When she thought I was Rebecca."

Their eyes snapped to mine, sharp with attention.

"She told me your mother took her to a witch," I continued. "She was bathed... spiritually. To make her more attractive to you."

Lennox leaned back, his brows drawing together. "No wonder..."

"What?" I asked gently.

He exhaled slowly, rubbing his jaw. "The first time we actually touched her... it was confusing. Off. We became friends with her to hurt you, yes. But sex? That was never part of it."

Louis nodded in agreement. "It wasn't even a thought, Olivia. Not until just a few weeks before she turned eighteen."

"That's when it started," Lennox said, his voice tight. "That strange... pull. That desire. We thought we were losing our minds. But we didn't know it was spell-induced."

Levi looked sick. "It wasn't love. It wasn't even lust. It was manipulation. Magic."

"And guilt," Louis added. "We kept thinking we owed her something. Because she was always... there. Always sacrificing. Or so we thought."

I closed my eyes, trying to breathe past the storm brewing in my chest.

Yes, I was hurt by them, by their actions, but these men were victims, too. They wouldn't have hurt me the way they did if they weren't manipulated.

This makes sense now...

The triplets I knew—my boys—they never would have hurt me like that.

If it had just been the forged letters, they might've ignored me. Maybe even distanced themselves. That would've hurt, but not the same way.

They wouldn't have mocked me. Humiliated me. Broken me piece by piece with their actions, their hate, their cruel affection toward someone else.

They might've disliked me. But they wouldn't have crushed me.

That was never who they were.

And Anita... God. I knew they never really liked her. Back then, they barely tolerated her. I always noticed it. The obvious distance, the way they dismissed her opinions, never really talked to her when they didn't have to.

So when they started acting obsessed with her—kissing her, claiming her—it was like watching strangers in their skin.

I remember thinking it didn't make sense.

And now I knew why.

It wasn't them.

It was a spell. Manipulation.

A puppet show, with all of us dancing on strings.

Realizing this didn't erase the pain they'd caused me, but it gave it context. It made the truth bearable.

The men who hurt me weren't mine. They were ghosts—twisted reflections of the ones I loved.

But these three? Sitting in front of me now with sorrowful eyes and raw honesty?

These were my triplets.

The ones who used to sneak me candy when I was grounded by my parents. The ones who taught me how to ride a bike, fought off bullies at school, and stayed up whispering stories to me whenever I fell sick.

The ones who called me little bird because I never stopped fluttering around them, always clinging to them.

"I hated you," I whispered, my eyes meeting theirs one by one. "I hated you so much for what you became. But now... knowing it wasn't truly you—" My voice broke. "It doesn't erase the pain. But it helps. Gods, it helps."

Levi's eyes were glossy now, his jaw clenched tight like he was holding back a thousand words.

"We didn't know how to fix it," Lennox said quietly. "We tried, after we found out, but you were gone. And we didn't blame you for running. We blamed ourselves."

Levi reached across the table again, this time taking both of my hands in his and placing a soft kiss on them.

"We want to make up for everything," he said, his voice thick with emotion. "Every day for the rest of our lives, if that's what it takes. We'll show you how sorry we are, Olivia. If you'll let us."

I swallowed hard. My shoulders trembled as I looked down at our joined hands, then up at their faces.

Lennox stood slowly and walked around the table until he was in front of me. He crouched beside my chair, his eyes never leaving mine.

"We want to date you," he said softly. "No rushing. No pressure. Just... the way it should've been. We want to do it right this time."

I stared at him, my heart pounding in my chest, and then he dropped his gaze briefly before looking up again with a rawness I'd never seen before.

"I love you, Olivia," Lennox said, voice barely above a whisper. "I don't even know when it started. Maybe it was when you trailed behind us everywhere, that silly little smile on your face. Maybe it was the way you always showed up for us, even when we didn't deserve it. I fought it—God, I fought it—but I couldn't. I couldn't stop loving you."

My breath caught in my throat. My lips parted, but no words came out. I just stared at him, stunned.

Levi squeezed my hands gently and spoke next. "Me too," he said, his voice trembling. "I said it was wrong... Olivia should be a sister to me, but my heart couldn't stop beating faster whenever you were around."

Louis exhaled shakily, his eyes shimmering with tears. "You were the only one who really saw us. Not the Alpha heirs, not the future leaders, but us. You knew us better than we knew ourselves. And we destroyed you for it. But I never stopped loving you, Liv. Not for a second."

Tears gathered in my eyes, but I couldn't help but smile. The boys I loved with everything I had were here now, pouring out their hearts to me.

And then Lennox asked the question.

"Do you love us, Olivia?" he said gently. "Do you want to give us a chance to date you? To try... and pay for what we've done? To love you the way you deserve?"

The room fell silent.

Three pairs of hopeful, scared eyes stared at me.

My throat closed, and my hands trembled as I pulled them away to wipe the fresh tears on my cheeks.

"I don't know what's right anymore," I whispered. "But I do know one thing."

They leaned in, their breath held.

"I still love you. All of you. I never stopped."

*Chapter 293: Want You*

Olivia's POV

Their faces lit up instantly. Levi's eyes shimmered, a boyish grin spreading across his face as he let out a shaky laugh of relief. Louis exhaled hard, like he'd been holding his breath all this while. And Lennox... he just stared at me like I'd hung the stars with my bare hands.

"You're serious?" Levi asked, his voice trembling with hope.

I nodded slowly, brushing a tear off my cheek with the back of my hand. "I'm willing to give you a chance. But you have so much work to do."

That made all three of them laugh. Really laugh—like a weight had been lifted, even if only slightly.

Lennox was the first to move. He stepped in without hesitation and wrapped his arms around me, pulling me into his chest. I melted into him, my face pressed against the familiar warmth of his shirt, his scent surrounding me—cedar, smoke, and something purely him.

Then Levi and Louis stood too, and before I could process it, we were all wrapped up in one big, tangled hug. Their arms around me, their bodies pressed close. It was overwhelming—in the best way.

I felt safe. I felt loved.

And goddess... I felt wanted.

I pulled back slightly, looking up into Louis's eyes. Those warm, brown eyes that had once been my favorite shade. My heart thudded wildly as I reached up and pressed my lips to his.

It was soft. Gentle. But it was also passionate.

When I pulled back, his eyes were wide, stunned, and he looked like he'd forgotten how to breathe.

Then I turned to Levi. He was already watching me, his eyes dark with emotion, his lips parted. I didn't hesitate—I kissed him too. Slower this time. Deeper.

He made a soft, broken sound when our lips touched, like he'd been waiting his whole life for that one moment.

And finally... Lennox.

I didn't even give him time to react. I cupped his jaw and pulled him down to me. Our mouths met, and this kiss—gods, this one set me on fire.

His hand slid around my waist, firm and possessive. His other hand tangled in my hair, anchoring me to him.

It was heat and hunger and years of repressed feelings exploding at once.

By the time I pulled away, my lips were tingling, my cheeks flushed. I could barely breathe.

And I didn't know what had come over me—maybe it was the wine, maybe the emotions, or maybe I really was ovulating—but the need in my belly was unmistakable. Heavy. Achy. Raw.

"I want you," I said before I could stop myself.

Three pairs of eyes locked onto me at once.

"I—" I licked my lips, breathless. "I don't know what's happening. Maybe it's the hormones. Or maybe it's the bond. But right now... I just—" My voice dropped. "I need you."

Silence.

Thick. Tense. Electrified.

Levi swallowed hard. "Are you sure?"

Before I could answer, Lennox stepped back slightly, shaking his head, his brows furrowed. "She is not sure," he said, his voice low and rough. "She is just overwhelmed, Olivia. This is a lot."

My heart clenched at his honesty. I didn't blame him—not after everything we'd been through. But I couldn't let doubt ruin this moment.

I stepped closer, my voice soft but certain. "Then let me prove to you that I am."

And I did.

I turned to Levi and pulled him into a kiss. Deep. Hungry. No hesitation.

His arms wrapped around me instantly, gripping my waist as if he'd been waiting for this moment. He kissed me back with that same desperate energy—years of pain, love, confusion, and craving crashing into the space between our mouths. I moaned softly into the kiss, my fingers threading through his hair, tugging gently.

He growled low in his throat, and I felt him lift the hem of my gown slightly, his fingertips grazing the bare skin of my thigh. My breath hitched, my whole body lit up, his touch reigniting something wild inside me.

My hand slipped down between us, brushing against the hard line of his cock through his pants. He inhaled sharply, the sound shaky and raw, his hips twitching at my teasing touch.

I pulled back slowly, just long enough to turn to Louis.

He was already watching me, his eyes molten, jaw tight, chest rising and falling like he'd been holding himself back. The heat in his gaze made my breath catch.

I stepped toward him, rising onto my toes to press my lips to his. He didn't wait. His hands came up instantly, one gripping my waist, the other sliding up my front, his palm molding to my breast.

I gasped into his mouth as his thumb brushed across my nipple through the thin fabric of my dress, the sensation shooting straight to my core. My wolf let out a soft, involuntary moan inside me.

"Goddess, Olivia," Louis murmured against my lips, his voice thick. "You're going to undo us."

And then—suddenly—I was off the ground.

Strong arms wrapped tightly around me, lifting me like I weighed nothing.

I gasped, startled, then immediately melted into the heat of the body holding me.

It was Lennox.

His mouth crashed into mine with a desperation that stole every breath, every thought. It wasn't just a kiss. It was a claim. A silent declaration.

His grip on my thighs tightened, holding me close against his chest, and I instinctively wrapped my legs around him, my arms curling around his shoulders.

He kissed me like a starving man, like someone trying to consume a memory before it disappeared again. I whimpered into his mouth, feeling my pussy clench as his hands gripped my waist, dragging me closer, desperate and breathless, like he needed me to breathe.

When we finally broke apart, he rested his forehead against mine, our breath mingling, our wolves howling.

"Tell us, little bird," Lennox whispered, his voice hoarse with desire. "How and where do you want it?"

*Chapter 294: Catch Me If You Can*

Olivia's POV

My breath was ragged. My lips swollen. My heart thundered like a war drum.

Levi pressed a kiss to my exposed shoulder. "Tell us, baby... your wish is our command."

A wicked smile curled my lips as I pulled back slightly from Lennox, my arms still draped around his shoulders.

I leaned close, brushing my mouth against his ear, and whispered, "Come find me."

Then, in the blink of an eye, I teleported.

To the kitchen.

The silence was immediate. The sudden absence of heat and hands and mouths gave me just enough clarity to grin to myself.

The scent of roasted meats and leftover wine filled the room. I pressed my hand to my racing heart and leaned against the counter, my cheeks flushed, my thighs pressed together.

I could already hear it—the heavy footsteps pounding up the hall, fast and hungry.

And then... their scents hit me. Smoky cedar. Pine and amber. Rain-drenched leather.

I smirked, just as the door creaked open. Three sets of wide, confused, burning eyes locked onto mine.

Before they could even speak, I gave them a wink. "Too slow."

Poof.

I disappeared again.

To the library.

Dim light. Books. Velvet chairs and silence.

I perched atop the grand oak desk in the center, crossing my legs with a smirk. My body still thrummed with desire, but teasing them... gods, teasing them was its own kind of delicious.

It didn't take long. The door burst open again, and I caught sight of them—frustrated, wild-eyed, breathless.

Louis cursed under his breath. Levi muttered my name like it was both a prayer and a threat.

I tilted my head sweetly, biting my bottom lip.

And teleported again.

This time, back to the rooftop.

I twirled once, laughing softly to myself, my heart pounding with anticipation. I knew they were tracking me by my scent, by our bond, by instinct.

Seconds later, the rooftop hatch flung open.

"Olivia!" Lennox's voice was rough, almost pained.

I blew him a kiss.

Poof.

I teleported to the garden.

Flowers swayed gently in the breeze, their fragrance wrapping around me. I strolled across the soft grass, goosebumps racing up my arms.

And then—they arrived. All three of them. Furious. Desperate.

"Catch me if you can," I purred, and with one last wink—I vanished.

To a guest room.

The door creaked softly behind me. I waited, my heart in my throat, flushed and trembling. This game was driving me as crazy as it was them.

The door opened.

Louis. Levi.

Both stepped in, eyes ablaze.

Louis moved first, reaching for me—his voice low. "Enough games, Liv—"

And I was gone.

Straight to Lennox's room.

But this time... I wasn't alone.

Lennox stood there. Waiting. Like he knew I would come.

His chest rose and fell like he'd just sprinted through hell, sweat glistening along his collarbone. His hair was tousled, lips parted, eyes dark as obsidian.

The moment our gazes met, he moved.

Before I could so much as smirk, his arms were around me, gripping my waist tight as he slammed me against the wall with a force that knocked the air from my lungs.

"You think you're clever, little bird?" he growled, his voice low and trembling with restraint.

I bit my lip, playing innocent even as my body trembled against his. "Maybe."

His hand gripped my jaw gently, tipping my chin up until our noses brushed. "You've been driving us insane."

My smirk returned. "I know."

Then he crushed his mouth to mine.

There was no hesitation. No teasing. No more games.

His kiss was furious, possessive, and claiming. One hand tangled in my hair, the other pinned my hip, his thigh sliding between mine.

"Mine," he rasped against my lips.

Then came Levi—bursting in, breathless, eyes wild.

Followed by Louis.

The moment they saw me trapped against Lennox's chest, flushed and trembling, they let out a sigh of relief.

Lennox looked back at them and smirked. "Brothers, how do we make her pay?"

Levi didn't wait.

He stormed forward and yanked me from Lennox's grip, spinning me around and pulling me flush against him. His lips were parted, eyes dark with a hunger that stole the breath from my lungs.

"You want to play games?" he growled, his hands already bunching the fabric at my hips.

I didn't even have time to reply before he ripped my dress down the front. The sound of tearing fabric echoed in the room like thunder. I gasped, then laughed—a breathy, teasing sound—as cool air brushed my bare skin.

Smack.

His palm landed hard on my ass, making me jolt and whimper, the sting blooming deliciously.

"Levi!" I gasped out, half-laughing, half-moaning.

"You like making us chase you?" he murmured against my ear, nipping at the shell before trailing his tongue down my neck.

Behind me, Louis came closer. I felt the heat of his presence first, then the soft graze of his fingers along my waist.

Then—rip—he tore away my underwear in one swift, ruthless motion. The cold air kissed my bare skin, and I let out a shaky breath, dizzy with anticipation.

"Beautiful," Louis murmured reverently, his lips pressing hot kisses down the curve of my spine. "Absolutely fucking beautiful."

My body arched, instinctively pressing back against him as his hands explored my hips, his lips trailing fire down my back.

Then Levi tilted my chin, claiming my mouth with a kiss that left me breathless. His tongue demanded, explored, owned. One hand cradled the back of my head, the other squeezed my waist, pulling me tighter against his body.

I was melting between them when Lennox returned, possessive, growling, not to be left out.

He ducked his head and wrapped his lips around my nipple, sucking hard, making my head fall back with a moan that echoed off the walls.

"Oh gods—"

My legs trembled. My body ached. My mind spun in a haze of heat and touch and mouths and them.

I barely had time to catch my breath before Louis's hands were on me. With a growl low in his throat, he swept me off my feet and tossed me onto the bed. I landed with a soft bounce, a startled laugh slipping past my lips as the three of them stood before me.

With my heart pounding, pulse quickening, I sat up and looked at them.

They stood there, the three of them, hungry eyes on me.

Slowly, like they had all the time in the world to unravel me.

Shirts were pulled over heads, muscles flexing and rippling in the low light. Pants slid down, and soon they were standing bare before me.

I swallowed hard.

Even though I'd seen them naked before, it hit differently now—because tonight, I wouldn't just feel their cocks against me. I would feel them inside me.

The sight of them standing there—completely bare, aroused—sent a flush of heat rushing through me. Their desire was bold and unhidden, heavy between their thighs. My breath stuttered as I took them in, every detail more intense under the weight of my anticipation.

I couldn't look away.

I tensed, my throat tightening around a shaky breath.

They noticed.

Levi, always the first to sense what I tried to hide, stepped forward. His voice was low and rough as gravel. "Do you want just one of us tonight, little bird?"

My gaze flicked up to his, wide, breathless. I could feel the question ripple through the air like a dare. But the answer came as naturally as breathing.

I shook my head.

"No," I whispered. "I want you all."

I could barely breathe.

Their gazes pinned me in place, heat, and hunger in every slow breath they took. My body trembled—not from fear, not even from hesitation—but from the weight of it all. The weight of them. The weight of this moment.

Lennox stepped closer, his dark eyes softening just enough to make my chest tighten.

"We'll be gentle," he murmured, his voice a gravelled promise. "As best as we can be."

I nodded, my heart pounding, eyes burning.

Louis smirked and whispered, "It's your night, Olivia. You get to choose who goes first."

I froze.

Three pairs of eyes, full of fire and longing, locked on me. My mouth parted, but no sound came. How could I choose?

They were all part of me. All threads in the same bond. All pieces of the same longing. I blinked rapidly, trying to focus, but it was like asking me to pick which part of my soul should speak first.

"I—" I shook my head, my breath catching. "I can't. I don't know. If... if all three of you could—" I broke off, flustered. "But that's not possible."

They all smirked—equally amused, equally starved.

"Choose among yourselves." I suggested.

"We're greedy, sweetheart," Levi said with a rough chuckle. "We can't decide either."

My wolf huffed inside me, impatient and restless. She wanted movement. Action. Now.

"Okay," I muttered, my voice light and trembling. "If none of you can choose..."

I sat up straighter, an idea forming as my fingers reached for the nightstand and pulled a small piece of paper and a pen from the drawer. "Turn around," I told them, already scribbling quickly. "No peeking."

They exchanged glances, confused but amused, and slowly turned their backs to me.

I wrote three words across three slips: First. Second. Third.

Folding them, I placed the papers on the bed and smiled to myself.

"Okay," I said, trying to keep my voice steady. "Turn around."

They did—and each of them approached the bed, eyes flicking between the tiny folded slips.

"One each," I said. "No trading. And no announcing what you got."

They picked.

Fingers unfolded the paper. Expressions stayed guarded.

I met each of their eyes in turn, my voice low. "It doesn't matter who goes first. It's still all of you. It's still... us."

They held my gaze, and in their silence, I felt their understanding. No tension, no jealousy. Just quiet acceptance.

Then—without another word—they climbed onto the bed.

*Chapter 295: First Sex*

Olivia's POV

The bed dipped as they climbed on, surrounding me.

It seemed Louis would go in first because he settled between my thighs. His hands slid up my legs, thumbs circling the insides of my thighs, coaxing me open. He looked up at me with those rich brown eyes, full of hunger and desire.

Lennox and Levi stayed close—one on either side of me. Levi took my breast into his mouth without a word, tongue flicking and sucking with a greed that had my hips lifting from the mattress. Lennox claimed my mouth, kissing me slow and deep, fingers threading into my hair as if he were grounding us both.

Louis leaned in.

But instead of pressing inside me, he licked my pussy—one slow, possessive drag of his tongue that made my back arch and my mouth break from Lennox's kiss in a gasp.

"Gods," I whispered, trembling.

Louis only smirked against my skin, then pressed another soft, devastating kiss before pulling back.

I blinked, confused for a moment... until Lennox slid between my legs, taking Louis's place. He smirked at me—that smirk he always wore when things went his way.

"I picked first, darling," he murmured, his voice a low, heated rumble that sent a shiver dancing down my spine.

I sucked a deep breath, feeling my wolf purring for action... The bitch was impatient. Not like they were shifting and taking me in wolf form.

Lennox leaned down, his mouth hovering just above mine. "You still sure?" he whispered, eyes searching mine.

My whole body answered before my voice could. I nodded, pulling him down for a kiss that held nothing back.

Lennox pulled back slightly, his fingers brushing along my jaw before trailing lower. "Let's open you up first," he whispered, and before I could brace myself, two of his fingers slid inside me.

I gasped, my hips jerking, the sudden fullness startling and overwhelming. But before the sound could fully escape, Levi sealed my lips with his mouth, swallowing my moan as his tongue tangled with mine.

Louis, ever attuned to my every breath, took my nipple into his mouth, sucking softly—tenderly—his hand splayed over my chest as though trying to soothe the tremble coursing through me.

Lennox moved his fingers slowly, carefully, curling them inside me, stretching me with deliberate intent. My thighs quivered, and a needy whimper slipped into Levi's mouth. I was unraveling, undone by too much sensation and not enough—never enough—of them.

"Please," I whispered against Levi's lips, my voice cracked and breathless. I broke the kiss, my gaze finding Lennox. "Please... go in."

His eyes darkened with restrained hunger, and he leaned closer, nuzzling my cheek. "You sure, baby?" he asked again, his voice hoarse with control.

I nodded—desperate now. "Please, Lennox..."

Then I felt it—the blunt, hot press of his tip nudging at my entrance.

My breath hitched.

It was bigger than I remembered. Or maybe it just felt that way because I was so overwhelmed.

I tensed instinctively, the pressure already bordering on pain.

"Breathe, love," Levi murmured beside me, his hand coming to rest gently over my heart. "Look at him. Don't fight it."

My eyes locked with Lennox's, and he held my gaze like it was the only thing keeping him grounded. He moved slowly, inch by agonizing inch, every muscle in his body trembling with restraint.

Louis leaned up to brush a kiss against my jaw before lowering again, his tongue circling my nipple while his fingers traced lazy patterns on my hip. "We've got you, mate," he whispered. "Every part of you."

My eyes stayed locked on Lennox's as I felt him push deeper. There was a sudden sting—a sharp tear of discomfort that made me gasp, my fingers curling into the sheets.

His eyes widened with worry, the heat in them instantly softened by concern. He froze.

"I'm sorry," he mouthed, lips barely moving.

But I didn't want him to be sorry. I wanted him. I reached up, cupping his jaw, never breaking our gaze.

"It's okay," I whispered. "Don't stop."

He pulled back just slightly, enough to give me a moment, and then slid back in—gentle, controlled—our eyes never wavering. The burn gave way to a deeper fullness, one that made my breath catch.

Louis was still at my breast, his tongue lapping softly, soothing the ache building in my chest. Levi's lips trailed kisses down my shoulder and neck, his fingers brushing through my hair like he was trying to ease my discomfort.

My eyes locked on Lennox, who leaned down, pressing the softest kiss to my thigh—first one, then another.

Then he began to move.

Slow.

Measured.

Deep.

Like he was memorizing every gasp, every flutter of my lashes, every tremble that danced over my skin.

I moaned, the sound raw and deep, my fingers finding his back and holding him close as he rocked into me.

"I've got you," he murmured, his voice shaking with restraint. "So perfect."

I released a soft moan, unable to speak, overwhelmed by pleasure.

Lennox began thrusting deeper into me, stretching me to take all of him. My gasp slipped into a moan, and he stilled again, teeth clenched, muscles taut like a bow pulled too tight.

Our eyes met, and it was like the world narrowed to the space between our breaths.

He was holding back. I could see it in the tightness of his jaw, the way his muscles flexed as if straining against a leash. His restraint was noble... but I didn't want it.

"Don't," I whispered, wrapping my legs around his waist and pulling him deeper into me. "Don't hold back."

His eyes darkened—blazing amber now—and then he moved.

Gods.

The first real thrust sent sparks up my spine. He rocked into me slow, then deeper, hips rolling with a rhythm that made my entire body quake beneath him. My fingers clutched his back, my mouth falling open in a moan I didn't try to hide.

My wolf stirred, her moans echoing through my mind, pressing against the edges of me, purring, wild, needy. She wanted this. All of it. So did I.

"Fuck, Olivia," Levi whispered at my ear, brushing my hair back and kissing the sensitive skin behind it. His lips trailed down my throat, teeth grazing lightly. "You're doing so good."

Louis's mouth closed around my other breast, tongue circling, suckling softly, his hands holding me steady while Lennox rocked deeper.

I whimpered, then cried out as Lennox changed angle, hitting something that made stars burst behind my eyes.

My hips arched to meet him.

My moans grew louder.

The discomfort had melted into heat, pure, molten pleasure that stole the breath from my lungs.

Lennox buried his face in the crook of my neck, groaning like the restraint he'd clung to was finally unraveling. And then he let loose.

His pace changed.

His thrusts became stronger, deeper, primal.

I held his gaze, watching the pleasure unravel him the same way it was consuming me. His amber eyes locked with mine, and it wasn't just our bodies that were joined. It was everything. Our souls, wolves, hearts.

"I love you," he breathed, his voice ragged as his thrusts grew desperate. "I've always loved you."

The next thrust knocked the breath from my lips, and I moaned aloud—helplessly, shamelessly. My fingers dug into his shoulders as he moved faster, harder, filling me so completely I thought I might collapse out of pleasure.

"Lennox," I gasped, my eyes fluttering.

"I've got you, baby," he groaned against my throat, his lips brushing my skin.

Louis's hands moved over my body, coaxing pleasure to bloom where Lennox left none, while Levi's fingers found my clit, circling it with skilled, feather-light touches that had my hips jerking and my mouth falling open in a cry I couldn't contain.

My body burned, my wolf howled with pure, wild joy, the sound echoing inside me, fueling my pleasure. I was surrounded by them—claimed by them—worshipped by them.

The rhythm of Lennox's hips grew rougher, faster, and I could feel him—every inch of him—deep inside, hitting a part of me that sent my vision spinning.

"I love you," I gasped suddenly, my voice breaking as I stared up at Lennox.

His rhythm faltered for a heartbeat.

His eyes widened, then softened, and something broke open in him.

And when he hit that spot again... stars exploded behind my eyes.

Levi's lips crashed into mine, passionate and heated, while still circling my clit in slow, tantalizing strokes that had my body writhing beneath their touch. The dual

sensations—his mouth and fingers—kept me hovering at the edge, my cries swallowed into his kiss as I trembled.

Louis hadn't let up. His mouth was hot and wet around my nipple, tugging, sucking, his other hand stroking himself as if the sight of me under his brothers, flushed and trembling—was all he needed. I opened my eyes just for a moment and caught his expression: eyes dark, lips parted, desire etched in every line of his face. He was close, but holding back.

Lennox groaned above me, his pace shifting, his thrusts turning faster, almost frantic. I could feel him pulsing deep inside me, his body tightening as he drove into me again and again.

"Oh gods—" I moaned into Levi's mouth, as pleasure crashed through me, my walls clenched around him.

"Lennox!" I gasped, my fingers digging into his shoulders.

The pressure inside me coiled impossibly tight, Levi's fingers never stopping, the wet sounds of his strokes mixing with Lennox's deep grunts and the desperate cries spilling from my lips.

Then, through the haze of pleasure, I whispered again, "I love you."

His eyes widened, pupils blown, and I saw the effect of those three words. His thrusts faltered, then deepened. More intense. More urgent. His entire body locked as he drove into me one last time and groaned my name like it was the only word that mattered.

"Olivia—" Lennox growled, his hips jerking as he came inside me. My walls clenched around him, milking every drop of him as he came inside me with a loud, guttural moan. The heat of him filled me so completely it made my entire body tremble.

Levi pulled back just as Lennox leaned down, kissing me, slow and tender this time, like he was sealing something sacred between us. His breath was still ragged, his body trembling as he held himself above me.

"Thank you," he whispered against my lips, his voice thick with emotion. "That was perfect."

He pulled out slowly, lingering just a moment longer inside me, like he didn't want to leave. And when he finally moved, settling beside me, my breath was still catching in my throat.

Levi didn't wait. His fingers slid beneath my knees, lifting and spreading me gently, taking his position between my thighs with a grin that promised no mercy.

*Chapter 296: Second Sex*

Olivia's POV

As Lennox finally pulled back, his lips brushing mine in a final kiss, my body trembled with aftershocks. I barely had time to catch my breath before Levi was there, positioning himself into the space between my thighs.

Our eyes locked.

His usual playfulness was gone, replaced by something intense. Reverent. As though I were a gift he had waited his entire life to unwrap.

"Hey," he whispered, brushing my hair away from my face, his thumb trailing softly down my cheek.

"Hi," I breathed, my heart still racing.

His lips found mine in a kiss that started slow, but deepened quickly—hungry, desperate, and full of heat. He kissed like he was claiming me, branding me from the inside out. And I kissed him back, my hands finding their way into his hair, pulling him closer, anchoring myself to him.

Louis remained close, trailing soft kisses down my collarbone, his hand stroking gently over my side, soothing. Lennox settled beside me too, watching with hooded eyes, his fingers lazily brushing my stomach as though unwilling to let me go completely.

But Levi... Levi was everything in that moment.

He pulled back from the kiss just enough to press his forehead against mine.

"You're perfect," he whispered, his voice low and hoarse. "I've waited for this. For you."

His hand slid between my thighs, not rushing me, but feeling the way I pulsed—still sensitive, still aching. When his fingers brushed my clit, I arched into him instinctively, a broken sound escaping me.

"Yes," he murmured, kissing me again. "That's my girl."

His hand stilled between my thighs, his eyes searching mine as he hovered over me. His chest rose and fell with shallow breaths, the heat of his skin pressed against mine. There was so much in his gaze—desire, reverence, and something deeper, something that made my chest ache.

"You ready?" he asked softly, his voice husky.

I nodded, my throat too tight to speak. I was still trembling, sore and sensitive from Lennox, but the way Levi looked at me made me feel like I could take anything. Like I wanted to.

He guided himself to my entrance, rubbing gently against me before beginning to push in.

My breath hitched.

It wasn't as painful as it had been with Lennox—my body was already stretched and slick—but the discomfort was still there. I winced, gasping softly as he inched deeper, his movements slow, patient.

"Gods, Olivia," Levi groaned, his voice shaking. "You're so tight."

I clung to his shoulders, fingers digging into his skin as I breathed through the tension, trying to focus on the warmth of his breath on my neck, the softness in his gaze.

"I've got you," he murmured again, kissing the corner of my mouth. "Just a little more..."

And then he was fully inside me, buried to the hilt.

We both stilled.

His forehead dropped to mine, sweat beading at his temple as he tried to stay still, his body trembling with restraint. I felt stretched, full, but not overwhelmed. His presence was different—soothing and burning all at once.

I let out a shaky breath. "You can move."

He pulled back slowly, then pushed back in with a low groan that sent a shiver up my spine.

His first thrust was gentle, as if he was learning me, memorizing every reaction, every sound that left my lips. The discomfort dulled quickly, replaced by growing pleasure that curled hot and low in my belly.

My wolf stirred again, moaning with me, pushing against the bond, hungry for more.

Levi's lips brushed my ear. "You feel like heaven," he whispered. "I don't ever want to leave."

I arched into him, wrapping my legs tighter around his waist, urging him deeper. He responded with a soft growl, thrusting harder, deeper, his pace gradually building.

My moans grew louder with each of Levi's deepening thrusts. The way he moved inside me was worshipful, yet intense—every motion deliberate, every sound that tore from my throat matched by his low groans. Our eyes remained locked, even as everything around us blurred into heat and sensation.

Louis's hand trailed lower, his fingers expertly finding my clit, rubbing in slow, tantalizing circles. My body jolted at the added stimulation, the dual sensations overwhelming. I gasped, arching into Levi as the pleasure mounted fast—too fast.

And then, without warning, Levi pulled out.

I blinked up at him, breathless and dazed, confused by the sudden absence. "W-What...?"

But he didn't answer with words. Louis shifted away from my side, giving Levi room as he moved behind me. I felt the mattress shift, then the warmth of Levi's chest pressing against my back. His hand lifted my leg gently, draping it over his as he nestled against me once more.

When he entered me again, it was from behind, deeper, the angle more intense. I gasped sharply, my hand flying out to grip the sheets, but Lennox was already there, leaning in to kiss me, swallowing my cry with a slow, tender press of his lips.

"Shh, baby," he whispered against my mouth, his hand cupping my cheek. "We've got you."

Levi moved with steady control behind me, each thrust making my breath hitch. His hand slid around to clutch my waist, holding me tight against him. The sensation of being surrounded, touched, cherished from all sides—it was too much, and not enough. I felt like I was unraveling, every nerve on fire.

Louis returned to my front, brushing kisses along my neck, his hand finding my breast and teasing my already-sensitive skin.

"Fuck," Levi rasped, his breath hot against my shoulder. "You feel... incredible."

Levi's grunt filled my ear, low and raw, vibrating against my skin like a thunderclap. I could feel his wolf through the bond, rumbling with pleasure, moaning in unison with his every thrust. The wet, rhythmic sounds of our bodies moving together filled the air, mixing with our shared gasps and broken whimpers.

He shifted slightly, lifting my leg higher with one hand, changing the angle. I cried out into Lennox's kiss as Levi drove deeper. My moan was swallowed by Lennox's lips, his tongue stroking mine, grounding me, claiming me alongside his brother. Every thrust from Levi sent sparks of heat racing through my core, each stroke more intense than the last.

Louis's fingers didn't stop—they moved in perfect rhythm, circling my clit, coaxing more pleasure from me, drawing me closer and closer to the edge. My hips moved instinctively, meeting Levi's rhythm, matching the unrelenting pressure of his thrusts.

"You're doing so good, baby," Levi groaned into my ear, voice wrecked. "So perfect. I can't hold back anymore..."

His pace faltered—just slightly—and then his body tensed behind me. I felt him release inside me, a deep, shuddering growl escaping his chest as he buried himself to the hilt. His arms tightened around my waist, and his breath fanned hot against my shoulder as he came, the intensity of his release washing over us both.

"Olivia..."

I clung to him, my body still trembling, still aching with aftershocks as he slowly stilled behind me. Lennox broke the kiss, resting his forehead against mine, his hand brushing soothingly over my waist.

Louis leaned closer, pressing a soft kiss to my temple.

Levi sucked a deep breath and whispered into my ear. "This... was the best sex of my life." I blushed, though I was still in a haze.

Louis leaned closer, his thumb brushing over my cheek, moving my gaze to his. There was heat there—something dark and intense behind his deep brown eyes. A slow, wicked smile curved his lips.

"One more to go," he murmured, his voice a low rumble that made my skin tingle. I was sore, drained... but the way he looked at me made my body react before I could think. My thighs tightened involuntarily, my breath catching.

Louis smirked as if he knew he already had an effect on me.

"Tell me, baby girl, how do you want it?" he asked... suddenly inserting two fingers inside me while I gasped. "Soft and gentle? A bit faster? Or..." His smirk deepened. "Do you want my favorite?"

Levi shifted beside me, still close, his hand gently resting over my stomach.

"Louis," he said quietly, concern etched into his features. "No. Not now. She can't take it."

I moaned, my pussy clenching around Louis's fingers.

"What's... your favorite?" I moaned out. "I want to try something new. I want your favorite."

Louis's eyes darkened instantly.

"You're sure?" he asked, his voice lower now, rougher.

I nodded slowly, my heart thudding. "Show me."

The air seemed to shift. Louis exhaled slowly, as though trying to control himself. His jaw flexed, and when he leaned in again, his lips barely brushed mine.

"You have no idea what you're asking for," he whispered against my mouth. "But I'll be gentle... at first."

*Chapter 297: Third Sex*

Louis POV

Impatiently, I grabbed the bedsheet under us and ripped a strip from it easily. I saw her eyes widen—not in fear, but with something that made my chest tighten.

Excitement. Trust.

I gently took her wrists in my hands, moving slowly. I didn't want to scare her.

"Do you trust me?" I asked, my voice low and full of concern. For a Dom, trust wasn't just important—it was everything.

She nodded quickly. "Yes."

"Good," I said as I tied her hands together and raised them above her head. Not too tight—just enough so she'd feel that she was mine.

I leaned down and kissed her knuckles gently. Even though I had control, I wanted her to know I still cared. Deeply.

"I won't go deeper tonight," I whispered against her skin. "It's your first time with me. I'll give you enough to remember... but not everything."

I leaned closer, my body brushing hers, and whispered near her ear, "Next time, when you're ready, I won't hold back."

I reached for the second strip of fabric I'd torn earlier, letting it slide slowly through my fingers before gently bringing it to her eyes.

"One more thing, sweetheart," I murmured, brushing her cheek with my knuckles.

Her breath hitched.

"Trust me?" I asked again.

"Yes," she whispered.

I blindfolded her with care, tying the knot just tight enough to keep her in the dark. The moment her vision was gone, her other senses lit up—her lips parted, her breathing deepened. She was already slipping into that headspace, giving herself over to me completely.

I guided her body, pressing softly on her shoulder.

"Turn around," I said.

She obeyed.

"Now lie on your stomach... good girl."

I dragged my hand down the curve of her back, then gripped her hips and gently lifted her.

"Ass up for me, darling."

She followed my instruction slowly, her breathing shaky and eager.

I let my fingers trail down her spine, then between her thighs, just grazing the entrance of her soaked red pussy, but I didn't go in. She gasped when I teased her gently, then gave her a firm, open-palmed smack on the side of her ass. The sound echoed. She cried out—not just from the sting, but from the surge of sensation that came with it.

"How do you feel?" I asked, watching the way her body shivered.

"Great," she said breathlessly.

I smirked, kneeling behind her, dragging my fingers over the backs of her thighs. But I didn't give her what she clearly wanted—not yet. Instead, I took my time. I kissed the shell of her ear and rubbed my finger on her entrance as she trembled with want.

"You're doing so well for me," I praised softly.

Her thighs clenched. She was shaking now with anticipation, her body aching for more.

"Please," she whispered.

I pressed a kiss to the base of her spine.

"Not yet, sweetheart. But soon."

I lifted her again, slowly, making her stand on the bed. She clung to me instinctively, her eyes dark with need, breath already catching in her throat.

I laid on the bed with my back, then guided her gently, coaxing her to straddle me. Her legs trembled as she moved into position.

"That's it, sweetheart," I murmured, settling beneath her. "Just squat."

I gripped her thighs, steadying her, and the moment her pussy came in contact with my face, I felt her shudder, but I didn't give her the time—I brought out my tongue and licked her pussy.

She gasped in shock and positioned herself, placing both hands on the bed before her.

I tightened my grip on her thighs, spreading her open just a little more, guiding her movements as I licked into her slowly, purposefully. She tasted like everything I'd ever wanted.

Her body jerked, her knees nearly giving out, but I held her firm. She sobbed. She was crying from the overwhelming pleasure, her voice raw and gasping.

I slowed down deliberately, flicking my tongue just right, letting her feel every second. Her hips rolled, desperate, trying to chase the rhythm.

"Mmmm." I moaned as I ate her pussy deeply.

She cried out again, louder this time, her body arching.

Above her, Levi moved in, brushing her hair back as he kissed her shoulder. Then he dipped lower, his mouth capturing one of her sensitive, flushed nipples. She let out a sound I'd never heard from her before—a whimper full of shock and raw want.

At the same time, Lennox slid in behind her, his mouth finding her other breast. He sucked gently, teeth grazing just enough to make her moan into the sheets.

Her hands gripped the bed, her nails digging into the covers, her body trembling like a live wire.

"I c-can't—Louis—I—!" she gasped.

"Yes, you can," I murmured against her, my voice muffled as I sucked harder, guiding her with both hands still firm on her thighs. "You're doing so good, sweetheart. So damn good for us." I moaned.

Her whole body quaked as the orgasm took her, loud and unrestrained, her cry echoing through the room as she pressed against my face, unable to stop the waves that wracked her.

I held her through it, licking her harder.

When she finally slumped forward, boneless and gasping, I lifted her carefully and laid her back down on the bed. Her chest rose and fell in quick, shallow breaths. Her cheeks were flushed, lips parted, eyes still blindfolded but glowing with aftershock.

I moved between her thighs, taking my time, watching her with emotions I couldn't explain. My hand slid down, and I rubbed the tip of my length along her folds, just barely grazing her entrance.

She whimpered, trying to shift closer.

"Patience," I whispered, my voice hoarse.

But her hand moved up blindly, finding my chest... then lower, until her fingers wrapped around my cock, trembling.

"Please," she whispered, so softly it made my chest ache. "Please go in, Louis..."

I couldn't hold back anymore.

Her whisper—breathless, trembling—ripped the last thread of restraint from me. I gripped her thighs gently and eased forward, letting the head of my length nudge at her entrance. She was soaked. Warm. Tight.

So damn tight.

I pushed in just a little and stopped, breathing hard against her shoulder as her body clamped down on me. She gasped, her fingers clutching the sheets like lifelines.

"God," I groaned, forehead pressing to hers. "You're so tight, baby..."

I waited, giving her time. She shifted under me, adjusting, and I eased in further—slow, deliberate. Her breath hitched again.

"You okay?" I murmured.

She nodded, whispering, "Don't stop."

So I didn't.

Once I was fully inside, I paused again, savoring the feel of her wrapped around me. Then I began to move, slow thrusts building a rhythm, her gasps and soft moans driving me insane.

Levi and Lennox leaned in, each taking one of her breasts into their mouths. She arched, overwhelmed, her hands clutching them for balance as their mouths worshipped her. Her moans came faster now, tangled with my name and theirs.

"That's it," I murmured, grabbing the backs of her thighs and giving her a light spank. She let out a sharp cry, the pain mixing with pleasure, making her quake beneath us.

I pulled out slowly and flipped her with care.

"On your stomach, baby," I said softly. "Ass up for me."

She obeyed without hesitation, rising onto her knees with her cheek pressed to the pillow. The sight of her—flushed, glistening, presenting herself to me—nearly undid me.

I positioned myself behind her, guiding myself to her entrance again. With one steady thrust, I slid back into her, and she cried out, fingers twisting in the sheets.

"Good girl," I whispered darkly, beginning to move again, deep and steady, as her moans filled the room.

I raised my hand and brought it down on her ass again—hard. She sobbed into the sheets, but her hips rocked backward, meeting every stroke. Her body was moving on instinct now—pure, mindless pleasure.

I leaned forward, grabbed both her breasts from behind, and gave her nipples a harsh, possessive squeeze.

She cried out, her whole body locking up with the sudden pain mixed with pleasure.

"Yes—oh God, yes!"

My hand landed on her ass again, sharp and rhythmic with each thrust. Her cries grew louder, more desperate. Every spank followed by a gasp, and every thrust met with her trembling moans. She was shaking under me, her body quivering on the edge.

"Say my name," I growled, not slowing for a second.

"Louis—" she sobbed, her voice raw, a cry of overwhelming pleasure.

I felt her tighten around me, and I knew she was close—so close. But I wasn't done with her yet.

Without warning, I pulled out and turned her over, flipping her onto her back. Her chest heaved, tears glistening behind the blindfold as her wrists strained slightly against the torn sheets still binding her.

I reached up, gently untying her hands, letting them fall free. Then I removed the blindfold.

Her eyes locked with mine—dazed, shining, filled with tears of pure pleasure. The moment she could move, her hand reached for my shoulder, gripping it tightly, grounding herself in me.

"Look at me," I whispered, and she did. She looked so beautiful, breathless, and satisfied.

I hooked her legs up over my shoulders, lifting them gently but firmly. She let out a soft gasp, her back arching as I lined up with her again.

Then I thrust in deep.

She screamed my name, her nails digging into my skin, and I spanked her thighs sharply, watching her tremble with every motion.

Again. And again.

The sound of our bodies filled the room—skin on skin, breathless moans, her voice breaking every time I pushed in harder.

She clenched around me as I lost my rhythm, pleasure coiling tight in my gut. I grabbed her hips and slammed forward, burying myself deep as I came inside her with a groan, my body trembling with the force of release.

She gasped, her arms wrapping around me, pulling me down into her warmth.

I slowly pulled out of her, careful not to jolt her overworked body. Her breath hitched, her thighs trembling slightly. The moment I moved beside her, she reached up and pulled me in for a soft, lingering kiss—slow, messy, full of emotion. Her lips were warm and tender.

Then she fell back onto the bed, her arms slipping to the sheets, her legs still parted but limp with exhaustion. She was boneless, breathless, her chest rising and falling like she'd just survived a storm.

Levi and Lennox leaned in on either side of her, their touches now featherlight. Levi pressed kisses along her collarbone, while Lennox trailed his lips down the curve of her stomach, both of them murmuring soft things into her skin—worshipping her in their own quiet way.

I brushed a hand down her arm, watching her eyes flutter open.

"You okay?" I asked gently, brushing a strand of hair from her damp forehead.

She gave a slow nod, her lips parting with effort. "I'm okay," she whispered, though her voice was faint, almost slurred.

### *Chapter 298: First Time*

#### Olivia's POV

I couldn't move.

Every part of me felt heavy, like I'd been wrung out completely. My legs trembled without lifting, and my breath came in soft, uneven waves. I was floating somewhere between reality and the stars, my body humming with lingering pleasure, my mind blank and full at the same time.

I felt Louis pull out slowly, and then his warmth shifted beside me. I reached out blindly, needing him close, and the moment our lips met, I melted into him. It was soft... unhurried... like he was pouring every unspoken word into that kiss.

And when he pulled away, I let myself fall back against the mattress.

My limbs refused to move.

I couldn't even lift my head, but I didn't feel afraid. I felt... safe.

Louis tucked himself beside me, brushing damp hair from my face. Levi's lips were warm against my shoulder, and Lennox was still pressing kisses to my stomach, his touch delicate now, like he was afraid to break me.

"You okay?" Louis asked, his voice low and gentle, fingers brushing over the back of my hand.

I nodded slowly. "Yeah," I whispered, though even I could hear the exhaustion in my voice. "Just... tired."

"Your body's limp," Levi murmured near my ear, concern threading through his voice.

I tried to smile. "I can't move."

Louis kissed my temple. "You don't have to. Let us take care of you."

I barely registered it when Levi disappeared, only to return with a warm cloth. The bed shifted gently as he cleaned between my thighs with slow, careful strokes. I winced

once—my body too sensitive—but he murmured an apology and soothed the spot with his lips.

Then Lennox was at my side, wrapping the blanket over my body, tucking it around me like I was something precious.

Louis cradled my hand in his, his thumb stroking across my knuckles. "You did amazingly," he whispered, his voice thick with emotion.

I blinked slowly, tears prickling at the corners of my eyes—not from pain, not even from the pleasure—but from the way they looked at me now. Like I was made of something rare. Something sacred.

Lennox climbed into bed beside me, his chest pressed to my back, while Levi curled at my other side. Louis remained in front of me, his forehead resting against mine.

I was cocooned between them. Warm. Protected. Held.

No words were needed now. Their hands said enough—the way they stroked my arms, threaded fingers through my hair, kissed the spots they'd once claimed with fire.

And slowly... gently...

I drifted off to sleep with their hearts beating around mine.

In my dream, I was thirteen again.

I was sitting cross-legged on the library carpet, tucked between two towering shelves of books that smelled of old paper and stories long forgotten. The room was quiet, except for the distant sound of a ticking clock and pages turning.

Lennox, Levi, and Louis sat nearby—sprawled out lazily on the rug, bored out of their minds. They had followed me there after training, still wearing their sweat-damp shirts and looking completely out of place in a room full of silence and books.

"Why are we even here?" Lennox grumbled, flipping through a comic book without reading a word. "You said this would be five minutes."

I ignored him, flipping through the novel I'd just found. My eyes widened as I reached a particular paragraph, and my cheeks instantly flushed.

"Whoa," I whispered.

Levi looked over, curious. "What?"

I hesitated, then turned the book toward him, pointing to the passage. "It says... the girl's first time was sweet and pleasurable. What does that even mean?"

Everything went still.

Levi blinked. "Wait, what?"

Louis leaned over to peek at the page, but before he could read it, Lennox was already snatching the book out of my hands.

"Olivia!" he barked. "You shouldn't be reading stuff like this!"

My eyes narrowed, my face burning more from embarrassment than guilt. "Why not? I just wanted to know."

"You're thirteen!" he shouted, waving the book in the air like it was something dangerous. "You're not supposed to read stuff about... that!"

"Fine," I snapped, crossing my arms. "I'll just ask someone else!"

I stood abruptly, but Louis was faster. He gently caught my arm and guided me back to the floor, his voice calm and soothing.

"Hey, hey, relax," he said softly. "You don't need to go asking someone else. If you're really curious... ask us."

I glanced at him, surprised.

Louis gave a small smile. "You can always ask us anything, remember?"

Levi scratched the back of his neck, clearly flustered. "Yeah, just... maybe not here. Or, like, out loud."

Lennox groaned. "Seriously?"

I looked between them, still pouting but a little calmer. "I just... I don't understand what it means when they say it was 'sweet.' Isn't sex supposed to hurt the first time?"

The triplets all froze.

Levi coughed. Lennox looked like he wanted to jump out a window. Louis just rubbed his temples slowly.

"Well," Louis said eventually, choosing his words carefully, "for some people... it can hurt a little at first. But if it's with someone who really cares about you, someone who's gentle and patient... then yeah, it can be sweet and pleasurable."

I looked at him, wide-eyed. "Oh..."

"Why are we even having this conversation?" Lennox muttered under his breath, shoving the book into his jacket like it was a threat to national security.

I thought about what Louis had said—if it's with someone who really cares about you... someone gentle... then it can be sweet.

I looked at them.

At Lennox, who was still pretending to read his comic, but his jaw was tense.

At Levi, who had turned a little red and was scratching behind his ear, awkwardly avoiding my gaze.

At Louis, who still sat beside me, calm but lost in his thoughts.

The words came out before I could stop them. "Then I'd like my first time to be with you guys."

Silence.

All three of them stared at me.

Levi choked on air. Lennox looked like he'd just short-circuited. And Louis—his mouth opened slightly, then closed again.

"What?" Levi asked, his voice a cracked whisper.

"I'm serious," I said, hugging my knees to my chest. "If it's supposed to be sweet and pleasurable... if it's supposed to mean something... then I want it to be with you. With all of you."

Lennox shot up from the floor like he'd been burned. "Okay, that's it." He pointed at the book tucked in his jacket. "From now on, before you read anything, I'm going to approve it first. You're banned from the romance section."

I flinched, his tone sharper than I expected.

Louis exhaled slowly. "Olivia..."

"What?" I asked, defensive now. "I'm not a kid anymore. I'm thirteen. I can have feelings."

"You're still young," Levi said gently. "You'll understand more as you grow up."

"No!" I snapped. "That's what you all say! 'You're too young. You don't know what you're talking about.' But I do know how I feel."

None of them spoke. Just silence.

And that silence hurt more than anything.

I rose to my feet, my fists clenched at my sides. "Fine. If you don't want to be my first, I'll give it to someone else who does."

That made Lennox move. Fast.

He stepped in front of me, his eyes blazing with possession. "Take that back."

I looked up at him, tears burning behind my eyes. "Why? Because it's true?"

"Take it back, Olivia," he said, his voice low and but full of warning.

I shook my head, lips trembling. "No. I meant it."

Levi stood slowly, walking over and wrapping an arm around my shoulder. "Oli," he said softly. "We're not saying we don't want to. But this conversation—it's just too soon."

I bit my lip, trying to hold back the sting in my chest.

He tilted his head, pressing his forehead to mine. "Can we... have this talk again when you're older? When we've all grown up a bit?"

I blinked, and a tear slid down my cheek. Levi wiped it gently with his thumb.

"Okay?" he asked, voice tender.

I didn't answer. I just nodded slowly, burying my face against Levi's chest as more tears slipped down my cheeks.

The room was quiet. Too quiet. I felt their discomfort, their confusion... and something else. Something heavier.

Then I heard footsteps approaching.

And before I could pull away, Lennox was standing right in front of me.

He cupped my face unexpectedly, tilting it up to meet his eyes. His brows were drawn, mouth tight, and I saw real pain behind his gaze.

"Stop crying," he whispered, his voice rough. "I... I hate seeing your tears."

I blinked, startled. "Lennox—"

He didn't let me finish.

He pulled me away from Levi and straight into his arms, holding me tight. Like he needed it too. Like letting go wasn't an option. His chin rested on top of my head, and I felt his chest rise and fall, slow and heavy.

Then, he leaned down—his breath warm against my ear—and whispered so only I could hear:

"Okay... fine. I promise. One day, when the time is right... we'll be your first."

I froze for a moment, my breath catching.

Then slowly, my lips curved.

A small, shy smile broke through the sadness.

I nodded into his chest, wrapping my arms around his waist, holding on like it meant everything. Because to me, it did.

*Chapter 299: What's Next*

Olivia's POV

I woke up to the ray of sunlight flashing on my face. I groaned softly and turned my head away from the light, snuggling deeper into the familiarly alluring warmth around me. Slowly, I opened my eyes.

Lennox was behind me, one arm wrapped tightly around my waist, his breath steady and deep against the back of my neck. His chest rose and fell in a slow rhythm, his face calm and peaceful in sleep.

In front of me, Louis lay on his side, facing me, his lashes brushing his cheeks, his lips slightly parted. His fingers were still laced with mine. He looked so calm... so beautiful. Like he hadn't been awake all night loving me.

Levi was curled at my feet, arms around my legs like a blanket. His dark hair was tousled, and a soft snore slipped from his lips.

I just stared at them for a moment, my heart swelling with something warm and heavy. I had them. All three. Right here.

As if they could feel my gaze, Louis's eyes blinked open first. He smiled sleepily, his voice rough. "Morning, angel."

Before I could answer, Lennox groaned softly behind me, shifting as he nuzzled the back of my neck. "You're awake?" he mumbled.

I nodded gently.

Then Levi stirred, stretching like a cat and letting out a soft yawn. His eyes opened slowly, and when they landed on me, he grinned. "We didn't crush you, did we?"

I giggled. "No. You just kept me warm."

They all smiled.

Levi was the first to get up as he sat on the bed, followed by his brothers. Slowly, I sat up but felt a little sore between my thighs. The triplets must have noticed it because they suddenly had that worried look on their faces.

"We were hard on you last night, right?" Levi asked... sounding guilty.

I quickly shook my head and gave him a warm smile. "That's not true... you three did amazing... I couldn't want anything less," I assured them.

They looked relieved for a moment, but the worry never left their eyes.

"And besides, I could just heal myself," I added with a smirk, "but I don't want to."

They all looked confused.

I stretched my legs a little, wincing slightly at the soreness, but I didn't mind it. Not even a little.

"I want to feel it," I whispered, my voice softer now. "I want to remember how it felt... to be taken by all of you."

That shut them up.

Lennox swallowed hard, reaching out to tuck a loose strand of hair behind my ear. "You're unbelievable," he murmured.

Louis leaned forward and kissed my shoulder. "You're everything."

Levi scooted back onto the bed, sitting beside me again. "Still," he said, "next time, we'll go easier on you."

I chuckled and rolled my eyes. "Don't make promises you can't keep."

They all laughed—relieved, maybe, or just happy to hear me teasing them again.

"I'll run you a warm bath," Lennox said, already slipping off the bed.

"I'll get you something to eat," Louis added as he grabbed a pair of sweatpants and tossed one at Lennox.

"I'll stay right here," Levi said proudly, wrapping an arm around my shoulders and pulling me close. "Someone has to keep you company."

I rested my head on his shoulder and closed my eyes for a moment.

"Don't touch her!" Lennox warned, heading to the bathroom.

Levi smirked. "I can't promise that."

I blushed and sank deeper into his chest, inhaling the alluring smell coming from him. We were both still naked, with just the blanket covering us.

Relaxed in Levi's arms, I sucked a deep breath as I wondered what life had in store for us from now... is it happily ever after or...

"What are you thinking?" Levi asked, stroking my hair.

I sucked a deep breath and lifted my head off his chest to hold his gaze. With Levi, I felt really open, like I could tell him anything... it has always been like that.

"I'm thinking about the future," I said truthfully. "What happens from here?"

Levi's face was calm, but I could see the concern etched behind his calm expression. He tenderly cupped my face with both hands and flashed me a comforting smile.

"I genuinely don't know what the future holds," he said softly. "But I do know one thing—I'll be right beside you through it all. We all will."

His thumbs brushed against my cheeks, gently wiping away the tears I hadn't even realized had slipped down.

"You don't have to worry about tomorrow, angel," he whispered. "Let us carry that weight with you. You're not alone anymore."

His words melted something inside me. I leaned forward and pressed my forehead against his. "Promise me," I murmured.

"I swear it," he said without hesitation. "Even if the world turns against us, we'll stand with you."

Just then, Louis walked back into the room with a tray of food in his hands. "Did I miss something?"

Levi chuckled but didn't move away. "You always miss the best parts."

Louis rolled his eyes but set the tray down on the nightstand. "I brought fruit, pancakes, and tea. Don't say I never spoil you."

I laughed gently and pulled the blanket tighter around me. "You spoil me more than enough."

Lennox stepped out of the bathroom. "Bath's ready. I added lavender oil—you need to relax those muscles."

Levi reluctantly let go of me, and I stood, wrapping the blanket around myself. As soon as my feet touched the cold floor, Louis was there, lifting me into his arms.

"You're not walking today," he said with a wink.

I giggled, letting him carry me into the bathroom like I weighed nothing. Steam filled the air, and the tub was full, the water topped with delicate rose petals and scented with lavender and something sweet—jasmine, maybe.

Louis set me down gently beside the tub, then kissed my forehead before stepping back. "We'll give you a moment."

I looked up at them, at all three of them standing in the doorway now. "You don't have to go."

Lennox's eyes darkened. "If we stay, Olivia, we won't let you bathe alone."

Louis whistled. "And you looked sore already, angel."

Levi laughed behind them. "We're trying to be good mates. For once."

I bit my lip, feeling the heat crawl back up my neck. "Fine. Then go," I said playfully.

Lennox smiled at me. "We'll be right outside."

As they left, I let the blanket drop and slowly stepped into the warm water. A soft moan escaped my lips as I sank in, the heat soothing every aching muscle. I leaned back, breathing deeply, letting the scent and warmth wrap around me like their touch.

With my eyes closed, I communicated with my wolf.

"So what now?" I asked.

She responded immediately. "You tell me... what now?" She threw my question back to me.

I released a soft sigh, not knowing what to say... this was supposed to be the part where everything starts falling into place, but deep down I felt this phase of my life was actually going to be terrifying.

Suddenly, I got a mind link.

"Olivia."

I tensed. It was Calvin.

I swallowed hard and composed myself.

"Yes?"

He was silent for a moment before he spoke.

"Someone is here to see you."

*Chapter 300: Unusual Visit*

Olivia's POV

I frowned. "Who?"

"Come see for yourself," Calvin replied with that annoyingly serious tone, then ended the mind link without another word.

Sighing, I sank deeper into the warm water of the bathtub. The lavender-scented steam curled around me, soothing my body and mind. Whoever it was could wait. I wasn't about to trade the comfort of this bath for anything.

Well... anything except the triplets taking me again.

"Girl... you're such a bitch," my wolf muttered inside my head, her voice half-annoyed, half-amused.

I smirked. "You're just mad I enjoyed it more than you did."

"You didn't even give me a chance to come out!" she huffed. "Do you know what it's like being trapped in the back of your mind while they—"

"Okay, okay!" I cut her off quickly, cheeks heating. "No need for details."

"Tch. Weak," she muttered, then went silent.

I rolled my eyes and let my head rest against the back of the tub. The water lapped gently at my skin, and the ache between my thighs felt dull now.

I closed my eyes again, letting my fingers trail lazily through the water. Whatever Calvin wanted could wait a few more minutes.

Just a few more.

After drying off, I tied a towel snugly around my chest and stepped out of the bathroom.

The triplets were all seated on the bed, wearing nothing but loose sweatpants. Their bare chests on full display made my eyes do a quick scan. broad shoulders, toned muscles, those perfect V lines—

I quickly looked away, my cheeks burning.

Louis chuckled. "You can keep staring if you want, angel. It's all yours."

I rolled my eyes at him, but couldn't hide the small smile tugging at my lips. "I have to go. My brother called for me."

Immediately, their playful expressions changed. Concern flashed across their faces.

"Is everything alright?" Levi asked, brows furrowing.

"I'm fine," I said gently, already sensing their rising protectiveness. "Someone wants to see me."

"We can come with you," Lennox offered quickly.

"No," I cut in softly. "Not now. It's not the right time. We should take things slow... ease into this."

They looked at each other, clearly not liking the idea but respecting my decision.

"Alright," Louis muttered, "but if anything goes wrong..."

"Nothing will go wrong," I said, trying to sound more confident than I felt.

I glanced toward the vanity, thinking about drying my hair. I hated the cold feeling of water dripping down my back.

Before I could reach for the dryer, Lennox was already standing. "Sit," he said gently, taking the towel from my hands. "Let me."

I blinked. "You know how to dry hair?"

He gave me a crooked grin. "I used to do it all the time... remember?"

As he ran the dryer through my damp hair, I sat still, letting the memories come.

Back when I was younger, before everything shattered between us, the boys would dry my hair after training, or when I was sick, or just because they wanted to. Lennox always did it the most. He says drying my hair was one of his favorite hobbies.

When he was done, Levi came up behind me, comb and tie already in hand. "Want it packed or loose?"

"Whatever's easier," I whispered, surprised by the gentle way his fingers moved.

"You still remember how to do this?" I asked softly.

"Of course I do," he said with a small smile. "Some things don't fade."

As he twisted my hair into a low bun, I caught Louis leaning against the closet, watching me intently.

"What?" I asked with a small, shy smile.

He smiled, walked over, and pressed a soft kiss to my exposed shoulder. "You look so beautiful."

My breath caught, and I quickly stood, knowing that if I stayed any longer, I might lose all control.

"I... I'll see you guys later," I said hurriedly and reached for my things, which were folded neatly on the couch. I clutched them against my chest and forced a smile at the triplets, who were now wearing sad, almost wounded expressions.

The idea of leaving didn't sit well with them. It didn't sit well with me either... but I had to go.

I drew in a deep breath and gave them one last warm smile. "Bye."

I teleported before they could respond.

I landed in my room with a soft thud, the cool air brushing my damp skin as I adjusted the towel around my chest.

"Finally!" a voice rang out, startling me.

I spun toward the sound to find Nora and Lolita sitting casually on my bed, both with matching mischievous grins plastered across their faces.

My eyes narrowed. "What are you two doing here?"

Lolita leaned back against the headboard, arms crossed behind her head. "Waiting for Sleeping Beauty to return from her little romantic vacation," she said, wiggling her brows.

Nora snorted. "Or should we say—honeymoon trial? Honestly, Liv, you're glowing."

I groaned, walking past them to grab fresh clothes. "Oh, shut up."

"You look flushed," Lolita teased.

"Like... blissfully destroyed," Nora added with a dramatic sigh.

"I'm going to pretend I didn't hear that," I muttered, clutching my clothes tighter to my chest as I ducked into my closet.

They both laughed.

"Okay, okay," Nora said after a moment, her voice still laced with humor. "We'll stop. But seriously... someone's waiting for you downstairs."

That caught my attention.

I stuck my head out of the closet. "Who?"

Lolita shrugged. "One Lord Frederick."

I blinked. "What?"

"Yup," Nora confirmed, her tone suddenly more serious. "Alpha Calvin said he arrived about twenty minutes ago. He's been waiting patiently."

My stomach twisted slightly.

Lord Frederick?

What the hell was he doing here?

I quickly dried off the remaining dampness on my skin and pulled on a pair of high-waisted jeans and a simple white shirt. I tied it in a knot at the waist, giving it a casual edge, then slipped on my ankle boots. I left my hair in the low bun Levi had done.

Taking one last look in the mirror, I squared my shoulders and headed toward the door. Nora and Lolita followed, both unusually quiet now. I could feel the tension brewing in the air. Something about this visit didn't sit right with me.

As we made our way downstairs, I mentally prepared myself.

Lord Frederick wasn't the kind of man to show up without reason and patiently wait.

So whatever it was... it definitely wasn't going to be just a simple visit.